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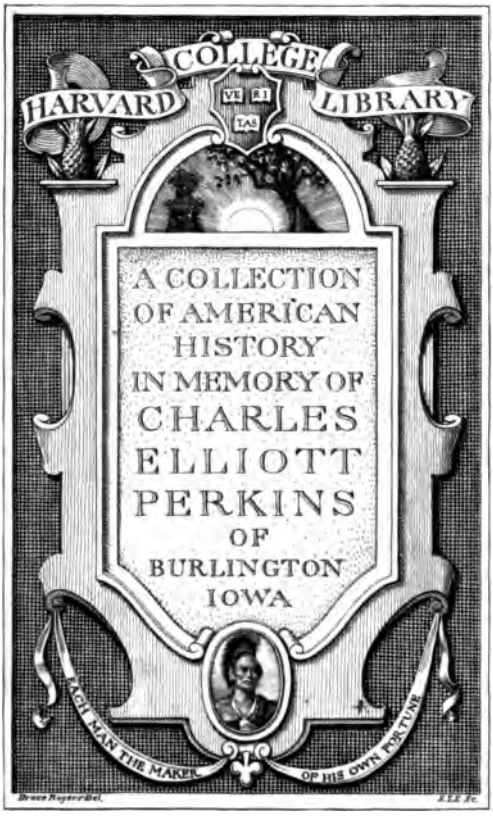
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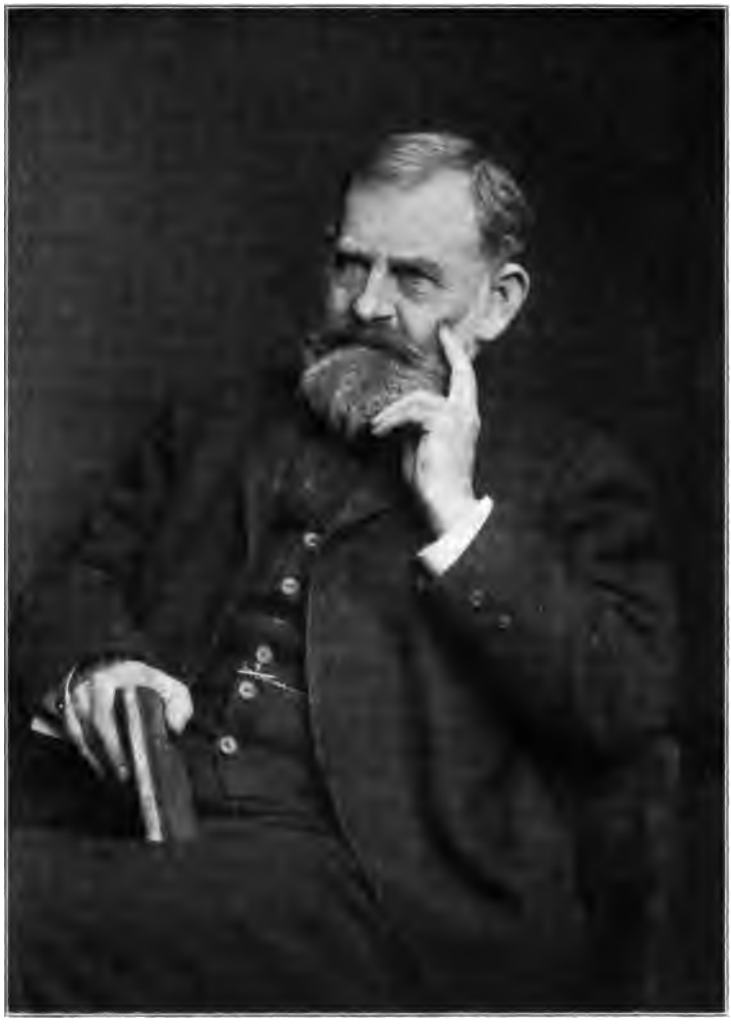

Sincerely yours,
Fred Francis Cook.

BYGONE DAYS IN CHICAGO

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE "GARDEN CITY" OF THE SIXTIES

BY

FREDERICK FRANCIS COOK

"I summon up remembrance of things past"

WITH NEARLY ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RARE PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

CHICAGO
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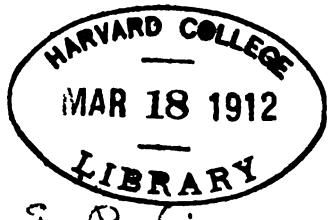

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The author and publishers of this book are indebted to the Chicago Historical Society for its generosity in allowing the use of a large number of contemporaneous pictures from its collections, many of them after unique examples of old color-prints.

FOREWORD

IN putting these memories of a bygone Chicago between the covers of a book, it is less the aim of this old-time newspaper reporter to supply first-hand material to compilers of matter-of-fact histories, than to shed what light may be his on the psychology of a staid yet surcharged period, now difficult for those who were not of it to realize; rebuild for the mind's eye a vanished city; restore to its streets their varied life; rehabilitate passed types in their proper setting; recall with a due regard for values some of the moving events of a memorable epoch: and so provide a faithful transcript for whomsoever may be interested in the "Garden City" of a classic past as a somewhat unique social integral, or feel moved to re-people it in fancy with the offspring of his imagination.

It is a saying that under Napoleon every private carried a marshal's *baton* in his knapsack. Whenever, in these days, the writer in his Gotham exile responds to the lure of his old stamping-ground, and reckons not a thousand miles against a chat at the Chicago Press Club with the all too few surviving old-timers, he has the feeling that to the last fledgling among its hospitable members, there are preenings for flights into the empyrean, with an eye single to the production of *the* Great American Novel.

It was not so in other days. We, of the earlier time, saw the things about us through a tenuous and almost colorless atmosphere — for we lived in a present without a past. Local history was then all in the making. Quite a bit is now in retrospect, and all the upper air, the realm

of visions, is filled with a beguiling efflorescence, wherein may be discerned, by eyes anointed, the shades of vociferous assemblages, by grace of one of which there rose to immortal heights the inspiring figure of Abraham Lincoln; the heroic manes of a titanic conflict between freedom and slavery, in which Chicago bore so worthy a part; the lurid spectres of a great fire; the grim apparitions of baffled conspirators; the tragic wraiths of a hideous holocaust; the genii, who, to awaken in our people a sense of the beautiful, fashioned for a few brief months an enchanted city out of dream mist; and, commingling with these, the myriad spirits of masterful men and helpful women, associated with the giant city's epoch-making beginnings. Now from "haunts" of this sort there issue minute microbes of wondrous sheen, that in a manner come to possess the brain of such as are hospitable to wizards of their kind, and therein weave into the warp of prosaic reality a woof of rare imaginings. Thus great art is born — sometimes.

Chicago is to the unthinking a synonyme for Materialism. Yet, of a truth, she is a very Mother of Idealism. Unfortunately she cannot yet hold all she nurtures, nor always realize the visions she inspires. For the present, therefore, she must needs content herself with the role of prolific matrix, whose issue on occasion answer the beckonings of older centres, in the hope of a fuller expression — not, however, always realized.

The generation of Lincoln still made touch at many points with the historic past. The generation best typified by a Roosevelt is wrested from all traditional moorings, and is whirled through space by the realized fictions of a Jules Verne. Hence only heart-tugging memories remain to those whose dimming eyes are prone to blink in the garish force-light of the twentieth century; and these turn

gratefully to that elder time, in whose restful half-light events are composed to softest outlines, and only the tallest peaks within range of the backward vision still reflect with a transfiguring halo the light of the suns of bygone days.

As in our national life the old regime is divided from the new by the Civil War of 1861, so in the minds of Chicagoans the city's past is demarcated from the present by the great fire of 1871. In respect to both it is a case of "before" or "after." Happily, the ordeal through which the nation was made to pass, exhausting as it was, left it physically intact; whereas the catastrophe that visited this community came near obliterating it, and in no respect was the destruction more complete, or so irreparable, as in the matter of records and landmarks. Hence the ante-fire "Garden City" will exist for the future only as it may be restored from the memories of those who were of it; and while, unfortunately, all too little has been done to revive the Wonder City's past — to evoke, amid indigenous surroundings, the masterful men and stirring events that so distinguish its virile adolescence — it is only too true that what is not soon recorded will be lost to future generations without hope of recovery.

Perhaps regarding no modern foundation is it so exigent that early data be recorded and impressions preserved. Chicago is the marvel of an age that is itself the most marvellous in history. If its genesis is found in opportunity, its achievements are clearly of man. From the first it sought to stand on its own feet, and wherever the ground gave way (and fathomless areas were differentiated from possible anchorages for "prairie schooners" by signs of "no bottom") it jauntily put jack-screws under itself, laid new foundations, and, Antæus-like, having renewed

its strength by contact with a somewhat more solid substratum of Mother Earth, went courageously forward to new conquests.

It was surely through no accident that "Long John" Wentworth stalked into the infant city to fix the type. It was merely an effect of reciprocal attraction under a natural law of fitness. And even as this Titan loomed in manifold ways among the living, so now his monument in Rosehill Cemetery (shrewdly erected by himself to make sure of its height) dominates the memorials of the surrounding dead. "Long John," even up to the time when first elected Mayor, had a way of outgrowing, as well as outwearing, his clothes; and Chicago, having acquired the habit by imitation, has continued ever since to outstrip her habiliments. Of New York it has been said that it suffers from congestion. Of Chicago it may be said even more pertinently that it is afflicted with chronic indigestion — a condition arising from the impossible task of properly assimilating all that nature and man combine to crowd into it.

It is a gratifying reflection that, shortly after the fire, I felt moved to go about among the older settlers to revive and preserve their impressions of early days; and these reminiscences, to something like fourscore issues, were published in the *Times* of Wilbur F. Storey (with which paper the writer was then connected) under the uniform heading of "Bygone Days." The series included the recollections of Gurdon S. Hubbard, then far and away the oldest inhabitant — his advent dating back to 1818 — when, outside of the stockade known as Fort Dearborn, the only white family's habitation was John Kinzie's. These reminiscences were prepared with care; and as much then recorded was still matter of first-hand knowledge, and hence subject to contemporary correction, the series may

be accepted as embodying fairly trustworthy data. Later a file of these published memoranda, together with a rare volume or two about early Chicago, was deposited with the Chicago Historical Society, where the historian of the future may find it worth his while to consult them.

Now, a full generation later, the writer is undertaking to supplement these older reminiscences of others with some recollections of his own. These date back to 1862 — a strenuous war time — and while the presentation of detached events or epochs, however salient or complete in themselves, may suffer in comparison with the sustained narrative, they should nevertheless, if fairly informed with the spirit of their day and hour, possess something more than a passing interest.

Not many had better opportunities to know the young city both in its shadows and its lights; for I was the first of a class with roving commissions, now usual enough, known as "night reporters." Before coming to Chicago I had travelled quite extensively for a youngster of twenty, over territory then rapidly becoming tributary to the aspiring city — namely, the States of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan; furthermore, I had spent several months in each of its two most ambitious northwestern rivals of earlier days, Galena and Dubuque. By this experience I was enabled to gauge the young giant's grasp of empire where it was most poignantly felt, and knew by report somewhat about most of the men who in those days made Chicago the focus of Western attention and interest.

On arrival (after working my way "before the mast" on a lumber schooner from Saginaw, Michigan, where my peregrinations had stranded me) I found myself in the midst of the men who practically constituted the first gen-

eration of settlers. With few exceptions, all were still in the prime of life. Not above a dozen names in any manner conspicuously identified with the city's origin or development to something over 100,000 inhabitants were missing from its directory; and it was my privilege, as a journalist, to come in contact with most of those, whose race is now all but run. Of this old guard only a few stragglers remain — as was only too evident at the old settlers' reunion, on the occasion of the city's recent "fort"-issimo centennial celebration —and soon the line that demarcates the old settler from his fellows must be moved up a full decade, to provide material for future foregatherings.

F. F. C.

NEW YORK CITY,
February 1, 1910.

NOTE

IT is my pleasure to have known Mr. Cook during the period which he recalls in this volume. It is an advantage, in judging of its merits, that I was a fellow-worker in journalism during the same period, and that we saw and heard and did much together. Mr. Cook, in those days, half a century ago, was an alert, keen, observant, well equipped reporter. The reporter has unusual advantages for knowing what is going on in his local world. No event escapes him. He knows the causes and consequences of events. He is made the repository of secrets and the receptacle of rumor and gossip. Indeed, he is so well acquainted with human motives that he knows what makes the wheels go round in business, politics, society, and art, as in Hamlet's characterization of the players, "they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live." All this was specially true in the Chicago of half a century ago, for at that time the city was so small that it was within the possibilities of any smart reporter personally to know every one of prominence in it, and to be aware of all that was going on. In preparing this transcript of Chicago's past, therefore, Mr. Cook has been not only well equipped for his task, but he could truthfully say, in marshalling events, *"Magna pais fui."* As I have already intimated, half a century ago Mr. Cook and I were reporters together, bent upon the same assignment or enthusiastically competing for "scoops." Since those days he has drifted away

from his early moorings while I still swing with the tide at the old anchorage. His book recalls to me the stirring events of "the sixties" forcibly, accurately, and interestingly. It will furnish valuable material for any future history of Chicago, and to this extent it is a distinctly important public service. To the reader of the present, who only knows Chicago in its virile, forceful manhood, it should be interesting to read of it when it was an enthusiastic stripling, girding up its loins for the race. Personally, his book takes me over familiar highways and by-ways, and I am glad to congratulate him and help to introduce him to its readers.

GEORGE P. UPTON.

CHICAGO, *January 15, 1910.*

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BYGONE DAYS IN CHICAGO

WAR-TIME MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

RISING OF A PEOPLE

THE CALL TO ARMS — ENTHUSIASM FOR ENLISTMENTS — GREAT WAR MEETINGS — LEADING CITIZENS TO THE FORE — NOTABLE ORATORS — "MAT" CARPENTER, "DICK" YATES AND OTHERS — A CONFLICT OF PASSIONS — ATTITUDE OF NORTHERN DEMOCRATS — CAUSES THAT LED TO GERMANS AND IRISH TAKING OPPOSITE SIDES — WHY THE EARLY ZEAL OF THE LATTER TURNED TO DISAFFECTION — THE ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES — TRAGIC DEATH OF THEIR YOUNG LEADER.

DURING the war for the Union, Chicago was ever a stage on which one event followed another with startling rapidity, often picturesquely, and always dramatically. As a prelude to the great conflict, it was here, in 1860, that a National Convention in the name of Freedom challenged Slavery to a struggle for supremacy by the nomination of Abraham Lincoln; and here also that another National Convention pronounced the war on Freedom's side a failure, when the slaughter had gone on for more than three years. It was in Chicago that a great rebel host was in durance — an ever-present menace to life and property, — and for the liberation of this unorganized and unkempt horde a conspiracy was hatched,

though happily only to be effectually scotched. Here, again, a leading newspaper was suppressed by military edict for alleged rebel sympathies; and it was in Chicago that inspired singers armed the nation with "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and many another war pæan, that strengthened the cause of the Union as an army with banners.

ENTHUSIASM FOR ENLISTMENT

The ceaseless roll of the drum not only rallied the patriot by day, but reminded him of his duty a good part of the night — especially in the vicinity of the Court House Square, filled with recruiting tents. And, whenever a great victory was celebrated, or the wail of disaster was heard in the land, and it became urgent once again to fire the hearts of the home guard to added enlistments, the doors of Bryan Hall, fronting the square, were flung open, great crowds surged within, and, while patriotic eloquence moved the assembled patriots to transports of enthusiasm, their united voices, vibrant with the emotions of the hour, preceded or followed each speaker with the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "America," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "John Brown's Body," or other stirring lyrics of the war. These great meetings were often protracted till midnight; but, be the hour what it might, there was no thought of adjournment until Frank Lumbard, in answer to a unanimous call, had stepped gallantly forward, given some general orders about the way he wanted everybody to sweep into the chorus (as if that were necessary), and sung "Ole Shady" with the uplifting fervor he alone could give it. Those were great days for Frank; and seldom was a meeting called until its promoters had made sure that he and his famous war quartette could attend.

NOTABLE ORATORS FOR THE CAUSE

When his engagements permitted, Mat Carpenter was brought down from Milwaukee, and Dick Yates, Governor (father of a later Governor of Illinois), was called up from Springfield, to be orators-in-chief. One who could always be depended upon to hold his hearers was "Long John" Wentworth; another was Tom Hoyne. Others frequently heard were Senator Lyman Trumbull, the Hon. E. C. Larned, the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold (at this time Chicago's sole representative in Congress), Emory A. Storrs, Wirt Dexter, B. F. Ayer, Colonel Edmund Jüssen, Casper Butz, Colonel John L. Hancock, the Hon. George C. Bates, the Hon. S. K. Dow, the Hon. John C. Dore, A. C. Hesing, Revs. W. W. Patton, Robert Collyer, W. W. Everts, O. H. Tiffany, R. W. Patterson and W. H. Ryder, Judge J. B. Bradwell, the Hon. John N. Jewett, John Lyle King, future Judge Sidney Smith, Colonel Van Arman, William F. Coolbaugh.

PRESIDING OFFICERS

The list of presiding officers at various times included such well-known citizens as the Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, John V. Farwell, the Hon. Julian S. Rumsey (Mayor at the outbreak of the war), the Hon. J. B. Rice and the Hon. R. B. Mason (both subsequently Mayors), Judges John M. Wilson and Henry Drummond, the Hon. W. B. Raymond, and Deacon (subsequently Lieutenant-Governor) William Bross. In the beginning of the struggle the name of William B. Ogden (from a business point then far and away Chicago's first citizen, as he had been its first Mayor) was included in this list; but, as the struggle advanced, "constitutional scruples" made him withdraw from the firing line of support. Then the place of first citizen fell

by common consent to the Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, and a well deserved honor it was. The list of Vice-Presidents included almost everybody on the Union side in any manner conspicuous in business or the professions; while especial care was taken to include as many names as possible with Democratic antecedents. Among the more noted in this class I recall the following: Thomas B. Bryan, Potter Palmer, J. H. McVicker, David A. Gage, William F. Coolbaugh, Thomas Hoyne, George L. Dunlap, Marshall Field, Daniel O'Hara, John R. Walsh, Henry E. Hamilton, W. K. McAllister, M. F. Tuley, Benjamin F. Ayer, James W. Sheehan, Gilbert C. Walker, Isaac N. Milliken, E. G. Asay, T. M. Harvey, H. D. Colvin, John N. Jewett, J. W. Doane, S. M. Nickerson, Gen. U. F. Linder, C. L. Woodman, Philip Conley, W. J. Onahan.

SOLDIER ORATORS IN THE MAKING

In the list of orators, the reader whose memory runs only with the political regime that followed the war will miss the names of men without whom in later days no meeting on one side or the other was complete, namely those of General John A. Logan, General Richard J. Oglesby, and Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll for the Republicans, and Generals John C. Black and M. R. M. Wallace for the Democrats. But these men were engaged in making history then — not in celebrating its epochs — and laying up reputations with the sword that should stand them in good stead with the people in subsequent piping times of peace. Unhappily, for many a year the war was fought all over again on every husting in the land, and charges and counter charges, if only with tongue or pen, were delivered with all their old-time fierceness.

MATTHEW CARPENTER, A POPULAR SPEAKER

Mat Carpenter stood conspicuously above the rest in public favor as a speaker. At this time he was a practising lawyer in Milwaukee, was known as a "War Democrat," and afterwards became the Republican Senator from Wisconsin. He had been a close friend of Senator Douglas; and this fact, aside from his great talent, gave uncommon value to his services in holding his fellow Democrats in line. Carpenter was beyond doubt the highest type of orator (as distinguished from great debaters like Lincoln and Douglas) the West then could show, for Robert G. Ingersoll, who at this time was in the field, had his oratorical spurs still to win. In after years, though acknowledged one of the ablest lawyers in the Senate, and rated also among its most skilful debaters, he never quite rose to such heights of eloquence as when, in an atmosphere vibrant with life-and-death issues, he moved multitudes with appeals to uphold the arms of the defenders of the Union. His was a leonine head, set on a superb body. His voice was full, musical, far-reaching, and few better than he understood how to master an audience and move it to his will.

BITTER PARTY FEELING

Nothing could be more misleading or unjust than to judge the attitude of Northern Democrats during the war in the light of the negative party feeling of to-day. In those strenuous times any exhibition of reasonableness was unhesitatingly stigmatized as cowardice, and men were wholly swayed by their prejudices, heated by friction into blinding passion. Not only does this apply to the immediate war time, but to many years before as well as after the great struggle. It was in 1859 that the steamer *Lady Elgin* was wrecked on Lake Michigan, off Winnetka.

Many of the male victims were members of an Irish military organization; and I have a very distinct recollection that the horrors of that catastrophe were much mitigated for many Republicans (including my own miserable partisan self) by the reflection that the Democratic vote was thereby reduced to the extent of a hundred or more.

ATTITUDE OF FOREIGN-BORN CITIZENS

Up to the war the country's foreign-born population was composed almost wholly of, and divided about equally between, immigrants from Germany and Ireland; and while both, in the main, sought these shores because of oppressive conditions at home, these conditions were in the case of the former chiefly political, while in that of the latter they were largely economic. Hence the immigrants from the first country represented a superior class, and those from the latter an inferior one. Thus antecedent conditions determined that while a majority of Germans should be intensely anti-slavery, Irishmen in an approximate degree should be pronounced in their pro-slavery sentiments. That the reactionary Catholic hierarchy of that time exerted a pro-slavery influence over its devotees, there is little room to question; though the factors of chiefest determination were clearly economic, or more broadly speaking, sociological. The German immigrant, when not of the scholarly class, usually possessed at least a fair education; and, when he did not take to farming, found employment in the more advanced industries.

Nine-tenths of all immigrants from the Green Isle were at best adapted only to the commonest labor, and so came often not only in close contact, but even in direct competition with blacks, both bond and free. On the Southern and Western rivers, for example, while the raftsmen (in char-

acter comparable to the cowboy of the plains) were generally native Americans of the harum-scarum sort, the roustabouts on the steamboats, as well as the laborers about the wharfs, when not negroes, were almost without exception Irish. The latter at this time constituted everywhere, North and South, the lowest white strata in the active labor market; hence there arose among them an intense desire to keep the negro in his place as slave.

GERMANS AND IRISH ON OPPOSITE SIDES

Whatever the aversions among the highest toward the lowest in the social scale, they are seldom comparable to the unreasoning prejudice, often rising to blinding hate, that manifests itself in the lower ranges toward those regarded as a grade beneath them. Where the distance that separates an upper from a lower stratum yields a perspective sufficient to "lend enchantment to the view," there frequently intervenes a sort of benevolent haze, through which such commonplaces as dirt and grime not only become the handmaids of art, as "lovely bits of local color," but the sources of a moving sentiment: as when the negro in slavery times was seen through the glamour of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; or, in these later days, the slums are envisaged through a University Settlement romance. Thus, while among the comfortably circumstanced and well-disposed people of the North, either native or German-born, there had grown up before the war a strong sympathy for the slave, which invested him with a halo more or less of a misfit, there developed among the Irish a tendency distinctly in the opposite direction. This was due to a variety of coöperating extraneous causes, but also in no small degree to that primitive instinct which demands for its satisfaction that somebody be kept in his place to be looked

down upon. Accordingly, in judging the attitude of Irishmen toward a war having for one of its ultimates negro emancipation, with possible political equality, due allowance should be made, and all the more credit awarded to that considerable number who rose manfully above all these influences, to enroll themselves among the champions of liberty and union.

I certainly hold no brief in plea of the attitude of the mass of Irishmen during the war. Since, however, in the interest of a proper understanding of the political situation in war-time Chicago, I have ventured to touch upon this subject, fairness demands that all the light possible be shed upon it. Time often brings not only charity but clarity; and a sufficiently wide induction may force the conclusion that, given similar conditions, all peoples will act in pretty much the same way. The German idealist, who stood so valiantly for freedom, equal rights, and equal opportunities for the negro in America, in his native country frequently disgraces himself as a fanatical Jew-baiter. A similar phenomenon is observed in enlightened, republican France; while the aristocracy of Magna Charta England not only held Ireland in brutal subjection for centuries, but during our war was strongly pro-slavery in its sympathies.

MUTUAL ANTIPATHIES

The fact that so considerable a number of the sons of Erin enlisted on the side of the Union, and this more particularly at the outset, in no manner contravenes a contention that in the mass (and this more conspicuously after the President's Emancipation Proclamation) they were distinctly antipathetic to the cause of the "Black Abolitionists." The true test of their feelings would come when placed where they could make easy choice of sides. To

such purpose Missouri offered itself at the beginning of the war as ideal proving ground: and while it is generally conceded that it was the German who saved that State to the Union cause, an Irish rally to the same consummation is conspicuous by its absence. And here another motive to swing the Irishman to the Southern side suggests itself, — namely, his natural affinity with the easy-going, toddy-drinking Southerner; and, *per contra,* his temperamental antipathy to the more sluggish, beer-drinking German. And because the Irishman and the German constituted almost the entire foreign population at this time, it followed as a matter of course, that whatever "Hans" espoused "Pat" was "ferninst," and *vice versa.* In those days the latter might vary his whiskey with ale, but with beer, never; and the latter beverage could be had only in places patronized exclusively by Germans.

Since then much has happened. Not only does the Hibernian, if bibulously inclined, now line up with the most capacious Teuton as a consumer of lager; but even sauerkraut, with a *soupçon* of Limburger, does not in these days come amiss to him. In our foreign-born polyglot, the Irishman no longer looks up, but distinctly down; for in nearly all ranks of labor he is now top-sawyer, invariably the "walking delegate"; and none excels him in getting a "hustle" out of his Italian, Polish, Hungarian, or Croatian successors as wielders of the pick and spade, or luggers of the hod.

ACTIVITY OF OPPOSING FORCES

This somewhat psycho-sociological digression has seemed necessary in order to set before the reader in its true light the political situation in war-time Chicago. With the exception of a considerable Southern-born admixture, the native population was in the main loyal to the Union

side, while the foreign-born population was divided into opposite camps, with an appreciable preponderance of numbers on the Irish side. Whereas, the north division with its dominant German population, and the Milwaukee Avenue region with its Scandinavian beginnings, were ever enthusiastic for the Union and the abolition of slavery, all that region which lies between Archer and Blue Island Avenues (excepting a German cluster about Twelfth and Halsted Streets) was never more than lukewarm, and on occasion distinctly hostile to the prosecution of the war. Whenever there was a notable Union victory, the North Side would burst spontaneously into a furor of enthusiasm, while matters down in the densely populated southwest region would be reduced to a mere simmer. But no sooner was there a Rebel victory than it was the turn of Bridgeport and its appanages to celebrate; and these demonstrations generally took the form of hunting down any poor colored brother who might have strayed inadvertently within those delectable precincts.

A CONTRAST IN LEADERSHIP

German leaders, like Colonel Edmund Jüssen, Dr. Ernst Schmidt, A. C. Hesing, Lorenz Brentano, Friederich Rapp, Casper Butz, George Schneider, Prof. Julius Dyhrenfurth, Emil Dietzsch, Louis Huck, Peter Schuttler, Jacob Beidler, F. A. Hoffman, Hans Balatka, Fred. Letz, Ernst Pruessing, Henry Greenebaum, John G. Gindele, Louis Wahl were either speakers at war rallies, or, with many another prominent compatriot from the Fatherland, were never absent from a list of vice-presidents. But I search my memory in vain to recall the names of conspicuous Irishmen, outside of the fighting ranks, who stood stoutly for the cause of the Union, unless glorious

old Tom Hoyne, James W. Sheehan, John R. Walsh, and other bearers of Irish names, but born in America, be credited on the side of Erin; while, from among less known men who subsequently rose to more or less prominence, the names of W. J. Onahan (who sometimes spoke at war meetings), Philip Conley, Hugh Maher, Daniel McElroy, T. J. Kinsella, John Tully, and the Prindeville brothers alone occur.

IRISHMEN LOYAL AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR

That the Irish disaffection, so marked in the later years of the war, was a state of mind that grew logically out of the progress and political developments of the struggle, when the emphasis of appeal shifted from an unconditional Union to one modified by emancipation, with possible equal rights for the black man, has perhaps been sufficiently pointed out. No class was apparently more enthusiastic for the defence of the flag which symbolized the Union of States, when fired upon at Sumter, than the Irish. Few regiments were more quickly filled than those recruited under Irish auspices: and that this enthusiasm was not a mere flash in the pan, is well shown by the spirit in which discouragements were disregarded and obstacles overcome. As soon as war was a certainty, this call was issued:

"RALLY! All Irishmen in favor of forming a regiment of Irish volunteers to sustain the Government of the United States, in and through the present war, will rally at North Market Hall, this evening, April 20th. Come all! For the honor of the Old Land, Rally! Rally! for the defence of the New! (signed) James A. Mulligan, Alderman Comiskey, M. C. McDonald, Captains M. Gleason, C. Moore, J. C. Phillips, Daniel Quirk, F. McMurray, Peter Casey; Citizens Daniel McElroy, John Tully, Philip Conley, T. J. Kinsella."

It is rather surprising to note the name of "Mike" (M. C.) McDonald, the notorious gambler, recently de-

ceased, among the signers; and still more that of Alderman Comiskey, who in the later years of the war was one of the most outspoken "Copperheads" in the city.

THE IRISH BRIGADE

There were some odds and ends of Irish military organizations, known as Montgomery Guards, Emmet Guards, and Shields's Guards, under the command of those grouped as "Captains" in the call, and what there was of these organizations responded almost to a man; so that, at the meeting, in a couple of hours 825 men were enlisted; and in a few days a complete regiment and more, known as "The Irish Brigade." But the rush to arms under the first and second calls was so great, and so quickly were the regiments allotted to Illinois placed in the field, that there was no room for this Irish contingent, and many another, among them several regiments composed exclusively of Germans. But such was the spirit that animated these sons of Erin, that they determined to maintain their organization and bide their time. Meanwhile their gallant Colonel, James A. Mulligan, had hied him to Washington, and after much ado, persuaded the Secretary of War to accept the "Irish Brigade" as an independent organization outside of the assigned quota. It was mustered in as the Twenty-third Illinois, June 5, 1861, and left for the field on the fourteenth of July.

THEIR POOR EQUIPMENT

I have heard not a few "old and reliable" citizens describe the scenes of enthusiasm that accompanied the departure of the Irish Brigade, and the brave showing they made in their *new uniforms,* with their gallant leader, Colonel Mulligan, at their head. No one may question the

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

COL. JAMES A. MULLIGAN

(Commander of "The Irish Brigade")

enthusiasm, for the regiment was largely made up of well-known young men about town; but their appearance is another matter; and as a picture of the times, the hurry and inadequacy with which everything had to be done, I take the liberty to quote this paragraph from the *Tribune* of the morning following the regiment's departure:

"Although in material the men are a credit to any section, they are in outfit a disgrace to Chicago as a city, Cook as a county, and Illinois as a State."

From what can be gathered, the one *uniform* article of apparel was a green shirt; and as this had done duty for a month or more in what was euphoniously known as "Fontenoy Barracks," an old brewery on Polk Street, the rest can be imagined. As likely as not they left for the field of glory — which, in a brief month was to be also the field of death for so many, at Lexington, Missouri, — in common box cars; for that, in the crying lack of transportation, is the way many of the early regiments departed for the front.

THE ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES

Since Chicago had boasted for a year or more, and up to within a few months of the opening of hostilities, the possession of so famous a military organization as the Ellsworth Zouaves, it might well be supposed that it was also to the fore in the matter of military organizations in general. But the state of things was lamentably otherwise. Indeed, it was probably the very proficiency of these Zouaves, under their brilliant young commander, which, instead of taking the form of a stimulus toward the promotion of other organizations, acted directly as a deterrent, because of the discouraging comparison to which any attempt on the same lines in the local field would inevitably

be subjected. In 1859, at the age of twenty-two, Elmer E. Ellsworth was assistant paymaster of the State. He was a military enthusiast, and seeing that the Illinois militia was in a deplorable condition, he reorganized, by way of example, an old Chicago company under the title of United States Zouave Cadets. Ellsworth exacted total abstinence from the use of liquor, and regular attendance at drill three times a week. He thus in an incredibly short time brought his command to such proficiency that, during an exhibition tour which included all the larger cities of the East, it was everywhere proclaimed the model military company of America, while the popularity of its commander rose to a pitch quite unique in the history of the country.

But as in that time of peace a military career outside of the regular army offered no opportunities of solid advancement to an ambitious young man, the hero of the hour felt constrained to disband his organization, to continue the study of the law in the Springfield office of Abraham Lincoln. The disbandment took place in October, 1860. Early in the Spring of 1861, Captain James R. Hayden effected a partial reorganization. It had been Ellsworth's ambition to organize a militia regiment on the lines of his company, and now Captain Hayden took up this work. In addition to his own, there was part of a company under Captain John H. Clybourne when hostilities began, and these, under the command of Colonel Joseph R. Scott, constituted part of the hastily organized skeleton of a regiment that was rushed by order of Governor Yates under General H. K. Swift, to hold the key to the control of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers at Cairo.

TO THE MEMORY OF

COL. E. E. ELLSWORTH.

WHO FELL AT ALEXANDRIA VA MAY 24 1861

COL. ELLSWORTH REQUIEM MARCH

BY A. J. VAAS

"SADLY THE BELLS TOLL THE DEATH OF THE HERO."

PUBLISHED BY A. JUDSON HIGGINS & CO. CHICAGO SONG BY A. BIOHLI

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

"THE ELLSWORTH REQUIEM MARCH"

(The Cover Shows an Authentic Portrait of Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth, Chicago's Youthful Hero, the First Soldier Killed in the Civil War.)

DEATH OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH

Young Ellsworth accompanied Lincoln to Washington for the inauguration. He was still in the East when the call for troops was issued. So great was his reputation, that the New York Fire Zouaves elected him their Colonel, and this was the first full regiment to be sworn into the service. It was also among the first to arrive for the defence of the Capital, and its brilliant commander was the first soldier, among the hundreds of thousands that were to follow, to yield up his life for his country. While passing through Alexandria he caught sight of a Rebel flag. Indignant at this flagrant display of disloyalty, he rushed forward to haul it down, and was shot in the act by its embittered defender. Ellsworth's death under such appealing circumstances gave an indescribable shock to the country, and went far to open Northern eyes to the bitterness of the struggle before them. There is little doubt that in the untimely death of this brilliant tactician the cause of the Union lost a man who, through the exceptional opportunities before him, would have risen to high distinction.

CHAPTER II

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WAR

ILLINOIS' LACK OF READINESS — HOW GENERAL SWIFT EQUIPPED HIS TROOPS — PRECAUTIONS AGAINST REBEL SYMPATHIZERS — WORK OF THE UNION DEFENCE COMMITTEE — CAPTURE OF GUNS — CAPTAIN STOKES' RUSE — BEFORE BULL RUN TOO MANY REGIMENTS OFFERED — THE STATE'S RESPONSE TO THE CALL FOR MORE MEN — GOVERNOR YATES TELLS WHAT THE STATE HAS DONE — PROTESTS AGAINST EXCESSIVE DEMANDS — DISTINGUISHED ILLINOIS SOLDIERS — THE BOARD OF TRADE'S SPLENDID RECORD — ILLINOIS ORGANIZATIONS IN THE WAR — CHICAGO'S CONTRIBUTION OF MEN — SOME PARADOXES IN THE COURSE OF THE STRUGGLE.

IT is a matter of history that the South, thanks to its friends in the Buchanan cabinet, was at the outbreak of the war far better supplied with arms and ammunition than the North; and, perhaps, no part was in a worse plight than Illinois. Therefore, in the light of the State's transcendent record in the war, the first efforts to master an appalling situation warrant some details.

On April 19, 1861, four days after the first call for seventy-five thousand men, Governor Yates telegraphed to General H. K. Swift of the militia, with headquarters at Chicago, as follows:

"As quickly as possible have as strong a force as you can raise, armed and equipped with ammunition and accoutrements, and a company of artillery, ready to march at a moment's warning."

The next day a messenger from the Governor arrived with these further instructions:

"Take possession of Cairo at the earliest moment. Have your expedition start as if going to Springfield *via* Illinois Central Railroad.

The state of feeling in Southern Illinois may require the utmost despatch and *secrecy*. Captain John Pope [one of the future commanders of the Army of the Potomac] will join your expedition at some point."

HOW GENERAL SWIFT EQUIPPED HIS TROOPS

In his report of this expedition to the Governor, made a month later, General Swift naively says:

"As you did not advise me in any of your orders, either by telegraph or by your special messengers, as to when, where, or how the troops I was ordered to raise and start with in such haste were to be supplied with ammunition for both infantry and artillery, with rations, camp equipage, army stores, and horses for artillery, I considered that your orders, *to be consistent*, gave me authority to provide the troops, as far as possible, with ammunition for defence, and all other needful and useful military equipment, appendages, and appliances; for without these the troops would have been worse than useless. Therefore, to supply these, my only remedy was to avail myself of the aid and coöperation of patriotic citizens, which I am happy to say was cheerfully extended, and whose active exertions, in conjunction with Quartermaster R. M. Hough, enabled us to move upon so short a notice."

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST REBEL SYMPATHIZERS

Within two days a force was got under way, accompanied by four brass six-pounder guns and forty-six horses. As the southern part of the State was believed to be a hotbed of Rebel sympathizers, and there were rumors that a body of these had designs against the Illinois Central Railroad bridge over the Big Muddy, some sixty miles north of Cairo, Captain Hayden and his company of Chicago Zouaves were detached for its protection.

As showing the state of mind of the community, it was reported to General Swift on his arrival at Cairo, that a force of not less than five hundred Rebel sympathizers was gathering at Carbondale, to move to the destruction

of the bridge; accordingly he detached another company with a brass cannon, to reinforce Captain Hayden.

WORK OF THE UNION DEFENCE COMMITTEE

When it was imperative, in the early days of the struggle, that something approaching military order be brought out of the civil chaos in which Chicago, like every community in the land, found itself, the people's purpose crystallized into a form known as the "Union Defence Committee," a body composed of leaders in various walks of life. There were among its members high-pressure drivers like James H. Bowen, R. M. Hough, C. G. Wicker, Thomas Hoyne, John C. Dore, Julian A. Rumsey; and these were fittingly balanced by the judicial minds of Judges Thomas Drummond, John M. Wilson, George Manierre, Mark Skinner, Van H. Higgins, and Grant Goodrich; while the generous-hearted citizen class was represented in a general way by such varied and notable examples as Thomas B. Bryan, E. W. Willard, L. P. Yoe, A. H. Burley, George Schneider, E. C. Larned, John Van Arman, and H. D. Colvin; with Governor Yates as chairman *ex officio*. It was through this administrative group that the first regiments were placed in the field; that civilians were organized into effective sub-committees; and that Chicago earned a reputation for "doing things" at a time when many things needed very much to be done.

ILLINOIS' INABILITY TO EQUIP SIX REGIMENTS

While it is outside the scope of these recollections to go into details of enlistment that can only be set forth adequately in voluminous reports, it is yet important to a proper appreciation of Chicago's place in the drama of the war, that its position relative to the larger fields, first of the State, and then of the Nation, be briefly set forth.

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

THE UNION DEFENCE COMMITTEE, ORGANIZED IN 1861

(Through this Representative Body of Chicago Citizens the First Regiments were Placed in the Field, Civilians Organized, and Chicago's Reputation for "Doing Things" Established)

On the fifteenth of April, 1861, there was a call for seventy-five thousand militia, of which the quota of Illinois was six regiments. But there were only some odds and ends of companies in the State, not enough to fill a third of the quota. General H. K. Swift, of Chicago, a well-known banker, being a militia brigadier was called upon by Governor Yates, as has been shown, to proceed immediately to Cairo with whatever force he could "commandeer." This he proceeded to do, and he arrived at that point with less than one thousand men, as follows:

	Men
Chicago Light Artillery	125
Ottawa Light Artillery	86
Lockport Light Artillery	52
Plainfield Light Artillery	72
Captain Harding's Company	83
Chicago Zouaves, Companies A and B	172
Union Cadets (German Turners)	97
Lincoln Rifles, Captain Mihalotzky	66
Sandwich Company, Captain Carr	102
Drum Corps	17
	872

But few of these had arms, and the stores of Chicago had been depleted to supply them with anything that resembled a gun. As to the State, it had altogether this remarkable collection of "shooting irons" in its arsenal at Springfield: 362 muskets altered from flintlocks, 125 Harper's Ferry and Deneger rifles, 297 horse pistols, and 133 musketoons — whatever deadly contrivances those may have been! As for the batteries, they were without anything resembling shot, shell, or cannister, and so was the State arsenal. Accordingly, slugs were hurriedly prepared, and some of these improvisations are said to have made great havoc in the ranks of the enemy at Donelson.

CAPTURE OF GUNS

The occupation of Cairo as a move in the war game was most important. The States of Missouri and Kentucky, the one adjoining on the south, the other on the west, were both in the hands of outspoken pro-Southern governors, who had flatly refused to answer to the call for troops. At St. Louis there was an arsenal with muskets and ammunition, and it was known that steps were being taken to transfer them to the Confederacy. No sooner had the junction of the Mississippi and the Ohio been taken possession of than information came that two steamboats had left St. Louis with guns and ammunition for the South. On approaching Cairo these were captured, and everything on board confiscated. At the same time Illinois secured 20,000 stand of arms with ammunition from the St. Louis arsenal. Thus a very serious danger point was passed. But it remains to be told by what daring strategy this so desirable result was brought about.

CAPTAIN STOKES' RUSE

In those days of unpreparedness many issues freighted with incalculable consequences were wholly dependent on individual initiative, coupled with swift resolute action; and a notable exploit, illustrating the exigencies of the approximately local field of operations, was the "capture" of the St. Louis arsenal, by Captain James H. Stokes of Chicago. By dint of much urging Governor Yates had secured an order from the War Department on the St. Louis Government arsenal for 20,000 muskets with ammunition; and now the question of moment was, how could the order be made good, with St. Louis virtually in the hands of the enemy? The situation appealed to Captain Stokes, then fortunately at Springfield, and he volunteered to deliver

the goods. So dominant was the Rebel influence in the Missouri city at this time, that he deemed it expedient, in order to reconnoitre the stronghold and take preparatory measures, to avow himself in quarters inimical to the North, as a friend of the South. But once his plans were matured and he inside, the Captain presented a bold front, and left those in charge in no doubt as to his intention to carry the order into effect. The arsenal authorities, while themselves friendly to the Union cause, did not believe it could be done, as almost everything afloat thereabouts was controlled by Southern sympathizers. Probably three-fourths of the city's business was with the South, and the first step in a move to relieve the arsenal of its stores for the benefit of the North, would most likely precipitate action on the part of the friends of the South, who could depend on both the city and State authorities to back them.

THE CAPTURE EFFECTED

But the Captain had taken all that part of his hazard into account, and communicated with friends at Alton, some twenty miles up the river, asking them to send a steamer at night to the arsenal wharf, with men in charge who could be trusted, and had Union fighting blood in their veins. At midnight a makeshift craft, but with stout and willing hands on board, tied up to the wharf, and in a couple of hours it was loaded with 20,000 muskets, 110,000 cartridges, 500 new rifle carbines, 500 revolvers and a number of cannon, which left but a small remainder as possible loot for the enemy. If, as the result of an alarm after its departure, the steamer should be overtaken (it was at best a very slow affair), it was agreed by those in charge, rather than have its precious cargo fall into the hands of the enemy, to sink the steamer in midstream, and seek a friend-

ly shore as best they might. Happily such an heroic course did not become necessary; and, once at the Alton wharf, many loyal hands were in readiness to transport the cargo to a waiting train. Thus it came about that the Illinois quotas of the first two calls for seventy-five thousand men were armed through the resolute action of a single Chicagoan.

BEFORE BULL RUN, TOO MANY REGIMENTS OFFERED

So many regiments were being offered to the Government by Illinois, that on the sixteenth of May, just a month from the first call, the Secretary of War wrote to its energetic Governor that he must understand that Illinois was entitled to *only* six regiments of militia for the three months' service, and six regiments of volunteers under a second call for seventy-five thousand men to serve for a term of three years or during the war — and that it was "*important to reduce* rather than increase this number, and in *no event to exceed it,* and if more are already enlisted, to reduce the number by discharge." In the light of what followed, how hopelessly inadequate the Administration's conception of what was before it! Then came Bull Run and the nation's awakening to an appalling reality. On the heels of that disaster, Governor Yates telegraphed that sixteen regiments and a battery above its quotas were ready for service, and he added: "I *insist* that you respond favorably to this tender."

The next day there came a call on the nation for 500,000 men!

GOVERNMENT UNDERTAKES RECRUITING AND EQUIPPING

Up to the third of December, 1861, the raising and equipping of troops were under the auspices of the different

States. Thereafter the general Government took over the entire business of both recruiting and equipping. When this took place Illinois had put 43,000 men in the field, with a reserve of 17,000 in training camps, and of these 15,000 were in excess of the State's quotas. Under the 500,000 call the Thirty-first Infantry went into the field under Colonel John A. Logan, and the Eleventh Cavalry under Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

TEN NEW REGIMENTS ORGANIZED

On the third of April, 1862, an order came from Washington to suspend recruiting; but on the twenty-fifth of May, less than two months later, came a hurry call from Secretary Stanton to "organize and forward immediately all the volunteer and militia force in your State"; for a Rebel army was advancing north, while McClellan was on the peninsula in front of Richmond, and the nation's capital was in imminent danger of capture. Inside of two weeks five regiments for three months' home duty were organized, thus relieving older organizations from guard duty at Camp Douglas; and in the same period five regiments of three-year men were sent east, including the one under command of General Mulligan, which, since its reorganization after its heroic defence of Lexington, Missouri, had been doing guard duty at Camp Douglas, where the Fort Donelson prisoners were confined.

ILLINOIS ALWAYS TO THE FORE

On the thirtieth of May the Government signified its willingness to accept any number of independent volunteer regiments, and on the sixth of July, 1862, came a call for 300,000 to serve for three years or the war. Then, on the fifth of August following, came a supplementary call for

300,000 militia to serve for nine months, unless sooner discharged. In connection with this call it was assumed by the Government that a draft would be necessary, and the order to enroll the militia in the several States — that is, to put on the roll all names in any event liable to a draft — immediately followed. Under these two calls the quota of Illinois was 52,296. It had, however, to its credit an excess of 16,978, reducing its allotment to 35,318, and it was on this basis that recruiting proceeded. There was a great rush to volunteer, to avoid the disgrace of the draft; and in a few days the Adjutant-General made announcement that the draft was averted. But no sooner did Washington realize that Illinois was free (whereas the draft was practically inevitable in every other State), than it coolly announced that the credit for the surplus of 16,978 was withdrawn, and that the total required was 52,296 men. This in the circumstances was a facer, for only thirteen days from the date of call was allowed to fill the entire quota; but it was accomplished in eleven days, while in many another State there was resort to the draft. Immediately on the heels of this drain came an order that all the old regiments must be filled up to their full number by September 1, or there would be a draft. The number assigned to Illinois was 34,719. The militia was enrolled as a precautionary measure, but again Lincoln's State averted a draft by enlistment.

GOVERNOR YATES TELLS WHAT ILLINOIS HAS DONE

Other calls were met in like manner, so that early in 1865, on retiring to give place to Richard J. Oglesby, its valiant War Governor could say: "Thus it will be seen that Illinois *alone,* of all the loyal States of the Union, furnishes the proud record of not only having escaped the

draft without receiving credit for her old regiments, but of starting under a new call [which had come on January 17, 1865, for 300,000 additional men] with her quota largely diminished by the credit to which she is entitled by thousands of veterans already reënlisted."

ILLINOIS PROTESTS AGAINST EXCESSIVE DEMANDS

It seems to have been assumed in Washington, from the readiness of the men of Illinois to enlist, that the source of supply was unlimited; and in consequence the War Department became exceedingly careless, not to say generous, in its apportionment of the State's quota, especially in its last call. On the one hand it ignored all credits of excesses over assigned quotas, and on the other it increased the State's allotment out of all comparison with other States. At first this unfavorable discrimination received little attention, but finally the "carelessness" of the Provost Marshal's department became so flagrant, especially as regards Cook County, that a halt was called and a serious accounting demanded. On one occasion a delegation went to Washington to enter a protest against this unfairness; but Secretary Stanton refused to interfere, on the plea that it would disarrange the entire allotment, and made a strong appeal to the committee, and through them to the patriotism of Illinois, to let the unjust apportionment stand.

A FEW ILLINOIS MEN DRAFTED AS A MATTER OF FORM

While it cannot be said with a strict regard for the technical truth, that every part of the State of Illinois was free from draft, it can be said that no drafted man went into the field from Illinois. Owing to grievous irregularities in assigning the State's quotas — and because

of the fact that the demand was not made on the State as a whole, but on manifold small subdivisions, many of whose assigned quotas were outrageously excessive — several of these minor subdivisions were subjected to a nominal draft, and a few hundred men were assembled at Springfield, but only that enlisted men might take their places. In several instances, through blunders in the Provost Marshal's office, more men were apportioned to a sub-district than the entire enrollment, and in more than one the assignment was in excess of the entire male population.

EVIDENCE THAT THE DEMAND WAS UNFAIR

In only one district in the State was a new enrollment ordered, and this, as a fair sample, shows how outrageously the State was served by the Provost Marshal assigned to it:

Counties	Enrollment (1864)	New Enrollment (1865)
St. Clair	8,959	4,539
Madison	8,598	4,449
Clinton	2,372	1,483
Washington	2,682	1,709
Randolph	3,301	2,076
Monroe	3,509	726
	29,421	14,982

To show further how exceedingly unfair was the quota assigned to Illinois under the final call, it is only necessary to point out that Ohio, with a population of 2,400,000, was required to furnish only 26,000 men, while Illinois, with a population of only 1,700,000, was called upon for 35,541, subsequently reduced to 32,887 men. And this further fact was brought to the attention of the Government, by Governor Oglesby:

THE CHICAGO ZOUAVES AT DRILL.

"Under the call of July 18, 1864, we all know that the draft was enforced against Iowa. That State was then behind in her quotas. Except in a few sub-districts (townships), the draft was not enforced in Illinois, for we, including all calls upon us, were only behind as a State, 13,400, *with a surplus* of 35,875 three-year men, to answer a call of 52,057 one-year men. Yet now, under this call for troops, Iowa is exempt from draft, has no quota upon her enrollment and population, whilst Illinois has 32,887 required from her."

And this further question received no satisfactory answer:

"How is it that our quota under the 300,000 call, which is said to include our credit of 35,875 men, is more than 11 per cent of 300,000, when without any credit, under the call of 500,000 men it was only $10^4/_{10}$ per cent? Please explain this."

On the close of the war 3,572 officers and 68,517 enlisted men credited to Illinois were disbanded. Of this number more than 20,000 received their discharges in Chicago amidst a succession of ovations.

THE STATE'S TOTAL ENLISTMENT

The fact seems to have been, unless the figures of the State's Adjutant-General were compiled under some unaccountable misapprehension—and they were never successfully controverted, — that when Illinois was called upon for a final quota of 32,887 men, she was entitled to a credit of at least half that number. Nevertheless recruiting went forward to fill the entire quota demanded, and was within less than 5,000 of completion, when by order of the War Department all recruiting ceased. The State's proud total enlistment for the war was 231,488 men, a showing both per quota and enrollment far above that made by any other State.

The following shows the different calls and quotas assigned to Illinois:

	Calls	Quotas for Illinois
April 15, 1861	75,000	6,000
July 21, 1861	500,000	42,032
October 1, 1863	300,000	27,930
February 1, 1864	500,000	46,309
March 4, 1864	200,000	18,564
July 18, 1864	500,000	52,057
December 19, 1864	300,000	32,887
Total		225,779
Total enlistment roll		231,488
Excess of enlistment over quotas		5,709

The above figures show some striking variations in the proportions demanded. Thus while in 1861, in a call for 500,000, the State's proportion was 42,032, in 1864, under a similar call, it was raised to 52,057 — and the other calls show similar disproportions against the State.

ILLINOIS ORGANIZATIONS IN THE WAR

The following is a list of Illinois organizations, as furnished for this record by the Adjutant-General's office in Springfield. In their way, the terms of service, from three months to three years, interspersed with 100-day and one-year men, illustrate the different stages of the war, its ups, downs, and sudden emergencies, as clearly as a detailed description:

7th to 12th Infantry, 3 months.
7th to 66th Infantry, 3 years.
67th to 71st Infantry, 3 months.
72d to 131st Infantry, 3 years.
132nd to 143d Infantry, 100 days.
144th to 156th Infantry, 1 year.
1st to 17th Cavalry, 3 years.
1st to 2nd Artillery, 3 years.
29th U. S. Infantry (Colored Troops).

Besides the two artillery regiments noted, there were independent batteries, all for three years, as follows: Chicago Mercantile, Springfield Light Artillery, Coggswell's, Renwick's Elgin, Henshaw's, Bridges', Colvin's, Chapman's; and Campbell's three-months' battery.

THE BOARD OF TRADE RAISES TROOPS

In giving credit for zeal and efficient service to various classes and bodies of men in Chicago during the war, the part played by the Board of Trade should not be overlooked. Indeed, it probably did more to further enlistments than any other body of citizens in proportion to its wealth and numbers; while in the matter of example it was always a shining light and heartening leader. On an occasion when the calls for troops piled so rapidly one upon another, that before there was time to fill one quota another was knocking at the door, an extraordinary war meeting of the Board was called at the request of the following members: George Steel, William Sturges, E. Akin, M. C. Stearns, Ira Y. Munn, G. L. Scott, C. H. Walker, Jr., E. G. Wolcott, and Messrs. Flint and Thompson. The meeting was presided over by Colonel John L. Hancock, to my mind at this time the most masterful personality in the city; and through the work there begun a number of Board of Trade regiments were recruited and as quickly as possible put in the field.

A FINAL "COME ONE, COME ALL" RALLY

In response to the last call, the men were rendezvoused at Camp Fry, in the precincts of Lake View, under the efficient supervision of Colonel Hancock. To expedite the work of volunteering, the services of prominent speakers from other parts of the country were enlisted, mass meet-

ings were held in different parts of the city, scores of recruiting offices were opened (a despatch to *The New York Herald* gave fifty as the number), and to keep the enthusiasm at concert pitch, the Lumbard war quartette was kept untiringly on the move.

CHICAGO'S CONTRIBUTION OF MEN

Chicago at the outbreak of the war had a population approximating 100,000. Her contribution of men to the war was in round numbers about 15,000 (Cook County's total being 22,436). When it is considered that the city's total vote in 1860 was only 18,747, which in 1862, under the drain of the war had fallen to 13,670, it can easily be seen what an important part the war played in the everyday life of the people, and the affairs of the city.

DISTINGUISHED ILLINOIS SOLDIERS

Illinois was distinguished on the roll of the Union army by its Lieutenant-General Grant, nine full Major-Generals, 53 Major-Generals by brevet, and 125 Brigadier-Generals. The full Major-Generals were: John A. Logan, John Pope, John M. Schofield, John M. Palmer, John A. McClernand, Richard J. Oglesby, Stephen A. Hurlbut, Benjamin M. Prentiss, and Giles A. Smith. In scanning the list of Illinois soldiers who exceptionally distinguished themselves, it is interesting to note the number of Smiths who rose to high honors, for besides the full Major-General, Giles A., there are among the 53 brevet major-generals no less than seven, whereas not one other surname is duplicated; while among the 125 brigadiers there are but two Smiths left behind in the race for the higher goal. The more distinguished Smiths are Arthur A., Franklin C., George W., Gustavus A., John C., John E., Robert F.,

COL. JOHN L. HANCOCK

HON. THOMAS B. BRYAN

and Robert W. Among the wags it used to be said that in the multiplicity of Smiths, and other similarities to add to the confusion, such as a John C. and a John E., a Robert F. and a Robert W., the glory achieved by each fell uniformly upon all; and, unwilling to go to the trouble of untangling this wealth of laurels, Uncle Sam accepted the composite Smith as the type; and, lest injustice should be done, gave to each the honors due the entire family. Aye, but there were fine soldiers among these Smiths!

SOME PARADOXES IN THE COURSE OF THE WAR

The war was in many respects a succession of surprises and paradoxes. Over and over it was the unexpected that happened, as when the Abolitionist and the Copperhead changed places in their mental attitude toward the war; for there was all along much fault-finding with its conduct on the part of both, but for very different reasons. They also changed places in what might be called their physical relation to it: for the ingrained Copperhead was not unknown to turn up suddenly in one of Uncle Sam's uniforms; while a consuming patriotism and sympathy for the slave was by no means inconsistent with an unshakable determination to guard the home.

In speaking of the movements of the militia in the early days of the war, and the *secrecy* that was enjoined, lest Rebel sympathizers, by the destruction of bridges and otherwise, should prevent the concentration of troops at Cairo, the reader could scarcely avoid the impression that "Darkest Egypt" was a hot-bed of secessionism; and such it was to the mind of the Governor when he wrote his instructions. In this same "Darkest Egypt," at the beginning of the war, according to reports then current, it was easier to raise volunteers for the Confederacy than for the Union; and

there, according to report, one who later became a distinguished Union general took steps in the early days to raise a company for the Rebels. Yet, but for this "Darkest Egypt," this seething den of Copperheadism, the proud honor of heading the roll of enlistment districts for the entire Union would have fallen to Chicago. As it is, it is to the Cairo district that the glory belongs of having furnished more troops to the cause of the Union per enrollment than any other! Who can explain this paradox?

CHAPTER III

THE WAR FACE AT HOME

CHICAGO CHEERS MANY PASSING REGIMENTS — THE EIGHTH WISCONSIN'S WAR EAGLE — "OLD ABE'S" BEHAVIOR IN BATTLE — IS THE STAR OF A SANITARY FAIR — HIS DEATH — CAMP DOUGLAS AS A CENTRE OF INTEREST — FIRST ONE OF MANY RECRUITING CAMPS — THEN A REBEL "STRONGHOLD" — ALSO SHELTERS PAROLED UNION PRISONERS — A MENACE TO THE TIMID — ITS ENVIRONS A RESORT FOR THE YOUNG — FREQUENT CHANGES IN ITS PERSONNEL — COMPARED WITH ANDERSONVILLE — MANY ESCAPES IN ITS EARLY DAYS — A "GAMBLING" EPISODE — AN INCIDENT ILLUSTRATES THE LACK OF VIGILANCE — JUDGE AND MRS. MORRIS — TWO ALLEGED CONSPIRACIES TO LIBERATE THE PRISONERS AND DESTROY CHICAGO.

ALL through the struggle there was scarcely a day, and never a week, that a regiment or a battery, or two or more of their kind, did not leave or arrive or pass through the city to or from the seats of war. The Wisconsin and Minnesota contingents had almost perforce to make a temporary halt in the city; and whenever an Iowa regiment was ordered to the East, or a Michigan regiment to the West, it was the same. And it was seldom, when there had been notice of such prospective advent, that these migrants were not in some manner formally welcomed, hospitably entertained, and enthusiastically cheered on their way by a populace that thronged the line of march.

There was little that appealed superficially to the eye in these realistic illustrations of

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,"

but much that went straight to the heart. There was no blazonry about these frequent repetitions — none of the

pomposity, glitter, or finery that on occasion enables our militia to charge with envy the heart of the callow youth or set the maidenly bosom in a flutter. No, there was none of this, but overmuch grime and unkemptness, especially in the instance of returning regiments — either when honorably discharged or sent home on a well-earned recruiting furlough to put on new flesh. Some regiments by the havoc of war had been reduced to mere skeletons of the originals. In these circumstances, the bullet-torn battle-flags, zealously guarded by the surviving remnant, and borne proudly aloft, reflected a glory that extended for loyal eyes to the last tatter of their war-worn uniforms.

THE EIGHTH WISCONSIN'S WAR EAGLE

Of the many regiments of passage the Eighth Wisconsin received most attention, both on leaving for the field, in October, 1861, and on its return, in the Fall of 1865; and all on account of its war eagle, the most famous living example of our national emblem in the country's history. When, at the beginning of the war, Company C of this command was recruiting in the lumber district at Eau Claire, a Chippewa Indian captured an eagle only a few months old; and the "boys," as true sons of the Chippewa Valley, "chipped in" to the extent of two and a half dollars and bought it. They built a perch for their prize, named him "Old Abe," swore him into the service, and elected James McGinnis to the honor of "eagle-bearer." From that time the company came to be known as the "Eau Claire Eagles," and the command as the "Wisconsin Eagle Regiment." Long before it was ready to start for the front, young "Old Abe's" fame had spread abroad; and when the regiment passed through Chicago on its way to the seat of war, the route of passage was densely lined

"OLD ABE," THE EIGHTH WISCONSIN'S WAR EAGLE

(Exhibited in Chicago at the Sanitary Fair of 1863)

to give it a welcome, and never was bird more enthusiastically acclaimed.

HOW "OLD ABE" MET THE ENEMY

Thereafter one heard frequently of the President's *alter ego* and his behavior in battle. Accordingly, when two years later the first Sanitary Fair was organized, and its promoters were casting about for attractions, it occurred to somebody to secure "Old Abe"; and as just then there was something of a lull at the front, the bird, along with his proud bearer, was in due form granted "leave of absence on special service," and so became the fair's top-liner. Photographs of him were sold by tens of thousands; also numerous feathers; and some that were avowed to have been separated from him by Rebel bullets brought fabulous prices.

It was an article of faith with the army that "Old Abe" bore a charmed life, — that the bullet that could kill him had not been cast, — and events went far to justify this belief; for though he was always well to the front in the twenty battles and sixty skirmishes with which the "Eagle Regiment" is credited, and while its flag was shot to tatters, "Old Abe," though frequently "ruffled," never lost a drop of blood. The fiercer raged the battle, the higher would he rise on his lofty perch, the bolder flap his wings, and the louder send forth his screams of defiance.

"OLD ABE'S" BEHAVIOR DURING LEAVE OF ABSENCE

When on exhibition at the fair he made it plain that he had but a poor opinion of his surroundings — that he missed the bugle call and the roar of battle. Then it happened one day that a noted war orator in attendance was called on for a speech. No sooner had he got well started

than "Old Abe" rose on his perch, flapped his wings, and evidently mistaking what he heard for the familiar, terror-inspiring "Rebel yell," screeched a wild defiance. This is probably the only instance when an orator in very fact made the American eagle scream. It was also proof that what this particular specimen needed to show him off was *noise;* and thereafter, in the absence of orators of the requisite calibre, whenever it was desired to get a rise out of his high-mightiness, the young people would gather about him and deliver what probably led to the present terror-inspiring college yell.

It is, perhaps, needless to add that this idol of both old and young, on his return from the war as a full-fledged, laurel-crowned veteran, received an ovation such as eagle never had before; while the waves of applause that rose from thousands of throats at every point of vantage on the route through the city, were sufficiently in similitude of the roar of battle to keep the great war bird in a high state of demonstration.

"OLD ABE'S" DEATH AND APOTHEOSIS

In the subsequent piping times of peace "Old Abe" became a ward of the State of Wisconsin, with headquarters at Madison; and there grim death, which had so often spared him when so many fell at his side, called him on the twenty-sixth of March, 1881, for a final "rise" to a higher eyrie.

But it was to no ordinary foe that this battle-crowned King of the Air yielded his life — to no element not the equal of his own royal dominion. It was through fire in the State's capitol that the end came by suffocation. Fortunately, not a feather of "Old Abe's" body was injured; and by grace of the taxidermist, his outward sem-

blance continued for nearly a quarter of a century to receive the homage of the rising generation of Badgerites. But the envious Fates had decreed that no slightest vestige of so historic an exemplar of our national emblem should remain visible to mortal eye; and so, on February 27, 1904, when the capitol was again fire-stricken, there ascended from the memorial chamber of the Grand Army of the Republic — verily as incense to the God of Battles — Wisconsin's proudest possession, to join its awaiting spirit in the halls of Valhalla! And as most fitting and loyal company, there were consumed with it the priceless battle-flags and other cherished memorials of the State's proud share in the greatest struggle for freedom in the world's history. What an irreparable loss!

CHICAGO'S CAMPS FOR RECRUITS AND PRISONERS

Few countries were ever so completely or so uninterruptedly possessed by a war as this land during the four years of our great civil strife; and except in those parts of the South where the actual struggle took place, perhaps no locality felt its impact more directly, or lived in the presence of its varied accompaniments more persistently, than Chicago. Not only was this city a leading recruiting centre and passageway to and from the field, but from the first year of the war to the end there were imprisoned in its immediate vicinity (the spot is now in the very heart of one of its great divisions) for most of the time, a number sufficient to constitute a Rebel army corps. It was because there were here great recruiting camps, with fairly substantial barracks, that Chicago was elected to this doubtful distinction in the first instance; and its continuance was largely due to the fact that nearly all the prisoners captured in large bodies by the Federal arms were taken in the

West; whereas it was the Eastern Union armies that filled Andersonville and other Southern prison camps.

CAMP DOUGLAS A MENACE TO THE TIMID, A RESORT FOR THE YOUNG

The Rebel horde that was confined in Camp Douglas was a source of mixed sensations to the people of the city. To the timid it was an ever-present menace; and during its continuance real estate in its neighborhood was little in demand for permanent improvement, though considerable ground thereabout was covered by temporary ramshackles, occupied by dealers in provisions. But for young people it was as natural on a summer Sunday afternoon to take a horse car for Camp Douglas (and a most tedious ride it was) as it is in these days for the same kind to take a trolley for Riverview; and in this they but followed a habit that had grown upon thousands when Camp Douglas was a great recruiting rendezvous, and there were fathers, brothers, or sweethearts to visit. Furthermore, for a considerable period after the surrender of Harper's Ferry to the Confederates, something like seven thousand paroled Union prisoners were added to the camp's population; and until these were exchanged, the place was doubly besieged by the personally interested and the merely curious. There was, to be sure, little enough for the latter to see when they got there, unless provided with passes; but for most of this sort it was enough that the place brought them in imagination in contact with something that resembled the seat of war.

QUESTIONABLE AMUSEMENTS AT THE CAMP

Because of these never-failing Sunday crowds, there had blossomed in the neighborhood other attractions in the guise of "summer gardens," with all the noxious allure-

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS AT CAMP DOUGLAS

ments common to resorts of this character. And so much depends on the point of view, that had this form of diversion been reported as associated with any Southern prison pen, the inflamed Northern imagination would readily have colored it into a "heartless" or even a "fiendish" gloat.

CAMP DOUGLAS COMPARED WITH ANDERSONVILLE

This writer had little trouble to secure admission to Camp Douglas, where he mingled freely with the "Johnny Rebs." He found them apparently well fed; and they certainly appeared a jolly lot, much given to horse-play. By a class of Northern apologists for the state of things reported about Andersonville, it has been asserted that matters were in all respects equally bad at Camp Douglas; but for such a contention there is as little foundation as there would have been excuse for its existence. Camp Douglas was at the door of the greatest food stores in the world; and if in such case the prisoners were persistently starved, as has been charged against Andersonville, such a condition could be attributed only to deliberate malice; whereas the excuse of the South has been that they had not always the wherewith to supply their captives, and that, on the whole, they were as well cared for as their own men in the field at various exigent times.

THE CAMP'S UNSANITARY CONDITION

However, as to the charge of unsatisfactory sanitary conditions until matters had come to a pretty sad pass, that is unfortunately only too well founded. When the camp was laid out as a mustering station, a thorough sanitary system was recommended, but because it was supposed to be only a temporary arrangement, this was not carried out; consequently, it was in this respect far from

ideal even as a rendezvous for the Federal recruits. Then, when it is borne in mind that the Southern clay-eating "cracker" naturally associates suggestions of muck with comfort, in view of the Camp's overcrowded condition, serious consequences to the health of the occupants were inevitable. But this applies only to the first half of the prison's existence. Later it was placed in an admirable sanitary condition.

FREQUENT CHANGES IN THE PERSONNEL OF THE CAMP

Camp Douglas, first as a rendezvous for the early enlistments, and later as the principal Northern prison for captured Confederates, was for four years so continually in people's thoughts, and its varied phases, frequent transformations, and moving incidents in so many ways register the changing tides of the great struggle, that its part in the pageant of war-time Chicago calls for more than a passing notice. It was ever in a state of flux. One day So-and-so would be in command, and such-and-such contingents would rendezvous there; and, later, this or another regiment would be on guard, and this or that variety of Jefferson Davis's myrmidons would be its guests; and lo! in the twinkling of an eye, the entire personnel would be changed, and hardly a single familiar name or feature remain.

The camp was located by order of Governor Yates, in September, 1861. Previous to this, the environs of the city had been dotted with camps, hurriedly improvised, and during their temporary existence these were known as "Camp Douglas" (south of the permanent enclosure), "Camp Song," "Camp Mulligan," "Camp Sigel," "Camp Dunne," "Camp Fremont," "Camp Ellsworth," "Camp Mather," "Camp Webb," etc.

THE CAMP'S LOCATION AND COMMANDERS

The permanent Camp Douglas comprised about sixty acres, just outside the southern city limits, about the present Thirty-fourth Street, and facing Cottage Grove Avenue. Its first commander was Colonel Joseph H. Tucker; the first troops to occupy it were Brackett's Ninth Illinois Cavalry; and inside of a month there were nearly 5,000 men in camp. In the early part of October, Colonel Mulligan surrendered to General Price at Lexington, Mo.; and then this brave Irishman was placed in charge, while he and his paroled regiment, the Twenty-third Illinois, were awaiting a return to the field through an exchange. In a few months they were free to reënlist, and then Colonel Tucker resumed command. About this time the capture of Fort Donelson brought some 5,000 prisoners to the camp.

ACCESS OF PAROLED PRISONERS AFTER HARPER'S FERRY

As an offset in the game of war, there was a surrender of something like an army corps of Union men at Harper's Ferry; and Colonel Cameron, whose regiment, the Scottish, was among the captured, was placed in charge. Not only his own command, but most of those captured in its company, were brought to Chicago to do garrison duty while awaiting exchange. There were thus gathered at the camp besides the Scotchmen, the Thirty-ninth, Ninety-third, One Hundred and Eleventh, One Hundred and Fifteenth, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth New York regiments, as well as the men of a New York battery of heavy artillery; the Thirty-ninth and Sixty-sixth Ohio, part of the Twelfth Illinois battery, and the Second Vermont. There were now about as many Union troops as Rebel prisoners in virtual durance, and during this state

of congestion, the barracks occupied by the Federals were burned no less than three times; whether by accident or design was never definitely determined.

After the Union forces had been exchanged, the camp was commanded in quick succession by General Ammen, Captain Phillips, Captain Turner, General Orme, Colonel Strong, General Sweet, Captain Shurley, and Captain Phettyplace.

MANY ESCAPES IN ITS EARLY DAYS

In the early days of the camp as a prison, there were a number of escapes, for only a fairly high board fence stood between the inmates and liberty. But, as one humorist remarked on his quick recapture, "it was a good deal easier to get out than to stay out." At one time several score made their escape, but hardly one got back to Dixie, for their tattered butternut jeans were a constant "give-away." If without funds, they were soon compelled to come from under cover; while in cases where friends had provided the "Johnnie Graybacks" with Yankee greenbacks, the temptation to enjoy themselves after a long abstinence so frequently overcame their caution, that a goodly number were returned by way of the police court.

At first there were only moderate restrictions on "gifts from friends"; but when turkeys were found "fatted and stuffed" with revolvers, and homespuns were discovered lined with Uncle Sam's circulating medium, more rigid examinations followed. Where it was denied those seized with *wanderlust* to negotiate the fence or bribe their way out, they took to digging tunnels, and by this means quite a number managed to reach the outside. As it was nearly impossible to put a stop to these burrowings so long as the floors of the barracks were near the ground, and many of

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

COL. (LATER GEN.) BENJAMIN J. SWEET

(Commander at Camp Douglas; Pension Agent after the War)

the diggings but a few feet from the fence, the floors were in time raised six feet or more on piles, so that the patrols could always see what was going on underneath. Finally the fence was replaced by a heavy oak stockade twelve feet in height, surmounted by a railed platform, from which the patrolling sentinels could readily overlook every part of the enclosure. There were fewer escapes after that.

EXCHANGES OF PRISONERS

The prisoners kept coming and going. At first Uncle Sam refused to treat with the Rebel authorities at Richmond in any way, as savoring of recognition; but in time exchanges were duly effected. Sometimes there would be as many as 10,000 or more, and later only some skeletons of regiments. Then a new contingent would arrive; and altogether the number imprisoned aggregated over 30,000. Among those to put in a forced appearance were the "Morgan raiders" captured in the Fall of 1863, at Salem, Ohio. These numbered something like 5,000, many of them Kentuckians, and were by far the jolliest lot of the various consignments. When time hung heavily on their hands they improvised "shows," had mock trials for all manner of offences, and did quite a trade in jack-knife handiwork, with an eye to tobacco. A good deal of the labor involved in putting the barracks on piles was done by the prisoners, as was most of the regular work of the camp.

A "GAMBLER" AMONG THE PRISONERS

But there was also a "serious" side to the diversions of the "Johnnies." General Sweet, who had an eye for things unnoticed by others, began to suspect that something sinister was undermining the morals of his charges. There was about many a look of utter dejection, as if they had lost their all, and life was no longer worth living. He set

to work to find the cause, and discovered that a former New Orleans gambler had improvised a faro "lay-out." We in Chicago had indulged the conceit that almost all of that kidney who infested the lower Mississippi at the outbreak of the war had made their way to Randolph Street; but somehow this one must have been headed off. However, the fact remains that the confiding "crackers" were being "robbed" in a most heartless and expeditious manner; and it was the "ruin" so plainly written on their faces that put the commander on the scent. Discovery was followed by swift action. The "lair" was surrounded, every avenue of escape with ill-gotten booty was closely guarded, and in the official report of the Adjutant-General of Illinois it is stated that no less than *$150,000* was duly confiscated. The "banker" made a most melting plea to be allowed to retain his gains, but all his protestations went for nought. He said he had been reared in the balmy South, amid palms and orange groves; avowed that experience had taught him that Uncle Sam was none too free with his coal to shield sensitive souls like himself against the rigors of a Northern winter, and he had looked forward with glowing anticipations to the prospect of supplementing the frugal dole of his captors with an accumulation of fuel of his own. That this pampered Southron had a substantial grievance in having his prospect of "money to burn" so ruthlessly dashed, may well be admitted; for the high quality of heat potential in Confederate currency has never been seriously called in question.

Toward the close of the war, when it was only too evident that the cause of the South was hopeless, several hundred prisoners joined Uncle Sam's navy: this branch being selected as obviating the possibility of coming face to face with their old comrades in arms.

A CONSPIRACY TO LIBERATE THE PRISONERS

Much has been written about the conspiracy to liberate the Confederate prisoners, with the object of harassing the rear of the Union armies. The exact truth about this attempt may never be known, for there were political exigencies to be served that might well have tempted to an exaggeration or distortion of appearances. That there was some foundation for all the excitement stirred up may well be admitted; but that any wholesale scheme of liberation was contemplated or seriously furthered by the Confederate authorities is highly improbable. What could such a horde, even if partially provided with arms, have accomplished, a thousand miles or more from any helpful support? To be sure, it might well have brought about the fate that overtook Chicago a few years later; but such an adventure could have had no appreciable effect on the fortunes of the war, and the consequences would have fallen in the end most heavily on the heads of those who had promoted the offence.

AN INCIDENT AS EVIDENCE OF LAX SURVEILLANCE

That there were not wanting opportunities for hatching a conspiracy between those within the camp and any sympathizing and adventurous friends outside, is not open to doubt. There was a goodly number of Kentuckians among the prisoners, and there was also a considerable Kentucky element in the city's population, with quite a sprinkling of relatives within the enclosure; and as illustrating the lax surveillance, and the ease with which intercommunication was maintained, I have permission to make use of the following incident.

Mr. Henry E. Hamilton, one of Chicago's oldest and best known citizens, was distantly related to Buckner S.

Morris. In the course of a settlement of some family property, he had occasion to seek the ex-mayor and ex-judge, then living on Michigan Avenue, between Washington and Madison Streets. Mr. Hamilton was accompanied by a cousin, also interested in the property, whose home was in Milwaukee. This cousin was a major in the Union army, on leave, and in full uniform. The time was evening. Their ring brought an old darkey to the door, who, on seeing a uniformed officer, appeared to be frightened out of his wits, and, in answer to their query if the judge was at home, replied in an obvious panic that he would go and see. He was gone quite a while; and, in the meantime, the visitors standing in the open door could not fail to note considerable commotion within. Then all was still, and they were led by way of the hall into the back parlor, where the darkey said the judge would be pleased to see them. The old gentleman appeared exceedingly perturbed, but managed somehow to give them the information they desired. When they were about to depart, Mrs. Morris entered the room from the hall. She greeted the visitors in high good humor, and remarked that she felt highly flattered to meet so distinguished an officer. Then, in a spirit of mingled raillery and bravado, she expressed a desire to make him acquainted with some gentlemen of his own calling. With that, to the obvious consternation of her husband, she pushed back the folding doors and laughingly revealed a group of men, whom she introduced as Confederate officers from Camp Douglas, temporarily out on "French leave." The situation brought about by a reckless woman's caprice was an exceedingly trying one for all the men, and the one most concerned was probably the Federal major; for as soon as they had made their exit, he exclaimed to Mr. Hamilton: "My God, Henry! Un-

HON. BUCKNER S. MORRIS

(Chicago's Second Mayor)

less I inform on these men and set about to have them arrested, I may be shot for this." Mr. Hamilton did his best to make light of the adventure, but at the same time advised his cousin to take an early train back to Milwaukee, which he did.

JUDGE MORRIS AND HIS WIFE FRIENDLY TO THE PRISONERS

Mrs. Morris had charge of the distribution of clothing sent to prisoners by their friends in the South. Through this service she became a frequent visitor at the camp, and naturally made many acquaintances among the inmates. She is spoken of as a woman of extraordinary charm, one whom it was difficult to resist; and it is possible that she had somewhat to do with assisting her friends to an occasional "outing." It is said that the camp authorities sometimes permitted officers to visit their friends in the city under an honor pledge. But aside from this, it was pretty well established that the guards found it conducive to their prosperity to close an eye occasionally.

The judge was treasurer of the local "Sons of Liberty," a secret organization whose ulterior purposes remain a moot question. That it was distinctly unfriendly to the war may well be affirmed, but between such a state of feeling and overt acts of treason there is a considerable margin; and there is little trustworthy evidence that the organization ever contemplated giving substantial assistance to the South.

TWO ALLEGED CONSPIRACIES

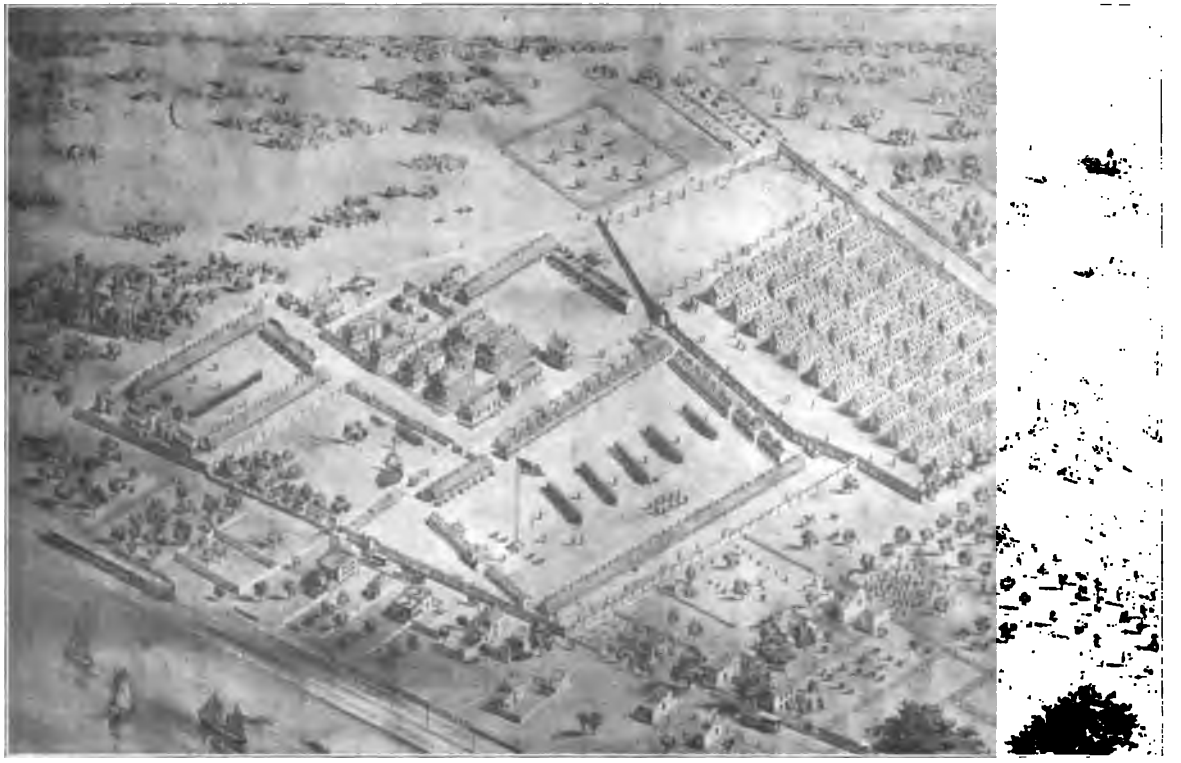
According to the record there were two conspiracies hatched in Canada to liberate the Rebel prisoners at Camp Douglas. It was in connection with the second that Judge Morris was arrested, tried, and found not guilty. The first

was at the time of the Democratic Convention in August, 1864. The reason for choosing this occasion, it is alleged, was that it afforded an excellent opportunity, without exciting suspicion, for gathering a force to coöperate with the prisoners to effect their escape. The vigilance of the camp authorities is supposed to have nipped this affair in the bud. No arrests were made. The next "conspiracy" was timed even more auspiciously: it was simultaneous with the presidential election; but whether formed by Copperheads or "Black Republicans" it would be hazardous to decide. At all events, the reported danger led the authorities to strengthen the defensive force at the camp.

Among the "conspirators" arrested were Colonel G. St. Leger Grenfell, Colonel Vincent Marmaduke, Colonel Ben Anderson, and Captains Castleman, Cantrill, and Raphael S. Semmes. Although these had all been active fighting men, accustomed to command (Colonel Grenfell having been at one time the raider Morgan's chief of staff), it was eminently fitting to this whole business that they should consent to serve under one "Brigadier-General" Charles Walsh, of the "Sons of Liberty," in the cellar of whose house in the southern part of the city many revolvers are alleged to have been found; but through an oversight they were never put on exhibition.

OBJECTS OF THE SECOND CONSPIRACY

The objects of this "conspiracy" are reported by witnesses at the trial in Cincinnati to have included the following choice examples of operations: "To attack Camp Douglas, release the prisoners, and with their aid seize the polls, allowing none but Copperheads to vote." Not content with this infringement on the inalienable rights of



By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

PLAT OF CAMP DOUGLAS

American citizenship, "the ballot boxes were to be stuffed, so that the vote of the State might be declared for McClellan." Then, and not until then, the city was to be "utterly sacked, burning every description of property, except what they could appropriate for their own use, and that of their Southern brethren; to lay the city waste [though, according to programme, already destroyed by fire] and carry off its money and stores to Jefferson Davis's dominions." And the official report of General Sweet, the Commander at Camp Douglas, is scarcely less melodramatic. This highly esteemed soldier is credited with a most lively imagination, and, although a teetotaler, it is affirmed that he sometimes "saw things" in their absence.

SENTENCES OF THE CONSPIRATORS

Colonel Grenfell was actually sentenced to death by the court. "Brigadier-General" Walsh was sentenced to three years, and Raphael S. Semmes to two years, in the penitentiary. But strange to say, none of these sentences went into effect: although, to save appearances, Colonel Grenfell was banished for a short time to the Dry Tortugas — by a climatic inversion Uncle Sam's war-time Siberia.

Both "conspiracies" were alleged to have been plotted in Windsor, Canada, by Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior under President Buchanan; and he is reported to have been supplied with plenty of money to carry out his nefarious schemes. Considering the state of Jefferson Davis's exchequer, if Thompson really had "plenty of money," it must have been of the Confederate variety, quoted about that time at thirty cents a bushel.

HARDSHIPS INFLICTED ON JUDGE MORRIS

While Judge Morris was awaiting trial in Cincinnati a daughter died at his Chicago home. Permission was given him to attend the funeral; and it was under a military escort that the grief-stricken father entered the room to look for the last time on the face of his beloved child.

That great injustice was done to Judge Morris in subjecting him to a trial under charges implying all manner of moral turpitude, a trial which through the costliness of defence in a far-off city brought about his financial ruin, became in time the settled public opinion, and was candidly voiced by Captain Shurley, a successor to General Sweet as Commandant of Camp Douglas, in these words: "History should do justice to Judge Buckner S. Morris. He was entirely innocent."

It is not pleasant to reflect that Mrs. Morris, so loyal to a misguided section of her country, should not have shown more of the same spirit to her aged husband in the days of his adversity. She was a Kentucky Blackburn, a sister of both the Senator and that Dr. Luke Blackburn who during the war was accused — without warrant, let us trust — of a desire to poison Northern wells, and who was subsequently one of Kentucky's Governors. It is sufficient to say that during the judge's later years, so full of heart-breaking memories, Mrs. Morris made her home with her brothers.

CHAPTER IV

SUPPRESSION OF THE "TIMES"

GENERAL BURNSIDE SUPPRESSES THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CITY — ITS EDITOR FAR FROM DISPLEASED — DANGER OF A LOCAL REBELLION — THE "TRIBUNE" THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION — COLONEL JENNISON IN CHARGE OF ITS DEFENCES — MASS MEETINGS FOR AND AGAINST THE ORDER — JUDGE DRUMMOND FORBIDS FURTHER ACTION BY THE MILITARY — APPEAL TO THE PRESIDENT — THE ORDER RESCINDED.

ONE of the most exciting events in the annals of Chicago was the suppression of the *Times*, on June 2, 1863, by military edict. General Ambrose E. Burnside, chiefly distinguished for a magnificent pair of side-whiskers, had command of the department which included Chicago, with headquarters at Cincinnati; and from thence, on June 1, 1863, there issued a mandate, excluding the New York *World* from the mails within his military jurisdiction; and an order to General Sweet, Commander at Camp Douglas, to take charge of the *Times* office and prevent any further issues of that notorious Copperhead sheet.

THE EDITOR NOT DISPLEASED

To call this order a blunder is the mildest characterization that can be applied to it. The unthinking mass of Republicans hailed it with delight, and gave it stout support. But the more sober-minded leaders of the party fully appreciated its menace not only to civil liberty, but to law and order. Perhaps the one personally least concerned in this crisis was the owner and editor of the *Times*, Wilbur F. Storey. It required no prophet to predict that the order

would not stand; and in the meantime it gave the paper a country-wide notoriety, while the act served only to give color to the often reiterated charge (that for which the paper was suppressed), namely, that "the war, as waged by military satraps of the administration, was a subversion of the Constitution and the people's rights under the law."

To the Copperhead leaders the order came as a godsend. Through an irresponsible military zealot they had at one bound been fixed in the saddle, booted and spurred, with the hated "abolition" enemy divided, distracted, and on the run. Let it be remembered that Chicago was in fact a Democratic city; that it had a Democratic Mayor and Council; and that the *Times* was the municipality's official organ.

DANGER OF REBELLION

The order was in effect a declaration of martial law. Only by a military force could it be carried out and maintained, for the entire civil machinery, including the United States Court, was opposed to it. Another step, and the city, the State, and wide areas beyond might be in the throes of a civil war within a civil war. As soon as the news of what was to happen spread among the people, the strain between the opposing sides became threateningly tense, and with "Copperheadism" most resolutely to the fore; while on every side one heard the threat, which grew with each hour, "If the *Times* is not allowed to publish, there will be no *Tribune.*"

As soon as the news of the intended suppression reached the *Times* office, every department received a rush order, and the press (this was before the days of stereotyping, and the duplication of "forms") was set in motion at the earliest possible hour; while the issue as fast as printed was bundled out of the building into safe quarters

for distribution. A horseman was sent to Camp Douglas, with orders to speed to the office as soon as a detachment of the garrison was seen to leave the camp. He arrived shortly after two o'clock with the report that the "Lincoln hirelings" had started; and within an hour a file of soldiers broke into the office and formally took possession. When everything had been brought to a standstill, and the place put in charge of a care-taker, the troops departed; but word was left that at the first sign of activity they would return. They did return shortly, on an unfounded report that an attempt was being made to issue a supplementary edition.

A MASS MEETING

All through the day great crowds were gathered about the Randolph Street entrance of the publication office; and by evening the thoroughfare from State Street to Dearborn Street was a solid pack of humanity. Meantime the city had been flooded with handbills calling upon the people to resent this military interference with the freedom of the press, and making announcement that a mass meeting in protest of the order would be held on the north side of the Court House Square in the evening. When the time for this meeting came, and a thousand oft-repeated cries of "Storey," "Storey," had met with no response, the crowd spontaneously moved two blocks west to the Square, where by eight o'clock an estimated crowd of twenty thousand people was gathered, which was to the full the city's total voting population.

The situation certainly called for serious, deliberate, and concerted action on the part of all law-and-order-loving citizens. While the rank and file of the opposing currents stood face to face in sullen, menacing opposition, the conservative leaders of both sides were in council to

avert threatening trouble. At a mob demonstration the Copperhead faction would undoubtedly have had a numerical advantage, besides having the partisan police on its side. But this was at least partly offset by the fact that the militia had been placed under arms, and could be depended on to side with the war party; and, moreover, in any protracted struggle, there was the Camp Douglas garrison to fall back upon, though any considerable withdrawal from that Rebel stronghold might in the circumstances have been a hazardous adventure.

SPEAKERS ADVISE PRUDENCE

The greatest concern was lest the meeting fall into the hands of irresponsible Copperhead demagogues who might inflame it to action. A favorite speaker with the Democratic masses was E. W. McComas, an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, and editor of the *Times* under a former regime. He called the meeting to order, and devoted his introductory remarks to a counsel of prudence. Then he introduced Samuel W. Fuller as chairman, who spoke at considerable length in the same strain. After Fuller came General Singleton, a fiery Democratic war horse from the central part of the State, under whose lashings of the administration the meeting was brought close to the danger line. He was followed by E. G. Asay, another Democrat, in a more conciliatory vein. Then came Wirt Dexter, a prominent Republican lawyer, with the message that steps were being taken by leading men from both sides to have the Burnside order rescinded. He voiced in no uncertain tones the opposition of the conservative element of his party to this military interference with the freedom of the press, and assured the crowd that the measures to be taken would surely result in the Presi-

THE COURT HOUSE IN 1860

(Nucleus of Business Centre, Political Rallying Place, Highest Point of Observation)

dent's rescinding the order. This speech had an excellent effect on the assemblage, and the danger point was passed.

ANOTHER MEETING ASKS THE RESCINDING OF THE ORDER

While the mass meeting was in progress outside, another was taking place in one of the court rooms. Judge Van H. Higgins was at this time a stockholder in the *Tribune,* and its property was in danger. Largely through his efforts prominent men from both sides had been brought together, and Mayor Sherman was called to the chair. The meeting was addressed among others by Judge Van H. Higgins, Senator Lyman Trumbull, Congressman I. N. Arnold, and Wirt Dexter for the Republicans; and by William B. Ogden, S. S. Hayes, A. W. Arrington, and M. F. Tuley for the Democrats.

On motion of William B. Ogden, Chicago's first Mayor, the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

"*Whereas,* In the opinion of this meeting of citizens of all parties, the peace of this city and State, if not also the general welfare of the country, are likely to be promoted by the suspension or rescinding of the recent order of General Burnside for the suppression of *The Chicago Times:* therefore

"*Resolved,* That upon the ground of expediency alone, such of our citizens as concur in this opinion, without regard to party, are hereby recommended to unite in a petition to the President, respectfully asking the suspension or rescinding of the order."

When one contrasts this negative and colorless declaration with any word *pro* or *con* that might have been sent to the President as expressive of the sentiments of the passion-blown crowd outside, one feels instinctively that all the elements that entered into the problem before the meeting of leaders were weighed with the utmost care, and the equation reduced to its dynamic minimum.

THE RESOLUTIONS FORWARDED TO THE PRESIDENT

On motion Messrs. William B. Ogden, Van H. Higgins, A. C. Coventry, Hugh T. Dickey and C. Beckwith were appointed a committee to promote the circulation of the petition among the people. The resolutions were at once forwarded to the President, with an additional telegram signed jointly by Senator Trumbull and Congressman Arnold, praying him to give the voice of the meeting immediate and serious consideration.

JUDGE DRUMMOND FORBIDS FURTHER ACTION BY THE MILITARY

And still further action was taken to restore the balance between the civil and military powers so rudely disturbed. The courts were appealed to, and shortly after midnight Judge Henry Drummond of the United States Court, issued a writ directing the military authorities to take no further steps to carry into effect the Burnside order.

No man stood higher in the community than Judge Drummond. In issuing the order his honor spoke these pregnant words:

"I may be pardoned for saying that, personally and officially, I desire to give every aid and assistance in my power to the Government and to the administration in restoring the Union. But I have always wished to treat the Government as a Government of law and a Government of the Constitution, and not as a Government of mere physical force. I personally have contended, and shall always contend, for the right of free discussion, and the right of commenting under the law, and under the Constitution, upon the acts of officers of the Government."

COLONEL JENNISON PROTECTS THE "TRIBUNE" OFFICE

How serious the menace to the *Tribune* was regarded may be judged from the fact that the correspondent of the

New York *Herald* closed his despatch for the night, "At this hour the *Tribune* still stands." None were more alive to the danger threatening their property than the owners of this resolute war paper. According to reports the old Clark Street rookery opposite the Sherman House, and within sound of the clamor of the great assemblage, had been transformed into an arsenal, with Colonel Jennison, of "Jayhawking" notoriety, in command. This whilom lieutenant of "Ossawattamie" Brown, during the trying "Bloody Kansas" days, was endowed by the mass of Republicans with an almost superhuman prowess; and at the same time was a veritable red rag to the Copperhead bull. He was togged in quite the present cowboy fashion; and whenever seen on the street was followed by a crowd of gaping admirers. Armed men, according to rumor, had been quietly smuggled to the lofts of various buildings about the *Tribune;* and, in case the journalistic stronghold was attacked, on a word from this leader they would strew Clark Street with Copperhead corpses. These reports, however small their foundation, had no doubt a salutary effect on the more timid.

That Colonel Jennison was *en rapport* with the denizens of a number of upper floors in the neighborhood, there is no manner of doubt. There were human wild beasts to subdue in that vicinage; and, as a hunter who could track the "tiger" to his lair, the Colonel had few equals.

A MEETING IN SUPPORT OF SUPPRESSION

The Democrats having had their inning, there was a gathering in force of Republicans on the following evening, their obvious object being to call to account those members of the party who had memorialized the President to undo the work of Burnside. When Senator Trumbull

undertook to address the meeting he found the crowd in a very ugly mood. He was frequently interrupted, again and again charged with consorting with "traitors," with aiding and abetting the enemy, while over and over again there were cries, "We want Jennison," "Jennison is the man for us." On the same evening a meeting, at which practically all the newspapers of the city were represented, was held in New York, with Horace Greeley in the chair, and the Burnside order was denounced in no uncertain terms.

On the following day, June 4, General Burnside announced that the President had rescinded both the *World* and *Times* military order. The result was that the circulation of the *Times* was largely increased.

CHAPTER V

POLITICAL STRIFE

CHICAGO'S VOTE AS WELL AS THAT OF THE STATE OPPOSED TO THE WAR — THE LEGISLATURE PROROGUED TO PREVENT THE PASSAGE OF PEACE RESOLUTIONS — ULTRA ABOLITIONISTS AND COPPERHEADS — SIMILARITY OF SALIENT CHARACTERISTICS — DEACON CARPENTER AND DR. N. S. DAVIS AS TYPES OF OPPOSED LEADERS — REPUBLICANS MORE APOLOGETIC THAN DEMOCRATS FOR THEIR EXTREMISTS — UNPOPULARITY OF SO-CALLED "NIGGER" CHURCHES — VARIOUS SHADES OF ANTI-WAR AND DISUNION SENTIMENT — THE AUTHOR'S OPPORTUNITIES FOR FORMING OPINIONS — THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE COPPERHEAD.

IT was by weight of character rather than of numbers that Chicago was able during much of the four years of the war to present a bold, if not always a fear-inspiring front to the enemy; for there were times when the numerical balance was distinctly against such an attitude. In the Spring of 1860, when there was little thought of war, out of a total vote of 18,747, John Wentworth, Republican, defeated Walter S. Gurnee, Democrat, by a majority of 1,267. In the following spring, at the very height of the Fort Sumter excitement, out of a total vote of 14,677, Julian S. Rumsey, Republican, defeated Thomas B. Bryan, Democrat, by a majority of 1,463. Then, in 1862, under the influence of the war, out of a total vote of 13,670, Francis C. Sherman, Democrat, defeated Charles N. Holden, Republican, by a majority of 1,188; and again in 1863, out of a total vote of 20,346 (a remarkable increase in the aggregate vote), Francis C. Sherman, Democrat, defeated so formidable a rival as Thomas B. Bryan, heading a Union ticket, by a majority of 588 — whereas

two years later (the election having in the meantime been changed from annual to biennial), with the final victory of the Union arms assured, out of a total vote of 16,505, John B. Rice, Republican, defeated Francis C. Sherman, the perennial Democratic candidate, by a majority of 5,649.

THE WHOLE STATE OPPOSED TO THE WAR

When to the above showing it is added that in the most disastrous period of the war the whole State showed an implied opposition to the war, by electing what was stigmatized as a Copperhead Legislature, and that this not only elected a United State Senator distinctly opposed to the war, but was prorogued by Richard Yates, the resolute War Governor, on a technicality, to prevent it from memorializing Congress to call a "Peace Convention" — which in the circumstances was equivalent to an avowal of sympathy with disunion, — the stress during 1862, 1863, and the greater part of 1864, under almost uninterrupted defeats in the eastern field of operations, can be measurably realized.

FRANCIS C. SHERMAN'S WAVERING CHARACTER

Francis C. Sherman, a rather negative character, at the beginning of the war was an avowed War Democrat, and his son, Francis T., a very resolute character, led a regiment into the field, and returned as General Sherman. As time went on, the elder became less outspoken for the war; and the fact that he permitted himself to head a party dominated by its peace-at-any-price element, made his position, to say the least, an equivocal one. In this, however, he only reflected the average of his party: which through loyalty to a name, and dislike of its opponents, permitted a determined minority to place it in a position

pregnant with disaster to the cause of the Union. And so, as one discouraging factor is added to another, the wonder grows how the good fight was fought to a triumphant end.

EFFECT OF THE FIRING ON FORT SUMTER

Whoever studies the scant records that escaped the fire, cannot fail to be surprised at the many names prominently associated with the first uprising for the Union, which, by the Summer of 1862, had come to be classed among the disaffected. Many of this number, and especially those of Southern birth, took a leading part in the early demonstrations for the Union, in the evident hope of breaking the force of the impact between the contending parties, and, for a time, met with some success in tempering the resolutions adopted at Union meetings. But when Sumter was fired on, all talk of concessions to or compromise with the secession spirit came at once to an end, and only the tocsins of war could get a hearing. Then, when in the preparatory steps for the defence of the Union, committees were appointed, it no doubt happened that names were included whose bearers not only rendered no active service, but the rather, as the struggle went on, either hedged themselves about with constitutional objections to the war, or assumed an attitude that, by those whose hearts and souls were bound up with the cause of the North, was held to give substantial "aid and comfort" to the enemy.

CONSERVATIVE ATTITUDE OF MANY REPUBLICANS

It is in the light of the strong reaction, especially among the Irish on account of the negro, that the conservative, nay, apologetic, attitude of a considerable element in the Republican party must be sought. With the solid

South in rebellion, it would not do to solidify needlessly the Northern discontent; and hence the moral issue involved with the Emancipation Proclamation, now ever held in such a strong light, was rarely brought to the fore, except by the old-line Abolitionists, who, on occasion, stood hardly higher in favor with the mass of Republicans than the detested Copperheads.

AGGRESSIVENESS OF THE ABOLITIONISTS

It was far more through a bold front and the invincible logic of events, than by force of numbers, that the Abolitionist became a determining factor in the issue of the war. He was as often a malcontent as a supporter of the administration. It was ever too slow for him, too much given to looking on all sides of the questions presented for solution. For the Abolitionist there was ever and always but one side. And even when the slave had been freed, so far as a presidential proclamation could effect his freedom, there was no end to the fault-finding by the more aggressive wing of the abolition party, which, until the close of the war, and the death of Lincoln, frequently failed to fuse with the Republican party.

MOST REPUBLICANS NOT ABOLITIONISTS

While it would not be true to say that the bulk of the Republican party did not endorse the Emancipation Proclamation, it yet remains to say that in public a majority of its members seldom went beyond standing for it as a war measure. They accepted the fact, and on the whole, gladly; but their anti-slavery sentiments would never have moved them to urge the measure insistently, except at most as a help in crushing the Rebellion. No,

re Abolitionists in principle, and by word and timony to their faith, were neither numerous teemed of the community in general; and the from whose pulpits the sinfulness of slavery ied, were often as much out of favor with as with Democrats.

)PULARITY OF ABOLITION CHURCHES

considerable town in the North there was : "nigger church," — that is, one pulpit from / was in some degree proclaimed a sin; but ı a leading one in any community or denom- d a church that would be "nigger" in one ther might well be held quite innocent of any ıs against the "peculiar institution": it was a "nigger church" was a necessity to the ro-slavery mind; and churches often were r" on the merest rumor that the minister was r sound on the main question.

r, prior to coming to Chicago, spent the first war in Galena, then a city of about twelve abitants. From that city came the General , U. S. Grant, four Major-Generals, to wit, rlins, John E. Smith, Jasper A. Maltby, and in, with lesser military lights in due propor- gressman, E. B. Washburne, was the Repub- f the nation's House of Representatives; and so distinguished in the annals of the war for ongregational minister (one of the noblest t eloquent preachers) was excluded from all s, and relegated to a third-rate hall, because ow himself an Abolitionist.

VARIOUS DEGREES OF ABOLITIONISM

Before the war, and in the early days of the struggle, abolitionism was of many degrees. To many Democrats all Republicans were indiscriminately "black Abolitionists"; by Republicans themselves many shades were distinguished, and the darkest variety was usually excluded both from party councils and the feast where "loaves and fishes" were served; while among those who frankly avowed themselves Abolitionists, only those were recognized as of the true faith who were in some sort connected with the "Underground Railroad," and could be depended upon to aid and abet any hazardous rescue work.

The writer has been at some pains to list those Chicagoans who, in the trying days, were not only willing to stand up and be counted, but belonged to the inner or esoteric group, and the following make up the total he has been able to distinguish: Zabina Eastman, Philo Carpenter, Dr. C. V. Dyer, Allan Pinkerton, L. C. P. Freer, James H. Collins (died before the war), Calvin DeWolf, the Rev. L. F. Bascomb, S. D. Childs, H. L. Fulton, N. Rossiter, and J. B. Bradwell.

NORTHERN OPPONENTS OF THE WAR

When beginning this war-time sketch, the writer had it in mind to go into some details regarding a goodly number of well-known Chicagoans, who in those days of frenzied partisanship and bitter, biting speech, were frankly denounced by their "nigger-loving," "black abolition," "Lincoln hireling" fellow-citizens as "Rebels," "venomous Copperheads," or "miserable dough-faces." Some of these men in later years rose to very high places on the bench, in political life, and in affairs generally. Much has been forgiven, and it is surely best that more

be forgotten, especially where the hostility was implied rather than brazenly expressed.

DR. N. S. DAVIS

One opponent of the war I feel moved to mention, however, and that chiefly because of an element of the personally picturesque. While the war was waging, intellectual or moral scruples to its prosecution were to the deeply stirred loyal masses simply inconceivable; and, when expressed, were bluntly stigmatized as the merest subterfuges to conceal ulterior, sinister motives. Yet I am firmly persuaded that that immovable Jacksonian Democrat (and a very Old Hickory, too, in appearance), dear old Dr. N. S. Davis, opposed the war on grounds of constitutional construction and none other: for, being a York State man, he had no controlling Southern family affiliations. The good doctor lived long enough to be well remembered by a later generation; and few in Chicago have died in greater honor. But in his virile manhood he was a chronic storm centre; and it was only because he was so much besides a Copperhead that his so frequently ill-timed "constitutional" fulminations met with toleration.

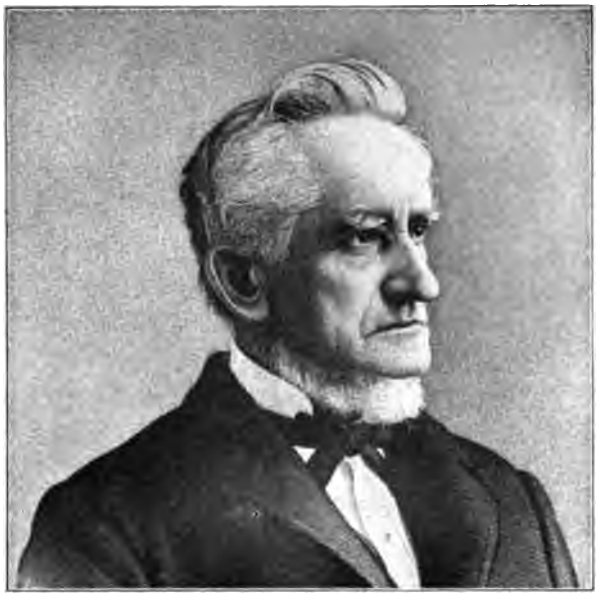
The doctor was one of those crystallized natures who find it impossible to change, especially under any form of menace or compulsion; and this immutability applied even to his apparel, particularly to that relic of the Websterian age, the swallow-tail. In general practice he was easily the leading physician of the city, and he gave much of his time to the poor. Behind a face set in those war days to the rigidity of adamant, there yet breathed one of the kindliest of natures, with open, helpful hands. Yes, the doctor was essentially what is commonly called a "char-

acter," bristling with all manner of points. There was not an ounce of spare flesh on his body; and in manner as well as in feature, he typified the economy of incisiveness. In the eyes of his patriotic neighbors he was a gross political misfit. By all character signs, considering his York State nativity, he should have been an uncompromising, dyed-in-the-wool Abolitionist; for not only was he a temperance advocate of the strictest sect, but in many other respects had that itching for reforming things generally so characteristic of his ultra-political opponents. All this made it difficult to account for him; it put him distinctly in a class by himself; and it was above all others the people who naturally were most in accord with him in his various innocuous "fads" who felt most outraged, because it was one of their very own peculiar kind who so provoked their loyal wrath.

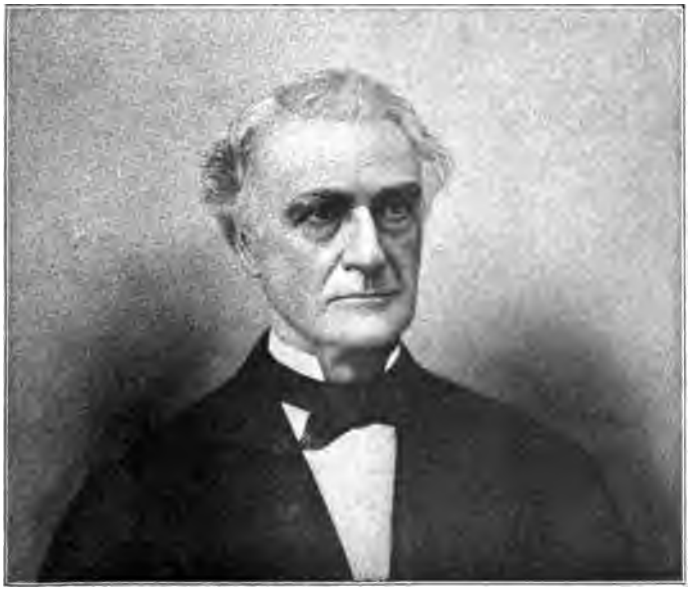
DEACON CARPENTER

Deacon Philo Carpenter, of the same grim, unyielding stock, an uncompromising Abolitionist, stood most distinctly at the opposite pole to Dr. Davis. When these two came to close quarters, as happened not infrequently, — more especially during the first year or two of the war,— however fiercely the battle might be raging in Dixie, attention was instantly diverted to the passage-at-arms between these exemplars of concentrated inexpugnability.

In the records of the early days of the war the name of Dr. Davis occurs frequently on committees, and he was by an act of the Legislature made chairman of a State medical board to pass upon applicants for positions as surgeons for the State organization; and later he accepted the position of surgeon to the Eighteenth Regiment. But from this he soon resigned, probably for the reason that



DR. N. S. DAVIS



DEACON PHILO CARPENTER

he was no longer in sympathy with the war as conducted by the administration.

HE DECLARES HIS ATTITUDE

Dr. Davis stood so high with his party that he was chosen one of the delegates-at-large to what was generally stigmatized as the "Copperhead National Convention," of 1864. His general attitude is well summed up in the following extract from an address delivered by him during the Convention week, before the "Invincible Club," and reported in the *Times:*

"I deny that slavery has caused the war, but attribute it to the pride, self-righteousness, and Pharisaism of the Christian Churches of the North, which have corrupted the pure religion of the heart, and substituted for it a bigoted fanaticism, that stands ready to wrap itself in the mantle of self-righteousness, and arrogantly exclaim to all who do not obey its dictates, 'I am holier than thou.' . . . From the commencement of this conflict, I have, for one, entirely eschewed the word *loyal* as having no place in the vocabulary of a Republican people. There is one sense, and one only, in which the word *loyal* has any legitimate place whatever among a Republican people. It is the last and most insignificant definition that is given to it by that old lexicographer, Noah Webster, which is 'obedience to law; faithfulness to law.' In that meaning of the term it may be used by a Republican people. But if you attach that meaning to the term, who are the loyal party? Who are those who have been faithful to the Constitution and to the laws of the Republic? Who and what party, in spirit, in temper, and in acts, have trampled not only the law of the land, but the Constitution itself, under their feet? Who are the men that have thus trampled law and the Constitution under their feet? Are they in the Democratic party? Are they in the great conservative portion of the people?"

DEACON CARPENTER'S ACTS AS AN ABOLITIONIST

I have spoken of Deacon Philo Carpenter as standing most conspicuously at the opposite pole to Dr. Davis.

Something more should be said of this veritable chip from Plymouth Rock. The Deacon (he was deacon *emeritus* in his last years) came to Chicago in 1832, and was largely instrumental in organizing the First Presbyterian Church. Later he moved to the West Side, and there joined the Third Church. As an ingrained Abolitionist he attended the Anti-Slavery Convention in Cincinnati in 1850, and was a stanch supporter of *The Alton Observer,* whose bold stand for the slave cost the editor, Lovejoy, his life. Accordingly, when, in 1851, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church decided to keep in fellowship with slave-holders, he led a protest; and when in consequence, by order of presbytery, their names were read out in church, he arose and announced that on the following Sabbath public worship would be held in the adjoining chapel, built by himself, and to which he still held title. At this time, under the lead of Henry Ward Beecher and others of his kind, the Congregational body was regarded as most aggressively anti-slavery; and so the good Deacon organized the First Congregational Church, from which one hundred and forty-one churches have since sprung. It soon became known as the "nigger church," and in the circumstances only the stanchest kind of anti-slavery people had the courage to cast their lot with it. Meantime the Deacon had organized an "underground railroad," by means of which something like two hundred slaves found their way to freedom; and in many other ways he left his fellow-citizens in no doubt as to his position in the country's great moral crisis.* I shall speak in another place of the work of the church and its distinguished pastor, in the days of the war.

* In 1846 and again in 1847 Deacon Carpenter ran for Mayor on a straight Abolition ticket against Democratic and Whig candidates, and received 229 and 238 votes, out of 1,997 and 2,739 respectively.

AMIABILITY OF DAVIS AND CARPENTER

Fifty and more years ago the state of the body politic, as well as the primitive form of the social organization, evolved men of the stamp of Dr. Davis and Deacon Carpenter to accepted leadership; and in a mental retrospect they dominate the mass as from commanding pedestals. Physically all gristle and bone; intellectually alert, though narrow; in matters of principle grimly unyielding — they were yet at heart so kindly that children often declared them "just like one of us." These characteristics were frequently conspicuous among circuit riders; they also distinguished judges on the bench; but, above all, marked on the one hand the uncompromising Abolitionist, and on the other, the inflexible Copperhead.

The rapidity with which, under democratic equality of opportunities, and in a transforming climate, our enormous polyglot alien additions are modified to an approximately uniform American physical standard, is a matter of general observation; and there is little doubt that certain native types, once so common as to represent national characteristics, are disappearing in what may be called nature's efforts to modify all exceptional expressions to a national composite. Certain it is that the type of men of which the above-mentioned were conspicuous examples is rapidly disappearing. This type was evolved probably by the efforts of man to overcome with rather inadequate means the stubborn resistance of primeval nature.

LEADERS OF OPPOSITE PARTIES NEARLY EQUAL IN FORCE

In his reportorial days the writer came frequently in contact with those who were the natural leaders in the storm and stress of the slavery agitation period, and who subsequently also stood in the forefront of the conflict of

passions aroused by the war. Again, in these later years, he has had fair opportunity to come in touch with a class of men who have achieved leadership in shaping and controlling the country's stupendous economic forces; and while he would hold the dynamic total of these so different Titans to be about equal, their respective modes of expression (the one all centripetal, the other as distinctly centrifugal) are so opposed, that a comparison, except in terms of mass or energy, is out of the question. The John Browns looked neither to the right nor the left — all was concentrated on the goal; while the mind that creates and controls a modern octopus needs all the eyes of Argus as well as the hundred hands of Briareus.

GREAT MEN'S INFLUENCE ON HISTORY

So much has happened during the past half-century, that one may well ask whether men create crises or crises produce men: whether all is chance, or there is an outworking through a higher power. Man is at best a short-sighted mortal. Except through an enormous retrospect, it is given to few to discern victory in defeat — moral regeneration through physical cataclysm. Had Bull Run been a decisive triumph for the North, the Confederacy might have collapsed then and there; and one may well wonder what sort of a Union there would now be. Again, had McClellan stood less in fear of Quaker guns, who can tell what might have happened? And Lincoln the martyr is a far more potent influence for the humanities than a Lincoln going to his grave in senile decrepitude.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GREAT MAN

James Bryce, the philosophic author of "The American Commonwealth," in a recent talk for publication con-

travened the idea frequently advanced that great men and great crises come together, by contending that such a remarkable opportunity for exploitation of intellectual power as the French Revolution, failed to produce a single man of the first rank. In view of this dictum, one may well ask how human greatness is to be defined. For example: is only that great which is organically constructive, or in the sphere of mind creative? Again, is only that great which endures, and is no commensurate rank to be assigned to agencies of destruction? Yet, cruelly as it was done, what Frenchmen have wrought as did the Jacobins? Almost the last vestige of the rule Napoleon has disappeared from the earth; yet the yeast of the Revolution is still at work wherever men seek to translate their dreams of liberty through action into reality. And, in the last analysis, who was it freed the American slave? Of a verity, it was John Brown; and Abraham Lincoln but signed the mandate that went forth from the scaffold at Charleston. The blow struck at Harper's Ferry shook the "peculiar institution" from base to turret, morally depolarized each particular atom of the anachronistic structure, and so doomed it to inevitable collapse. We see in John Brown one of the world's greatest iconoclasts — a very Thor of destruction; and though earthly "constructive immortality" be denied him, yet "his soul goes marching on," to inspire unborn generations to strike, however blindly, for their inalienable rights.

BOTH PARTIES APOLOGETIC FOR THEIR EXTREMISTS

Both parties in the North did their best all through the war to squelch their fire-eaters. Indeed, except in a few notable localities, like the "Western Reserve" in Ohio, and Owen Lovejoy's district in Illinois, the Republican party

was far more apologetic for its extremists, its Garrisons and Phillipses, its Ben Wades and Lovejoys, than the Democratic party for its Storeys and Vallandinghams, its Mahoneys and "Brick" Pomeroys. And even as the Republican party was not an abolition party fully and frankly until long after the proclamation of emancipation, — indeed hardly until it discovered its halo in the transfiguring death of Abraham Lincoln, — so it may be said that in somewhat similar fashion and degree the Democratic party was no more a disunion party, the main body of each being forced into a somewhat alien attitude by the course of events and the domination of a masterful minority. But at the present time a striking difference may be noted in the outworking from this indeterminate middle ground; for whereas the Republican party is now most desirous to stand in the estimation of posterity as the unreserved and undivided exponent of freedom during the war, the Democratic party of the North has entirely withdrawn from any attitude of implied Rebel affiliation, and now probably frankly doubts if it really ever had any.

AN IMPARTIAL HISTORY OF THE PERIOD NOT YET ATTAINABLE

Thus far the history of those times has been written mostly by extreme partisans; while for a just estimate and the forming of an impartial judgment, the material (which will be found to consist largely of private correspondence) is not yet accessible. Meantime there is urgent need for well-considered contributions, based upon personal observations and experience; and it is because his opportunities for the study of underlying sentiments and motives that joined issue in those remarkable days were somewhat exceptional, that the writer is moved to include

in these reminiscences some impressions of that history-making period.

THE AUTHOR'S FACILITIES FOR FORMING OPINIONS

First as compositor and then as reporter, the writer was associated with Chicago's four leading dailies of the war period, to wit: the *Tribune* (most outspoken anti-slavery), the *Times* (semi-secession), the *Journal* (conservative Republican), and the *Post* (an exponent of war Democracy). In the composing-rooms of these papers there was never the slightest restraint on expressions of opinion, though it may go without saying that opinions found their freest utterance when in harmony with the attitude of the paper for which service was rendered; and because newcomers preferably sought employment in the atmosphere politically most congenial to them, the law of natural or preferential selection in time brought the composing rooms into comparative harmony with the editorial rooms. This gives us a body of nearly two hundred, approximating mentally to the professional class, and in their expressed opinions uninfluenced by extraneous considerations. Obviously, we have here ideal premises for credible conclusions.

THE WAR NOT FOR EMANCIPATION

Then, let it be said, that until well toward the close of the war, the writer, as an outspoken Abolitionist, found even in the composing-room of the *Tribune* little political fellowship. On every hand there was explicit denial that the war was waged with any special intent to free the slaves — that concomitant of the struggle being almost invariably alluded to apologetically as an incident entirely beside the real issue. It is the fashion nowadays to

speak of the Emancipation Proclamation as a call to arms that met with an acclaiming response to enlistment. According to my observation it came as near paralyzing the whole enlistment machinery as any event of the war. Few outside of a comparatively small percentage of original Abolitionists defended it except upon grounds of matter-of-fact expediency or necessity — as strictly a war measure, made possible under extraordinary war powers — while such echoes as came from former associates in the field (and were usually made common composing-room property) generally expressed dissatisfaction over the situation, and often with the added avowal that, had they known the war would "degenerate" into one of "freedom for the nigger," they would not have enlisted. In time these adverse reports from the army wore away, the minor being absorbed in the major problem, namely, how to succeed under any conditions.

A RANGE OF COPPERHEADISM

To a somewhat greater degree than there was outspoken abolition sentiment in the composing-room of the *Tribune* was there undisguised disunion avowal in that of the *Times* — and this conspicuously only from those who were Southern-born or had lived in the South, and who were members of the order of Knights of the Golden Circle. This was a band of would-be conspirators, who met at dead of night (among other places) on the upper floor of the McCormick block, southeast corner of Dearborn and Randolph Streets.

In most Northern communities at this time, the majority of the compositors on the *Times* would have been denounced as Rebel sympathizers. But, brought as they were here into direct relation and contrast with the real

article, many shades of differences were readily apparent. When with Republicans, these pseudo-sympathizers might be fierce denouncers of the war and all that it stood for; but in the presence of extremists of their own kind they would so double on their tracks as to land almost squarely in the Union camp; and often such a query as, "What has become of Jack, or Billy?" would be answered in the song-slang of the day, "Gone for to be a sojer."

The out-and-out Southerners could be trusted to know their own kind, precisely as I had no doubt about the standing of my Republican confreres on the slavery question; and not only did they keep well together, but would say to me privately that they preferred my outspokenness to the now hot, now cold, attitudes of their supposed friends.

EVEN COPPERHEADS WOULD HAVE REPELLED SOUTHERN INVADERS

It is almost a pity that this Copperhead pudding was never subjected to the test of eating, by a Southern invasion of the North. In such event, I make no doubt, not one in a score would have felt other than dismay, and sprung to the defence with the readiest "Black Republican." Indeed, the majority of my acquaintances who joined the Union ranks were Democrats. Of course, in the later days of the war the large bounties so freely offered were potent inducements to enlistment; and not infrequently, sad to relate, the most consuming patriotism was attached to a string with a "bounty jumper" at the end.

COMPLEXITY OF THE WHOLE MATTER

I am fully alive to the apparent contradictions in this presentation of a peculiar state of things — its obvious

"in-and-out" character. But the paradoxical complexity of the subject, its many-sidedness founded on a multiplicity of equations, makes it exceedingly difficult to blaze a straight, undeviating way through such a passion-swept tangle. Certain it is that any judgment which generalized "Copperheadism" as unmixed secessionism would be egregiously misleading. M. Taine, when working on his "French Revolution," exclaimed to a friend: "Let me once frame the true psychology of a Jacobin, and my book is written." An even more complex puzzle, I imagine, will confront the future historian who seeks to synthesize all that is comprehended under the chameleon term "Copperhead." Be the future judgment what it may, it will be far afield if the conclusions are not based on the premise that the "nigger," if not actually in plain view, was always somewhere hidden "in the wood pile" — which may be taken as another way of saying that among the Democratic masses in the North, antipathy to the negro outweighed every other consideration.

CHAPTER VI

A "COPPERHEAD" CONVENTION

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OF 1864 THUS STIGMATIZED — INCIDENTS OF THE MEMORABLE GATHERING — "LONG JOHN" CHALLENGES VALLANDIGHAM AND OVERWHELMS HIM IN DEBATE — UNRESTRAINED DENUNCIATION OF THE WAR AT IMPROVISED MASS MEETINGS — LINCOLN ACCUSED OF ALL MANNER OF ENORMITIES — CHARACTERISTIC UTTERANCES BY LEADERS — REPORTED WITH APPROBATION BY THE CHICAGO "TIMES"—MCCLELLAN'S CANDIDACY FIERCELY ASSAILED IN CONVENTION — A "KNOCK-DOWN" ARGUMENT BY HARRIS OF MARYLAND — A SUDDEN REACTION — INTERESTING EPISODES.

THE Democratic National Convention held in Chicago in 1864 was to many people an event of ominous import. When it is considered that on the one hand was the South holding the Union armies well in check; and on the other, a party in the North, constituting at least three-sevenths of its population, whose chosen representatives in Convention assembled solemnly declared the war then waging for the preservation of the Union a failure, it can be readily imagined that the avowedly Union element found itself in a discouraging pass, and seldom more so than at the time of this extraordinary gathering.

While the attitude anathematized as "Copperheadism" may remain a more or less disputed question in the sphere of political psychology, certain it is that this "ism" was often extremely aggressive, even though its temerities were as a rule wholesomely tempered by the ebb and flow of the tide of war. And so, when for the nonce the various disgruntled segregations found themselves components of an enormous aggregation, under circumstances

particularly favorable for kindling a "fire in the rear" of the Union armies, the brands thus adventitiously thrown together threatened a general conflagration.

UNRESTRAINED SPEAKING OUTSIDE THE CONVENTION

In the deliberations of the Convention, which took place in a huge auditorium specially erected for the occasion at the southern end of the lake front, restraint of speech was for obvious reasons deemed advisable; but outside, at impromptu gatherings about the leading hotels, most of the speakers (when addressing what can be characterized only as howling mobs) lashed themselves into paroxysms of denunciation of everything in any manner tending to give encouragement or effective support to the war.

GREAT EXCITEMENT DURING THE CONVENTION

Ordinarily the Union sentiment, by virtue of the superior character of its avowers, was safely in control in Chicago. But against this mighty influx, representative of whatever was extreme in the various sections from which it was drawn, the local Union element was compelled to stand passive, and let the whelming wave of opposition sweep over it. The shibboleth of the hour was "Peace at any price"; and when the one side charged that such an attitude was treason to the nation, the other retorted that coercion was treason to the Constitution. In the Republican press this political submergence of the city was usually spoken of as a Rebel invasion; and when in addition to so much that was disquieting, the air was filled with rumors of plots for the release of the 10,000 or more "Johnny Rebs" in durance at Camp Douglas, it is within bounds to say that the substantial classes were in a state of mind bordering on panic.

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

THE "WIGWAM," WHERE THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860 CHALLENGED SLAVERY BY THE NOMINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(On Market Street, between Lake and Randolph Streets)

REACTION

Under the spur of irresponsible leadership, the great gathering was turned into a political debauch — to be swiftly followed by sobering reactions. The partisan rage so long pent up under repressive local conditions (elsewhere even more than in Chicago) having freely spent itself in what was for the time an unrestraining environment, soon gave place to uneasy afterthoughts. It was noticeable that many prominent Democrats who theretofore had been accounted Southern sympathizers, or at least as among those who occupied positions of "benevolent neutrality," bore far more lightly thereafter on their constitutional objections to the war; and with the progress of the presidential campaign, whose issues were set in ever more clearing lights by the steady advances of the Union armies, the peace talk became less and less pronounced; so that with the advent of the Ides of November, the reëlection of Abraham Lincoln, which looked dubious enough to many of his supporters at the date of nomination, became a triumphant acclaim.

PARTISAN FEELING STIRRED UP

In passing judgment on the attitude of individuals during those trying years, the fact should never be lost sight of that partisanship was a very different thing then from what it is to-day — that party feeling now with difficulty kept lukewarm was then continuously at the boiling point. Great issues make politics a personal affair. Men ranged on opposite sides would hardly recognize each other, and the commercial boycott was a common phenomenon. Republicans spoke of their opponents seldom otherwise than as "Copperheads," "traitors," or "rebels"; while Democrats retorted with "nigger-lovers," "black Aboli-

tionists," or "Lincoln hirelings." Nobody permitted himself to discriminate.

The Sherman House, most centrally located, was the headquarters of the ultra leaders. Here Vallandigham and his immediate retinue put up; and here also was to be found the Indiana delegation, which, under the cloud-compelling leadership of the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," was the most blatant of them all. A triumphant mob surged at all hours about this hostelry, and its cries of "Speech!" "Speech!" would bring to the balcony first one and then another of the popular favorites — the measure of acclaim with which their appearance was greeted being usually in proportion to lengths of time they had served in some "Lincoln bastille." On the floor of the Convention the hot-heads were forced to be somewhat on their good behavior, for whatever was said went on record; but when these extremists found themselves in the presence of an irresponsible mob, eagerly responsive to the hottest kind of anti-war sentiment, they readily yielded to its spell and indulged freely in abuse of everything that stood for the struggle for the Union, though the line was generally drawn at open support of the Rebellion.

SOME OF THE NOTED SPEAKERS

One of the most outspoken was an interesting specimen from Iowa, known as the Rev. Henry Clay Dean, but better known as "Dirty Shirt" Dean, because of his constitutional aversion to clean linen. (All his aversions, by the way, were based on the Constitution.) Iowa's "Copperhead" *par excellence* was, however, one D. A. Mahony, editor of *The Dubuque Herald.* I happened in the office of that paper on the day the Rebel ram *Merrimac* sank the wooden frigates in Hampton Roads, and can never

forget the exultant glee with which he burst into the presence of the staff to announce the news. Another for whom the crowd went wild was "Brick" Pomeroy, of *The La Crosse Democrat,* a paper that achieved an extraordinary circulation because of its outspoken Southern sympathies. Other favorites besides those mentioned were "Fog Horn" Bill Allen, of Ohio; Senators Bright and Fitch, and Governor Hendricks, of Indiana; Senator Richardson and General Singleton, of Illinois; and could Wilbur F. Storey have been persuaded to overcome his habitual reserve and exhibit himself, he no doubt would have cast all the rest in the shade.

"LONG JOHN'S" TRIUMPH OVER VALLANDIGHAM

It must be said to the credit of "Long John" that he stood almost alone in fearless and pronounced opposition to this "Copperhead" exploitation. He knew he could "jolly" any crowd they might bring against him; therefore he boldly challenged C. L. Vallandigham, the most fearless and the brainiest among the firebrands, to a public discussion of the issues. The tourney duly came off in the Court House Square, the speakers addressing an enormous crowd from the north steps. Under the circumstances the debate was a decisive triumph for the home giant. Vallandigham confined himself almost entirely to dry constitutional quibbles, that soon palled on the crowd, which at best could catch only a word here and there; while "Long John" megaphoned his Union and War pæans to the farthest limit of the vast assembly; and to such good effect, that every reserve of Union sentiment in his presence was roused to enthusiastic approbation. This apparent turning down of their foremost champion caused deep chagrin among the large body of delegates who over-

looked the vast assemblage from the vantage of the southern balcony of the Sherman House, and there was free expression among them that Vallandigham committed a tactical blunder in consenting to appear under conditions for him so obviously disadvantageous.

DESCRIPTION IN THE "TIMES" OF OUT-DOOR MEETINGS

On the morning following one of the evening gatherings during the Convention week — a "Copperhead orgy" the Republican papers called it — the *Times* described the outbreak as follows:

"The demonstration last night was not a meeting merely; it was a whole constellation of meetings. The grand centre of the city — Randolph, Clark, Washington, and La Salle Streets, about the Court House, as well as the Court House Square — presented one solid mass of human beings; and these were independent of crowds that had gathered in Bryan Hall and other halls. During the entire evening there were at all times five speakers holding forth to these tens of thousands of assembled citizens."

SAMPLE OF THE SPEECHES

Of the utterances of the speakers who harangued the great mass from different improvised rostrums — the principal ones being the east and south balconies of the Sherman House — the following extracts from the *Times* reports are fair samples:

Hon. John J. Van Allen — "We do not want a candidate with the smell of war on his garments. The great Democratic party should have resisted the war from the beginning."

Hon. S. S. Cox, of Ohio (later of New York) — "Abraham Lincoln has deluged the country with blood, created a debt of four thousand million dollars, and sacrified two millions of human lives. At the November election we will damn him with eternal infamy. Even Jefferson Davis is no greater enemy of the Constitution."

INTERIOR OF THE "WIGWAM" DURING THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF 1860

Ketchum, of New York — "We want to elect a man who will say to the South, 'Come back; we will restore to you every constitutional privilege, every guarantee that you ever possessed; your rights shall no longer be invaded; we will wipe out the Emancipation Proclamation; we will sweep away confiscation; all that we ask is that you will come back and live with us on the old terms.'"

Hon. W. W. O'Brien, of Peoria — "We want to try Lincoln as Charles I. of England was tried, and if found guilty will carry out the law."

Hon. John Fuller, of Michigan — "Are you willing to follow in the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln, the perjured wretch who has violated the oath he took before high heaven to support the Constitution and preserve the liberties of the people?"

Stambaugh, of Ohio — "If I am called upon to elect between the freedom of the nigger and disunion and separation, I shall choose the latter. You might search hell over and find none worse than Abraham Lincoln."

Hon. H. S. Orton, of Wisconsin — "In Wisconsin Lincoln has no party, except his officers and satraps — that is all there is left. I pledge you my word, that that is all that is left in the State of Wisconsin.* The collectors of the revenue, the assessors and their dependents, are all the strength that Abe Lincoln has in these free States. Are they to rule over us? Are you going to submit to it? [Cries of "No." "No."] God bless the draft. It proves that we have touched bottom, and got to the last ditch, the last man and the last dollar. The stars of heaven are blotted out, the moon will refuse to shine, the sun will rise no more in the fair firmament of the American Republic."

G. C. Sanderson — "It is time this infernal war should stop. Have we not all been bound hand and foot to the abolition car that is rolling over our necks like the wheels of another Juggernaut? If the Southern Confederacy by any possibility be subjugated by this abolition administration, the next thing they will turn their bayonets on the free men of the North, and trample you in the dust."

* Little more than two months later, out of a total vote of 149,343, Lincoln had a majority over McClellan of 17,574.

C. Chauncey Burr, of New York, editor of *The Old Guard* — "Argument is useless. We have patiently waited for a change, but for four years have lived under a despotism, and the wonder is that men carry out the orders of the gorilla tyrant who has usurped the presidential chair. The South cannot lay down its arms, for they are fighting for their honor. Two million of men have been sent down to the slaughter pens of the South, and the army of Lincoln cannot again be filled."

Hon. and Rev. Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa — "The American people are ruled by felons. With all his vast armies Lincoln has failed! *failed!* FAILED! FAILED! And still the monster usurper wants more victims for his slaughter pens. I blush that such a felon should occupy the highest gift of the people. Perjury and larceny are written all over him. Ever since the usurper, traitor, and tyrant has occupied the presidential chair the Republican party has shouted war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. Blood has flowed in torrents, and yet the thirst of the old monster is not quenched. His cry is ever for more blood."

THE REASON FOR MCCLELLAN-WORSHIP NOT APPARENT

The McClellan-worship of the Democratic party was a curious exhibition of contradictions and stultifications. Why was he pitched upon as leader? Was it because he was a Democrat? So were Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Logan, McClernand, Corse, Bragg, Slocum, Hancock, Sickles, originally; and many of them remained Democratic partisans to the last. Indeed, the names of Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and Hancock were all prominently mentioned as possible Democratic nominees in 1868; and up to a few months before the time to make nominations, it seemed in doubt which ticket Grant would head. Hancock's turn came twelve years later. Furthermore, all those mentioned were successful leaders, while McClellan had little else than defeats to his account. But, perhaps it was this that distinguished

him in Democratic eyes. Ostensibly the party espoused his cause on the alleged ground that the administration had not supported him in the field because he was a Democrat. Did the Democratic party, then, want him to succeed — to whip the South? However, be this or that as it may, what happened was that McClellan was raised into a Democratic idol, and songs with a "Little Mac" refrain not only became the staple of the variety shows and free concert saloons, but during the last years of the war held the same place at Democratic meetings that the "Star Spangled Banner" or "The Battle Cry of Freedom" did at Republican rallies.

So far as the leaders are concerned, they probably argued like this: "One of our own sort would stand no chance with the masses. We must have a soldier; but a successful one would not serve our purpose, nor is there any likelihood that we could get him to stand on the kind of platform we are determined to adopt." So it was McClellan or a civilian.

HARRIS'S INDICTMENT OF MC CLELLAN

"Little Mac's" selection did not, however, go wholly unchallenged. It was fought in the Convention by the extreme wing tooth and nail. Its utter absurdity was unflinchingly shown up by Congressman Harris, of Maryland. "Do you want McClellan because he is a great soldier?" he shouted. "Why, he has never won a battle. [Great uproar.] Does he stand for liberty? Why, the military oppression under which Maryland suffers was instituted by him. It was he that struck the first blow. . . . The sons of Maryland were imprisoned by that devil McClellan; and all the charges I can make against Lincoln and his administration, I can make against

McClellan." Harris was frequently interrupted; he knocked down a delegate who sought to stop him; and it was not until he had declared that he was armed and prepared to defend the right of free speech to the death, that he was permitted to finish his indictment of the Democratic hero, namely: that he had ordered General Banks, if necessary, to suspend the *habeas corpus;* that he had declared the President had the right to abolish slavery as a war measure; that he had taken steps to arrest the Legislature of Maryland; that he was a mere tool of Abraham Lincoln, who "combined with military incapacity the fact that he interfered with and destroyed the civil rights of the people."

But McClellan was nominated, and the platform not only declared the war a failure, but demanded that "immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities." But this part the candidate disavowed in his letter of acceptance.

APPEARANCE OF THE KENTUCKY DELEGATION

A scene in Hopkinson Smith's capitally dramatized novel of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" presents a group of "Colonels" and "Judges" from the South, just come to town to assist in the settlement, according to the "code," of an affair of honor. That group strikingly recalls the appearance of the Kentucky delegation on their arrival at the Tremont House. Each carried an old-fashioned carpet bag; and when they had doffed their dusters, there was presented the oddest assortment of notables ever seen off the burlesque stage. I gazed at them in amazement, and shall never forget the gravity with which Sam Turner stroked his foot-long beard, the suavity with which he invited them to register, nor the wink and squint he cast my way, saying plainly, "Did you ever?" Some rose gaunt and

swarthy to six feet and over; others had successfully devoted much spare time to an accumulation of breadth of beam; while every thinkable shape and size between these extremes, or outside of them, was characteristically represented.

"General C —, I am going to give you Room X," quoth the genial Sam. This general's name was one of the best known in the Border State. All during the war its bearer had been conspicuously on the fence, and on which side he would eventually land had been debated the country over for so long that the question became tedious. Indeed, so big with possibilities for either side did he loom in the chronicles of the early war days, that one instinctively looked among the giants for a reply to Sam's announcement; and, failing there, turned naturally to the broad-beamed heavy-weights, only to scan their Bourbon advertisements to equal failure. Then, to my inexpressible surprise, it was a manikin in a trailing duster who exclaimed in a piping treble, "All right, Mr. Clerk." Sizing up all there was of him, including the duster, I could not help wondering why it should ever have occurred to any one that it could possibly matter on which side of the fence "General C — " of Kentucky climbed down.

WHY THE CONVENTION ALARMED THE REPUBLICANS

To show with some detail why the gathering of the Copperhead hosts in national convention was a source of profound apprehension to all who favored the prosecution of the war, it may be said: that the shiver which Grant's repulse at Cold Harbor, with its frightful sacrifice of life, had sent over the North, was still felt in the people's inmost marrow; that the General's operations before Petersburg had so far proved a distinct failure; that only a few weeks

before, Lee had felt sufficiently strong to detach a force of 20,000 men to pass around the Federal lines and make its way into the suburbs of Washington, seriously threatening the national Capital, which a bold attack might well have taken, so denuded was it of troops to strengthen the assaulting lines of Grant, hundreds of miles away; that Sherman's campaign against Atlanta still hung in the balance; that a draft was proceeding in many States in spite of the offer of generous bounties to volunteers; that there was trouble in Lincoln's cabinet, resulting in the resignation of Chase; and, finally, that the value of the greenback, the country's barometric currency, was reduced to a specie value of about forty cents.

HOW THEIR FEARS MAGNIFIED TRIFLES

Under the tension of a situation so full of disquietude, it is perhaps not surprising that every obstructing molehill was magnified into a mountain, and that every trifling circumstance with a possibly treasonable implication should be endowed with portentous significance. I well remember the ado there was in the Republican press all over the country, because the Richmond House was the first among the large hotels during convention week to announce "Cot accommodations only." This was construed into proof positive that it was the name so intimately associated with the Rebel cause that preferably turned Copperhead steps to it. To be sure there was the fact that the rates were somewhat lower than at the hotels more centrally located, and the further circumstance that it was nearer the principal railway station; but to take such uninteresting details into account did not at this time suit the Republican book. If, however, any admirer of Jefferson Davis did select the Richmond because of its suggestive name, he probably fled

its hospitable precincts, if by any chance made aware that the hostelry took its name from the man whose fortune it absorbed, from Thomas Richmond, one of Chicago's most enterprising and honored citizens, who was an ingrained Abolitionist, an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln, and in his own person claimed a large share of the credit (as set forth in a monograph) for the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation.

CHAPTER VII

THE PULPIT AS A WAR FORCE

SELF-SACRIFICING SERVICES OF LEADING CLERGYMEN — REV. ROBERT COLLYER'S EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF THE MEN IN THE FIELD — DR. ROBERT H. CLARKSON'S FORCEFUL, LOYAL LEADERSHIP — MEMORIAL OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH TO ITS FALLEN HEROES — DR. W. W. PATTON AS A PROMOTER OF EMANCIPATION — DR. W. W. EVERTS A STALWART BAPTIST — DR. R. W. PATTERSON, PRESBYTERIAN — DR. W. H. RYDER, UNIVERSALIST — DRS. T. M. EDDY AND O. H. TIFFANY, METHODISTS — VICAR-GENERAL DUNNE A CONSPICUOUS WAR PRIEST — ABOLITIONISM FORCES ORTHODOX TOLERANCE FOR GERMAN FREETHINKING — THE SUNDAY THEATRE — A MILLIONAIRE ROMANCE THAT HARKENS BACK TO THE STAGE.

NO class of Chicago's citizens deserves more credit for zeal and self-denial during the great crisis than its clergy. As in the forum, so in the pulpit, there were strong personalities in those days. Only one remains at this writing by which to gauge his war-time contemporaries. That one is grand old Robert Collyer, who to-day, at eighty-seven, probably has more calls on his time to meet outside engagements than any other minister in the country, and still fills both pulpit and pew as few others in these days. Like Joseph Jefferson, who was the last link that bound the present generation to the great stage stars of the past, Robert Collyer grows riper and mellower with each added year; and a half-century hence the old folks of that time will boast to their grandchildren of the good fortune that enabled them to see the one as Rip Van Winkle, and hear the other tell of the time when he worked at the anvil, making good, honest horseshoes during the day, and preaching stanch Methodist sermons at night.

But in the ratio that he came less in contact with the fire of the forge, and so had more time to meditate upon the divine love, he came also to stand less in fear of the unquenchable fires of the nether-world; and finally, when the "call" came to give up the one for good and all, he let the other die out also.

OTHER NOTED MINISTERS

The great names of Beecher, Parker, Chapin, Storrs, Bellows, and their congeners in the East, were most creditably supplemented in Chicago, besides Robert Collyer, by such men as Robert H. Clarkson (Episcopal), W. W. Patton (Congregational), Robert W. Patterson (Presbyterian), W. W. Everts (Baptist), T. M. Eddy and O. H. Tiffany (Methodist), W. H. Ryder (Universalist), and Dennis Dunne (Catholic).

DR. R. H. CLARKSON'S ENTHUSIASM

Deserving of a grateful remembrance as are all these, I feel like giving first place to Dr. Robert H. Clarkson, of St. James's Episcopal and later the revered Missionary Bishop of Nebraska and Dakota, because he had clearly the most to overcome, with the possible exception of Father Dunne. As to the attitude of the denominations represented by the others, there was never any question; but in the Episcopal fold, there was here and there, because of its intimate affiliations with the aristocracy of the South, an appreciable lukewarmness, and aversion to "bringing politics into the pulpit." One might have hesitated to define the position of his bishop; but there was never any question where Robert H. Clarkson stood. His voice from the first was a trumpet call, and he fairly swept his church with him, notwithstanding some rather important hold-backs. There were in his congregation, which was by far the most

select in the city, such stanch supporters of the war as Judge Mark Skinner, E. B. McCagg, and E. H. Sheldon; and with these at his back, he missed no opportunity to fill the young men of his parish with his own noble enthusiasm. Once, in his zeal, he made the promise from the pulpit that the church would rear a memorial to those of the congregation who fell in defence of their country; and this promise was in after years fulfilled, though he himself, on the close of the war, had been called to another and wider field of usefulness.

A MONUMENT TO SOLDIERS OF HIS CONGREGATION

When the time came, some years before the fire, to give effect to Dr. Clarkson's promise, the commission for an appropriate memorial was given to a prominent New York firm of architects, and from their design it was built at a cost of fifty-five hundred dollars. And it would seem as if even the ruthless fire fiend had respect for the honored dead, for the only part of St. James's Church that escaped destruction was the wall of the tower against which the Soldiers' Memorial was built. It was blackened, but was otherwise undamaged. It is still in good condition, is a part of the new church, and on Memorial Day, All Saints' Day, and Easter Day, it is decorated with flags and flowers. The Memorial is a beautiful piece of work; and the names it perpetuates show the class of young men St. James's Church sent into the field under the stimulus of its patriotic rector, and who freely gave their lives that their country might live. They are: Lucius Sherman Larabee, Edward Hanson Russell, William De Wolf, John Harris Kinzie, Thomas Orchard, Frank M. Skinner, Peter Preston Wood, Louis DeKoven Hubbard, and Charles H. Hosmer.

THE SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL IN ST. JAMES'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

(Uninjured by the Fire and Forming Part of the Reconstructed Edifice, at Cass and Huron Streets)

DR. PATTON'S WORK AS AN ABOLITIONIST

Another whose work stands out conspicuously is the Rev. W. W. Patton, D. D., of the First Congregational Church. Dr. Patton was an uncompromising Abolitionist, and he had at his back a congregation after his own heart. Of the origin of this "nigger church" I have spoken at some length in connection with that abolition war-horse, Deacon Philo Carpenter. This church believed thoroughly in the efficacy of prayer in bringing about moral results. For many years, the Fourth of July was dedicated to prayers for the freedom of the slave. For a month prior to the inauguration of President Lincoln it held daily prayer meetings; and later the church sent resolution after resolution to the President, to sustain him in his work and to turn his thoughts to emancipation. Finally, Dr. Patton was instrumental in calling a public meeting, at a critical time, to urge the President to free the slaves; and he was chairman of the committee that bore the adopted resolutions to Washington. That Dr. Patton and his supporters made a strong appeal to the President may go without saying; and it is a noteworthy coincidence that the same issue of the Chicago papers which published the committee's report on their mission also contained the Emancipation Proclamation. So effectively did this valiant soldier of the cross labor among his own people for the cause so near his heart, that out of a membership of 755 of both sexes, 69 of its youths joined the army. In the lists of speakers at war meetings the name of Dr. Patton was seldom absent, for the words of few carried more conviction to the hearts of his hearers; while his position as Vice-President of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission afforded rare opportunities for the display of his exceptional executive powers.

DR. EVERTS'S RECORD — HE SAVES CHICAGO UNIVERSITY

The Rev. W. W. Everts, D. D., of the First Baptist Church, was another who could always be depended on to strike straight from the shoulder. He left Louisville, Ky., in 1859, because of his anti-slavery views. Although his congregation was loyal to him, he felt he must have a freer field than a Southern pulpit afforded; and though he was absent when the secession crisis came to a head, it is said that the influence of the people of his old congregation was most effective in holding Kentucky to the side of the Union. Dr. Everts was probably the most forceful preacher in the history of the city's pulpit. He was orthodox to the core, a man of profound convictions and of undaunted courage. When he came to the First Church, it was heavily in debt, as were most Chicago churches at that time. He said to his people that the debt must be paid, and the task was accomplished at a single meeting. This unprecedented success put heart into other ministers. Dr. Ryder made public acknowledgment that the precedent saved St. Paul's Universalist Church. Scores of congregations all over the West made a like acknowledgment, and Dr. Everts was frequently called upon to help save sinking ships. Then there was the Baptist (now the Chicago) University. When Dr. Everts came to the city, the denomination was about to give up the enterprise as too heavy a load to carry. The doctor said it must not be done; and it was largely through his efforts that the University was put on an active and enlarged basis. But such was his orthodoxy, that, had it been revealed to him what sort of "heresies" were to proceed from his nursling, through the grace of Rockefeller endowments, he would surely have stayed his hand and let the University perish.

The chapter on "Early Chicago Literature" in this

REV. WILLIAM W. EVERTS

REV. W. H. RYDER

volume, is illuminated by scintillations from the iridescent pen of "January Searle." In the early sixties this remarkable aviator into the realms of hyperbole, in a book entitled "Chicago Churches," delivered himself as follows: "From 1859 the march of the First Baptist Church has been a regal progress through triumphant arches, and over roads strewn with flowers and the glorification of redeemed souls and the acclamation of angels." If the foregoing could be reduced to its earthly equivalents, it would undoubtedly tell the exact truth about Dr. Everts's remarkable work in his chosen field. Of his labors in the Union cause I have already spoken in general terms. At one time the situation brought about by Northern defeats made it imperative that every veteran serve at the front. Volunteers for an emergency corps were called for, to enable the Camp Douglas garrison to take the field. None were more active than Dr. Everts in filling the ranks; his own congregation furnished a large contingent; and when the command took possession of the camp, he served as its chaplain.

DRS. EDDY, TIFFANY, RYDER, AND PATTERSON

For the Methodists, Drs. T. M. Eddy and O. H. Tiffany stood out conspicuously. Dr. Eddy was a trenchant, forceful speaker, while Dr. Tiffany joined to a high intellectuality a gift of oratory now seldom equalled in the pulpit. He was untiring in his zeal for the cause of the Union, and gladly accepted places on commissions to visit the men in the field with a view to improving their physical welfare — though, in such circumstances, he never failed to sustain their patriotism with his fervid eloquence.

Rev. W. H. Ryder, D. D., of St. Paul's Universalist Church, was a frequent speaker at Union meetings. Next

to Chapin he was regarded as the most gifted minister in his denomination in the country; and in championing his "all-saving" views, he was not only qualified to repulse the attacks of his able opponents — for those were days when liberalism in religion threatened souls with damnation, and had to be fought to the death — but frequently carried the war into the enemy's ranks with distinguished success. He was a stanch supporter of all that the war stood for, even among the most advanced; else he might well have heard from Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of his congregation.

Dr. Robert W. Patterson of the Second Presbyterian Church started out in life a Garrison Abolitionist, but that leader's radicalism in religion brought about something like a reaction in the pupil. Dr. Patterson was, however, never other than a loyal supporter of the Union, and his exceptional height, and impressive manner, made him everywhere a conspicuous figure. He was sometimes alluded to as "Deacon Bross's preacher," and that should be a sufficient guarantee of his place among the champions of the war.

DR. COLLYER'S EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF THE SOLDIERS

I have already referred to the Rev. Robert Collyer in connection with this group of masterful men. Quite a few interesting legends have grown up around this brainy and muscular Christian. It is doubtful if, when Sumter fell, he covered his pulpit with the flag and announced there would be no more preaching, as all must go to the war; but it is a fact that Unity Church in those days showed many flags that might have been so used; that he preached from the text, "He that has no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one"; and it is also true that during the first year

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

of the struggle this hot-hearted patriot was seldom in his pulpit, but, as the representative of the Sanitary Commission, visited many camps on the Potomac, at Donelson and Pittsburg Landing, in Missouri; and while he everywhere heartened the men to their tasks, his reports on the condition of the sufferers in the field moved the people at home to ever greater efforts of relief. His Yorkshire burr was a bit broader in those days than now, but that only added a deeper note to his heart-stirring eloquence. He was a Garrisonian Abolitionist, brought to that view in his earlier Methodist days through the inspiration of Lucretia Mott; and while he did not go the length of the few who made slavery the sole burden of their message, he permitted none to doubt his position, and on all fitting occasions spoke the convictions of his heart. And it is to Eli Bates, a member of his Unity congregation, that Chicago and the nation are indebted for St. Gaudens' immortal statue of Lincoln.

FATHER DUNNE AND BISHOP DUGGAN

As a class the Catholic clergy were not noted for their support of the war, and for that reason the unqualified position of the Rt. Rev. Dennis Dunne, pastor of St. Patrick's Church and Vicar-General of the diocese, was all the more conspicuous. It is said that Bishop Duggan assisted Colonel Mulligan in raising his regiment. Be that as it may, certain it is that little was heard from the Bishop's palace in the later years of the struggle, while one was never at a loss in placing his Vicar-General. Not satisfied with helping to fill up other military organizations, Father Dunne set about in the Summer of 1862 — by which time a considerable lukewarmness was already noted among his compatriots and co-religionists — to organize what was known as the "Irish Legion," which finally took

the field as the Ninetieth Illinois, with Father Kelly for its chaplain. All honor to these sturdy priests, who found no difficulty in being loyal to both their church and the imperilled country of their adoption.

THE OLD ORTHODOXY SELDOM A BRINGER OF COMFORT

The way in which the present generation differs from its fathers in respect to religion, and the influence this difference is likely to have on the social order and individual conduct, is to-day the absorbing concern of reflective minds. The decision, whether the present is on the whole better than a given stage in the past, depends largely on one's point of view; but that this is in a general way a happier world for all sorts of people admits of no doubt. To a comparatively few exalted souls religion has always been a source of supreme happiness; but to the many who failed of inward experiences to support an inherited belief — so full of the direst threatenings for indulgence in even the most innocent diversions — uncompromising orthodoxy brought little comfort and often much trouble of mind. This is not the place to go into the psychology of the religion of half a century ago; but the character and influence of the old faith as a force standing over against the things of the world (as illustrated in war-time Chicago) may well call for some attention.

The period was the fruitage of a seedtime when the American pulpit still enlisted the Boanerges of the intellect. Men of parts believed implicitly in an inerrant Bible; and what little "higher criticism" worked its way to the Middle West was wise enough to remain within the sheltering walls and shady walks of the academy. The great, serious, native middle class, therefore, had as yet no misgivings as to the letter of the Word; and any doubts there

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

RT. REV. DENNIS DUNNE

might be were confined to forms of interpretation: as, for example, to the saving efficacy of different forms of baptism.

TOLERANCE TOWARD SABBATH-BREAKING GERMANS

The native American element derived from an English-speaking ancestry, and inheriting the Protestant faith, was sufficiently dominant to entitle it to be spoken of as the arbiter of the social order. Yet more than a third of the city's population was Catholic, chiefly Irish; while probably a fifth part was rationalistic German. But these different classes hardly affected each other socially, in terms of interacting modes of thought. So long as the beliefs of the community did not infringe on his Sunday amusements, the agnostic German did not in the least concern himself about them; and what to a casual observer might have seemed like a native indifference about German doings was equally marked. Indeed, considering the serious attitude of American evangelicism toward Sabbath observance, few of the paradoxes of the times are more remarkable than the tolerance of German violations of strict Sabbatarian notions.

ITS TWO CHIEF CAUSES

However, one need not go far to find a cause. The uncompromising Sabbatarian in the pulpit, and to a less degree in the pew, was pretty certain to be anti-slavery if not an out-and-out Abolitionist; and the free-thinking, Sabbath-breaking German was invariably of the same political brand. This coincidence brought the Sabbatarian face to face with a serious dilemma. Everything was conceived intensely in those days, and here was a battle royal to be fought between two sets of convictions that seemingly admitted of no compromise. But the abolition issue was too

urgent to take a second place; and so the German was left unmolested in the enjoyment of his diversions, lest he be pushed where he would not hesitate, on local issues, to make common cause with pro-slavery Catholicism. This was regarded as even less American than the Teutonic ideas, and was generally spoken of as an adjunct to Rome, for the Pope was at this time still a temporal potentate, as well as the spiritual head of the Roman hierarchy.

But there was yet another factor favorable to tolerance. To an even greater degree than to-day, all the section lying west of North Clark Street, and north of Chicago Avenue, was German territory, precisely as the southwest was Irish; and these delimitations gave to the city an aspect of three distinct municipalities. Nothing could be more abhorrent to the evangelical mind of half a century ago than a Sunday theatre. It was bad enough that public opinion compelled the toleration of week-day performances, but a Sunday stage exhibition in competition with the pulpit led to visions of Hades. Had the promoters of the German Sunday theatre attempted to locate their annex to perdition at this time in any native section of the city, there would, no doubt, have resulted a determined effort to stop the performance; but being on the North Side, southeast corner of Wells and Indiana Streets, made it in a sense extra-territorial; and when some years after the war (by which time many centuries-old restrictive fences had come down) there was some talk of giving Sunday performances in English at a South Side place of amusement, the Protestant pulpit spoke with no uncertain voice, and the idea was significantly scotched. How different this from the Chicago of to-day!

By Courtesy of "The Churchman"

REV. ROBERT H. CLARKSON

REV. O. H. TIFFANY

STAGE PEOPLE THE GREAT-GRANDPARENTS OF A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE

While we are upon the subject of the German theatre, a digression from the field sociological may be permitted. The performances were generally of a high order — superior, in fact, in point of histrionic talent to those at McVicker's, Chicago's only American theatre till well along in the middle sixties; and this excellence was due in no small degree to the Kenkels, husband and wife. The performances being limited to Sunday evenings, there was naturally little to keep the pot boiling, and it was much of the time pretty hard sledding for this excellent couple. It might be going too far to say that in German theatricals in those days the "talent," like the country schoolmaster, "boarded round" among the patrons; or, like the country parson, was paid in turnips and like delectables; but certain it is that on more than one occasion helpful hands were needed to keep the proverbial wolf at a respectful distance. Yet through the whirling of time, by which as startling contrasts are brought about in real life as on any mimic stage, it came to pass that a granddaughter of these struggling *Komödianten* married the only son (now deceased) of the richest man this city of multi-millionaires has produced; and she and her children are the heirs of what is believed to be the largest fortune ever accumulated in a mercantile pursuit.

WHY FREE-THINKERS TOLERATED BOTH PURITANS AND ROMANISTS

To the rationalistic German — as a rule a child of the Revolution of 1848 — the Protestant American, whose re-

ligion was the result of personal experience, was a complete enigma; and when not believed to suffer from some form of delusion, he was credited with little sincerity. But the Catholic Church he thought he understood. This typified for him priestcraft, with a background of the torturing Inquisition, and any allusion to it quickly provoked his wrath. But his hatred of everything that savored of Jesuitism seldom took the form of active propagandism, for the reason that Rome was tolerant of a liberal Sabbath; and this attitude, as against the American Puritanism, enforced something like an armed peace, fairly suggestive of a coalition. The German free-thinker, the product of a reaction from the objective horrors of the Inquisition rather than the subjective influence of a haunting orthodox theology, concerned himself little about mere questions of Biblical errors or mistaken interpretations; and so it was left for the American Ingersoll, with his unpleasant memories of a repressed orthodox childhood, to throw his gauntlet in the face of the defenders of an inerrant Bible; and this attitude, so startling to the average American of the time, was to the rationalisic Teuton simply a source of wonderment that the great infidel should care to go to all the trouble.

GERMANS OF THAT DAY LARGELY TINGED WITH SOCIALISM

And there was still another vital difference between the orthodox American and the radical German, with whom he was so intimately bound up in the matter of abolitionism. If you scratched deep enough, you would be very apt to find under the revolutionary Teutonic cuticle some variety of socialist or communist. A conspicuous example of this class was Dr. Ernst Schmidt, in every respect a large

REV. WILLIAM WESTON PATTON

personality, and an uncompromising type of the born iconoclast; and as proof how thoroughly the German of that time was inoculated with socialistic ideas, and how ready to bring them to the fore when there was absence of more burning questions, it may be mentioned that in 1879, when the Doctor ran for Mayor against Democratic and Republican candidates on a straight Socialistic ticket, he received no less than 11,829 votes out of a total poll of 66,910. It may be well to remember this formidable proportion when the militant reformer threatens the community with an early Socialistic deluge. The last time the Chicago Socialists were heard from in a municipal election, they cast 13,429 votes out of a total poll of 335,930; and in the last presidential election 17,712 votes out of a total poll of 378,535. In other figures: while in 1879 the Socialists polled approximately one in six, their proportion in the last municipal election was only one in twenty-five, and in the presidential election one in twenty-one.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WORK OF THE WOMEN

WOMEN'S SHARE IN THE CIVIL WAR — INDIVIDUAL WOMEN WHO SERVED — THE "SOLDIERS' REST," THE "SOLDIERS' HOME," THE SANITARY FAIRS — OFFICERS UNDER MATRON-GENERAL DIX — WORK DONE FOR THE SOLDIERS BY YOUNG WOMEN — THE SANITARY FAIR OF 1863 — THE SANITARY FAIR OF 1865 — "MRS. PARTINGTON" EXPRESSES HER FEELINGS — RELICS OF SLAVERY AND THE WAR EXHIBITED AT THE FAIR — ARRIVAL OF GENERAL SHERMAN AND GENERAL GRANT — AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION TO EACH — MRS. BICKERDYKE'S ARRAIGNMENT OF MEN WHO WOULD NOT HELP.

THE present generation of strenuous young women often fosters the belief that its grandmothers were mere stay-at-homes, who not only expected the men to do the fighting, but to look after all the rest of the trying things that follow in the train of a call to arms. Yet the story of the war for the Union, especially in its beginnings, when everything was in a state of chaos, would be an infinitely sadder one but for woman's spontaneous share.

The struggle beginning in 1861 was a people's war. There were no armed hosts ready to spring at each other's throats at the word of command. When the nations of the Old World set out to kill each other, woman has but small share in the preparation for the combat. All is ready — or, at any rate, is supposed to be ready. Every man drawn into the struggle is disciplined to hardship, and knows his exact place in the huge machine set in motion. And every part is *trained*. How different this from our internecine struggle! Women alone knew anything about nursing; and of these, as a rule, only the mothers of families.

INDIVIDUAL WOMEN WHO SERVED

When nurses were called for, it was out of the very heart of the situation that Mrs. D. M. Brundage, of this city, having given her four sons to the cause, added her own services. And it was the same when Mrs. Upright, of Rockford, a very mother in Israel, having sent seven sons into the field, declared she had three more to answer the next call, and when these left she would go with them.

The early regiments, hurriedly gotten together, inadequately provided with even the essentials to a soldier's well-being in the field, soon fell into a perilous state; and from every camp there came appeals for nurses. From the first, brave women stood ready to give their lives for the cause. The credit of being the first to volunteer as nurses in Chicago is given to the Misses Jane A. Babcock and Mary E. M. Foster. And within a week after the fall of Fort Sumter, at a meeting held at the Briggs House and presided over by the Rev. Robert Collyer, a number of mothers and sisters of the men who were being hurried to the front were organized into a nursing corps. Among these were Mesdames J. S. Kellogg, Mary Evans, A. M. Beaubien, E. S. Johnson, E. B. Graves, and Annette Sleightly. Shortly after, Mrs. P. E. Yates was appointed presiding matron of the military hospitals at Cairo, where most of the men recruited in Chicago were rendezvoused. Mrs. Yates selected for her assistants the Misses Jane A. Miller, L. B. Slaymaker, Mary E. Babcock, Adeline Hamilton, and Teresa Zimmer.

Miss Dorothea L. Dix, of Massachusetts, had been appointed "Matron-General" of the army by Secretary of War Cameron; and this very competent and energetic leader in turn appointed Mrs. D. P. (Mary A.) Livermore and Mrs. A. H. Hoge her representatives in the West, and

these two forceful women soon gathered about them an efficient corps of helpers.

Among the many women held in grateful remembrance by the men in the field, because of untiring service in their behalf, besides those already mentioned, one most readily recalls: Mrs. Myra A. Bradwell, Mrs. O. E. Hosmer, Mrs. Henry Sayers, Mrs. J. H. Woodworth, Mrs. J. W. Steele, Mrs. C. W. Andrews, Mrs. J. Long, Mrs. M. A. Burnham, Mrs. Reuben Ludlow, Mrs. N. H. Parker, Mrs. C. P. Dickinson, Mrs. J. O. Brayman, Mrs. Ambrose Foster, Mrs. Joseph Medill, Mrs. E. S. Wadsworth, Mrs. E. Higgins, Mrs. F. W. Robinson, Mrs. A. Foster, Mrs. E. H. Cushing, Mrs. Jerome Beecher, Mrs. W. H. Clark, Mrs. Smith Tinkham, Mrs. J. K. Botsford, Mrs. W. E. Doggett, Mrs. C. N. Holden, Mrs. J. H. Tuttle, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. E. W. Blatchford, Mrs. I. Greenfelder, Mrs. George Gibbs, Mrs. E. F. Dickinson, Mrs. Elizabeth Blackie, Mrs. Dr. Ingalls, Mrs. O. D. Ranney, Mrs. J. M. Harvey, Mrs. C. M. Clark, Mrs. H. L. Bristol, Mrs. J. M. Loomis, Mrs. J. C. Shepley, Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw, Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, Mrs. Colonel Sloan, Mrs. C. C. Webster, Mrs. Elizabeth Hawley.

THE "SOLDIERS' REST," THE "SOLDIERS' HOME," THE SANITARY FAIRS

It was by women of this group that the "Soldiers' Rest" was founded in the first stages of the struggle. Here hundred of thousands of meals were served to the brave boys in blue; for there was never a regiment permitted to pass through the city without entertainment. It was also through their efforts that the "Soldiers' Home" came into being while the war was still in progress; that the two great Sanitary Fairs were organized and brought to a successful

issue; that camp hospitals were equipped and supplied with nurses and medical supplies, and the men with such coveted luxuries as onions, pickles, and chowchow, to supplement the regular menu of "sow-belly" and hardtack provided by Uncle Sam. All this was before the time of scientific food preservation, and only the "cove" oyster was canned.

EXPENDITURE BY THE BOARD OF TRADE AND BY SOLOMON STURGES

For a considerable period almost every detail necessary to put the men in the field depended on private initiative. The Board of Trade fitted out a number of regiments, while Solomon Sturges, at a cost to himself of twenty thousand dollars, put in the field the "Sturges Rifles"; and that was but one of his many contributions. Not only was Mr. Sturges the largest giver to the war in Chicago, but it was said that he contributed more than any man in the country. That, however, may be questioned. When, near the close of 1864, the doctors informed this sturdy patriot that his hour had come, he insisted they were mistaken, as he could not die until Richmond was taken. Grant was then before Petersburg, and it would have been pleasant to say he had made good the old gentleman's contention.

WOMEN OFFICERS UNDER MATRON-GENERAL DIX

Aside from her official position as a representative of Matron-General Dix, the one to whom probably most credit is due for energizing the local feminine forces in support of the fighting sex, is Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, an extraordinarily dominant personality. Her husband, the Rev. D. P. Livermore, editor of a Universalist paper, was well above the average of men, both in stature and mental force, and also very active in all manner of public affairs;

but he never quite succeeded in establishing his identity independent of Mary A. Such was the separatist state of the religious mind, that had Mrs. Livermore been a less personality, the majority of the women with evangelical affiliations, who so willingly accepted her leadership, might well have refused to follow, because of her heretical belief in ultimate universal salvation. Mrs. A. H. Hoge, who shared official honors with Mrs. Livermore as a representative of the Matron-General, was also a very forceful personality, with an executive talent of a high order; and another who was ever in the forefront as an efficient leader and worker was Myra, the talented wife of Judge J. B. Bradwell, and latter a "limb of the law" on her own account.

Men of the stamp of Thomas B. Bryan, Mark Skinner, and E. B. McCagg, were called to the head of the various movements to ameliorate the hardships of the struggle, and virtually gave all their time and much of their substance to further the work. But these effective personalities by no means obscured the light of the women in positions behind them; for not only were all details left in their hands, but many of the larger initiatives were due to their experience as home managers or to their intuitive foresight.

WORK DONE FOR THE SOLDIERS BY GIRLS

Among the younger generation — the sisters and sweethearts of the "boys" who had responded to their country's call — the desire to render service equalled that of their elders. There was lint to pick (this was before the days of antiseptics); and who shall say that many a wound did not heal the quicker for the precious "magnetism" imparted to the filaments by sympathetic maidenly hands? There were all manner of other hospital equipments, such

as bandages, sheets, pillow slips, etc., to be provided; and in its furtherance that indefatigable patriot, J. H. McVicker, set up a battery of thirty sewing-machines on an upper floor of his theatre. There was always opportunity for service at the "Soldiers' Rest," where all departing, returning, or passing regiments were entertained; and many a brave lad took with him a pleasant memory of fair ministrants decked in red, white, and blue scarfs, who favored them so generously with cheering smiles and appetizing "goodies."

THE SANITARY FAIR OF 1863

Prior to the two great Sanitary Fairs, held respectively in 1863 and 1865, there was held in the early days of the war, with the idea of developing "sinews," under the management of Mesdames Livermore, Hoge, and Hosmer, what was known as a "Festival." Then, in 1863, followed the Sanitary Fair which was to prove the parent of a numerous progeny all over the country, in aid of the Sanitary Commission. To this President Lincoln contributed the perfected draft of his Emancipation Proclamation,*

*There appears to be a good deal of confusion and not a little misinformation extant, with reference to Emancipation Proclamation "originals," and their disposition and fate. The one sold at, and for the benefit of, the first Chicago Sanitary Fair, was undoubtedly the first clean draft carefully copied by the President for final approval by the Cabinet; and there is evidence that it was with great reluctance that he finally placed this priceless document at the disposal of the fair. According to all late references that have come under my notice, it was bought in at auction by Thomas B. Bryan, and presented by him to the Soldiers' Home. The manuscript was deposited by the Board of Managers of the Soldiers' Home in the "fire-proof" building of the Chicago Historical Society, where it was destroyed in the fire of 1871. That it was not allowed to perish without an heroic struggle is evidenced by a letter from Col. Samuel Stone, assistant secretary and librarian of the Historical Society, who, when the alarm of fire was given on the morning of October 9, 1871, rushed to the Historical Society. He writes: "I attempted to break the frame of the Proclamation and take it out. But the frame

which sold for three thousand dollars, and thereby won for the liberator a hugely magnificent gold watch, which had been offered as a prize to the one whose individual gift should represent the highest money value. It was duly presented to the President by the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, Chicago's Congressman, in his best Chesterfieldian manner, on behalf of the committee of ladies who bore it to Washington. The recipient is reported to have acknowledged the gift with one of his best stories; but what it was all about the ladies could never be got to tell.

THE SANITARY FAIR OF 1865

Then, in 1865, it was determined to hold another fair, and on a much larger scale, a part of the proceeds to go to the Soldiers' Home, and the remainder to the Sanitary Commission. It was at first proposed to open it on Washington's Birthday, and to close it on the day of Lincoln's second inauguration. But the work, under a committee from each church and every sort of secular organization, assumed such proportions, that the thirtieth of May was then fixed upon for the opening. Meantime Lee had surrendered, an event that was soon followed by the assassination of the President; and the corner-stone was laid in silence and sadness. Although the war had come to a sudden close, there was still great need of funds to care for the disabled;

was so stout it was not easily done; and just as I was making the attempt there came another blast of fire and smoke, . . . The entire building and everything surrounding it was one mass of flame, the fire burning every brick, apparently."

But there is another "original," and a very real one, extant. It was presented by the President to the Albany Army Relief Bazaar on January 4, 1864, and was sold by the bazaar to Gerritt Smith, the famous Abolitionist, for $1,100. Mr. Smith in turn presented it to the United States Sanitary Commission. In 1865, by action of the legislature of the State of New York, it was purchased from the commission for $1,000, and ordered to be deposited in the State Library, where it now is.

THE NORTHWESTERN SANITARY FAIR OF 1865

(The Building was Erected on Dearborn Park, now Occupied by the Chicago Public Library, with Bryan Hall as an Adjunct)

and so a building was erected, which completely covered the old Dearborn park, now occupied by the public library; while Bryan Hall served as a trophy-hall adjunct. Contributions were received from all over the world: from England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, China, Japan, and it proved an extraordinary success. The Hon. Thomas B. Bryan was the active manager, assisted by most of the ladies I have mentioned; Mrs. W. T. Sherman had personal supervision of one of the departments; General Grant presented "Jack," the horse he rode while Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry; Iowa farmers contributed four hundred acres of land; Lincoln's log cabin was imported, and erected in all its primitive uniqueness; Harriet Hosmer sent her statue of Zenobia; Carpenter his painting of "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation"; Bierstadt his "Rocky Mountains"; Professor Goldwin Smith presented a valuable painting; and famous literary men sent the manuscripts of their inspirations. Horace Greeley wrote:

"Office of the *Tribune*,
"New York, May 7, 1865.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I have your note and circular. I enclose herewith as many photographs of myself (half a dozen) as will probably be required to glut the market. As to Arms or Trophies, not having used the former in our late terrible struggle, I have had no opportunity to acquire the latter.

"I am yours,
"HORACE GREELEY."

"MRS. PARTINGTON" EXPRESSES HER FEELINGS

"Mrs. Partington," having been invited to express her feelings, gave utterance to the following:

"DEAR SIR:—Perhaps you don't know Isaac has gone to the contented field; he was grafted last fall in one of the wings of the army;

I suppose the flying artillery. I wrote to Mr. Stanton, telling him not to put Isaac where he would get shot, as he wasn't used to it. I know what influenza you must have with the President, and I write this to you to get Isaac on a furlong, so he can get his mended pantaloons; for he writes me two of their 'parrots' burst their breeches, and I think what an awful thing it would be if Isaac was a parrot. When Isaac used to sing 'I want to be an angel' I did not think he would be so soon with the 'Swamp angels' down in Charleston. He says the war will be over soon, and he will come back a Victoria. I'm sure I wish it was over, or had not been commenced yet.

"Yours,

"RUTH PARTINGTON."

A daily paper called *The Voice of the Fair* was published by the management, and a bound file of this unique souvenir remains in possession of the Hon. E. B. Sherman, one of its editors.

WAR AND SLAVERY RELICS ON EXHIBITION

Bryan Hall was draped with flags, and here many unique relics were exhibited. Among these was a bell from the Mississippi plantation of Jefferson Davis, which had formerly called his "hands" to their daily tasks: it was here used morning and night to open and close the fair. Hardly less interesting was a rusty iron collar that had decorated the necks of slaves. But the relic that attracted most attention was a sign with the legend "Libby & Son, Ship Chandlers," — a fearsome reminder to not a few who looked upon it here, of days and months of unutterable suffering in Richmond's prison. On the centre of the stage, in solemn state, rested the catafalque whereon in his last sleep had reposed the nation's martyr. As showing how the trophies from Rebel lands displayed here in such numbers, were regarded at the time, I will let *The Voice of the Fair* speak, as it truly reflects not only the

feeling of the day, but also the manner in which it frequently found utterance:

"And here too have come the foul and loathsome emblems of treason and slavery — the exponents of that hellish monster, begotten in fraud, conceived in wickedness, born in violence, rapine, plunder, and cruelty, and swaddled all over with a pestilential garment, whose warp was treason, whose woof was shameless lies, and baptized in the blood of Liberty's martyrs."

ARRIVAL OF GENERALS SHERMAN AND GRANT

The chief events among many stirring incidents that marked the progress of the fair were the arrival on different days, fresh from their hard-won victories, first of General Sherman and later of General Grant. To a generation whose enthusiasms, for lack of emotional issues, are necessarily somewhat perfunctory or altogether artificial — as when a candidate is vociferously acclaimed in a nominating convention for the best part of an hour — it is not easy to convey through the medium of words a sense of the spontaneous, irresistible uprush of feeling that in the hour of final victory marked every possible occasion for a demonstration. The four years of suspense were well calculated to engender a form of popular hysteria. By a slow, costly, death-charged process of selection, two men had risen above all others to leadership. In their hands had come to rest the fate of the nation; and now, in the hour of supreme triumph, these two were Chicago's guests!

AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION TO EACH

The reception of General Sherman, if not so elaborate as that tendered the Lieutenant-General, was not one whit less enthusiastic. In both instances any difference was simply a case of less or more opportunities afforded by the programme. When General Sherman arrived, cannon

boomed a salute, and the hero of the hour, on alighting from the train, found himself in the midst of a frenzied populace, which no restraining force could keep within bounds. Happily the march to the fair was shorter than that through Georgia. At the building the General was received in fitting terms by Mayor Rice; then a poem — well, "Old Tecumseh" was never known to flinch before any ordeal, whatever the suffering it might entail.

Two days later, on the tenth of June, it was General Grant's turn to face the music, and this in quite a literal sense. The hero of Appomattox was received by the Mayor and Council, and by delegations from every kind of organization, headed by the Board of Trade. "Fighting Joe" Hooker, himself no mean hero, as commander of the department was present with his staff, and it devolved on him to deliver the formal address of welcome; for this was in effect a military reception, with salutes of cannon, and an escort from every branch of the service.

General Grant, as became the occasion, rode literally at the head of the army, and he bestrode his old war-horse "Jack," donated by him for the benefit of the fair.

General Sherman had taken his medicine as became the occasion, by entering heartily into the spirit of it — and again and again his face was wreathed in smiles, with, perhaps, a suggestion of the sardonic, while the glitter in his eye was a challenge to ever fresh enthusiasms. But Grant was literally in "The Wilderness" once again. He sat his horse as grimly as if all the forces of Lee were in ambush before him, and there was no opening line in sight on which to fight it out. To a man as diffident as the Grant of those days — he in time overcame his reticence, as he did many things — it was indeed trying to face such a turbulent human sea with its waves upon waves of ever higher rising

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

MRS. MARY A. ("MOTHER" BICKERDYKE
(Organizer of Military Hospitals and Friend of the Soldiers)

enthusiasm. But all this was as nothing to the ordeal that awaited him inside the building, when he found himself face to face with the city's young and exuberant beauty, strewing the way to the platform with flowers.

GENERAL GRANT DECLINES TO MAKE A SPEECH

After the addresses of welcome General Grant was naturally called upon for a speech, but declined. General Sherman was then called on, and said: "I have always been willing to do anything the Lieutenant-General asked me to do, but he has never asked me to make a speech." To this Grant replied, "I have never asked a soldier to do anything I could n't do myself."

The net proceeds of the fair were about four hundred thousand dollars; while the Sanitary Fairs in different parts of the country — offspring of the first held in Chicago in 1863 — netted nearly five million dollars.

MRS. BICKERDYKE'S ARRAIGNMENT OF MEN WHO WOULD NOT HELP

While still on the theme of the work of the women in behalf of the men in the field, I cannot refrain from going outside the local record to say a word about Mrs. Mary A. Bickerdyke, of Cleveland, who visited Chicago more than once, when things seemed to need stirring up a bit. "Mother" Bickerdyke — the name by which she was best known among the camps and hospitals of the army — was nothing if not fearless and original. At one time she had charge of the Gayoso Hospital, at Memphis, and by keeping every one connected with it up to a strict line of duty, made it a model for other military hospitals. She had the head of one of the field hospitals discharged. He appealed to General Sherman, Commander of the department, who

asked, "Who caused your discharge?" The answer was, "It was that woman Bickerdyke." "Oh," was the reply, "I can do nothing for you; she ranks me."

As the name Bickerdyke might suggest, its bearer was afraid of nobody, and least of all, of a man. When she wanted to stir the stay-at-homes up to their duty, she went after them in this fashion:

"You merchants and rich men, living at your ease dressed in your broadcloth, knowing little and caring less for the sufferings of the soldiers from hunger and thirst, from cold and nakedness, from sickness and wounds, from pain and death, all incurred that you may roll in wealth, and your homes and little ones be safe,—you refuse to give aid to these poor soldiers, because, forsooth, you gave a few dollars some time ago to fit out a regiment! Shame on you — you are not men — you are cowards. Go over to Canada! This country has no place for such creatures."

Mrs. Bickerdyke was with the Army of the Tennessee at Mission Ridge, and was the only woman in the field hospital there. Thence she went to the field hospital near Chattanooga, where she was joined by Mrs. Eliza A. Porter, an accomplished lady, who had been sent by the Northwestern Sanitary Commission at Chicago, and was thereafter her constant associate. She attended Sherman's army in the Atlanta campaign, and was afterwards called to Nashville and Franklin to nurse the wounded in those terrible battles. Later she organized the supply department of the hospital in Savannah, and followed Sherman's army through the Carolinas.

CHAPTER IX

THE PART OF THE SINGERS

BOTH NORTH AND SOUTH SUSTAINED BY INWARD FORCES — CAUSES OF ILLINOIS' PREËMINENCE AMONG THE STATES IN FILLING ITS QUOTAS — THE BROTHERS FRANK AND JULES LUMBARD — INFLUENCE OF THEIR QUARTETTE ON ENLISTMENTS — CHICAGO AND THE MORE IMMEDIATE WEST ROUSED TO A HIGH PITCH OF PATRIOTIC SACRIFICE — "THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM" — FRANK LUMBARD AND "OLE SHADY" — A LETTER FROM JULES ABOUT THE SONG — GENEROUS SERVICES UNREQUITED — AN APPEAL.

AS the great war crisis lengthens in mental perspective, some matters that once loomed large in the foreground recede vaguely into colorless shadow, while others, through a better informed estimate of values, grow in self-illumining proportions. On the side of the South, the underlying feeling which unheedingly forced the issue to an arbitrament by the sword, and thereafter sustained the "lost cause" to the bitter end, was an overweening pride, the result of a long-fostered sense of caste superiority. On the side of the North the sensibilities involved were of a more impersonal character — a patriotism comprehended under the symbol of Union, and here and there touched with a sentimental regard for the condition of the slave. When it is remembered that the South believed as thoroughly as the North in the justice of her cause, it is possible to see that her pride, joined to the feeling that she was defending her homes, made a condition where powers of resistance and endurance were distinctly less in need of extraneous stimuli than was the case with the synthesis of feelings that kept the Northern

armies at their accepted task; and hence extrinsic influences to enthusiasm were far more important as supports to the cause of the Union than to that of the enemy. Neither side in those days understood the other, and each sadly miscalculated the other's staying powers. For the inward forces that sustained the North in its long struggle the South had no vision whatsoever. To it the Northern people were prideless, shop-keeping "mudsills," in whose eyes only the dollar had value. It credited no depths of sentiment to descendants from a Puritan ancestry; knew nought of the sacrificial possibilities of a freedom-loving German idealism — founts whose uprushings could be translated into deeds through the alchemy of song and story. Who of that time, for example, can forget the emotional thrill produced by Dr. Hale's "Man Without a Country," or estimate in fighting terms the services of a man like George F. Root, an inspired singer, who fitted himself to the hour as steel to flint? The South was stimulated by thoughts of chivalry, and panoplied in those qualities that exalt men in the eyes of sentimental womanhood. With the North fought all the invisible hosts of the historic past whose blood has enriched the soil of freedom; all the spirits of martyrs who for imperishable ideals found death at the stake; and when the strength and fortitude which these examples inspired were failing, they could be revivified by those stimuli which excite emotions that most readily spur to action.

CAUSES OF ILLINOIS' EXCEPTIONALLY LARGE ENLISTMENT

The exceptional position of Illinois among her loyal sister States, as the only one whose quotas were placed in the field without resort to the draft, has been frequently attributed to the fact that it gave Abraham Lincoln to the

GEORGE F. ROOT

(Composer of "The Battle-Cry of Freedom,"
and Other Inspired Songs)

nation, and so had a special incentive to sustain him in his arduous task. But, as I attempt to evaluate the various influences that joined in the proud result, certain other factors urge themselves for recognition. If the great President was an inspiration to enlistment among the intensely loyal, it must not be forgotten that he was also hated and reviled as none other: and that between his ardent supporters and his envenomed detractors, there was a considerable middle zone occupied by a class who might be moved only by some form of self-interest or extraneous excitation. The lure of large bounties was in the later years of the war all over the land; and while this might hold a strong position in the background of intention, it was of the first importance to the work of enlistment that something out of the common should stir the blood and help to fix the resolution.

Who was it that said, "Let me write the songs of a people and I care not who makes its laws"? But great songs have no fixed habitation. Indeed, frequently they are popularized far from the scene of their birth: so much is due to the manner of their exploitation — so frequently to some exceptional interpretation. Was it merely a coincidence that the maker of the war's most inspiring lyrics, and their "creators" (as the stage people say) and most gifted celebrants were local co-workers? These battle pæans were heard in Chicago, where they were born, as nowhere else. If inspiration requires a congenial atmosphere for spontaneous expression, there was much here to call it forth.

THE BROTHERS LUMBARD AS SINGERS

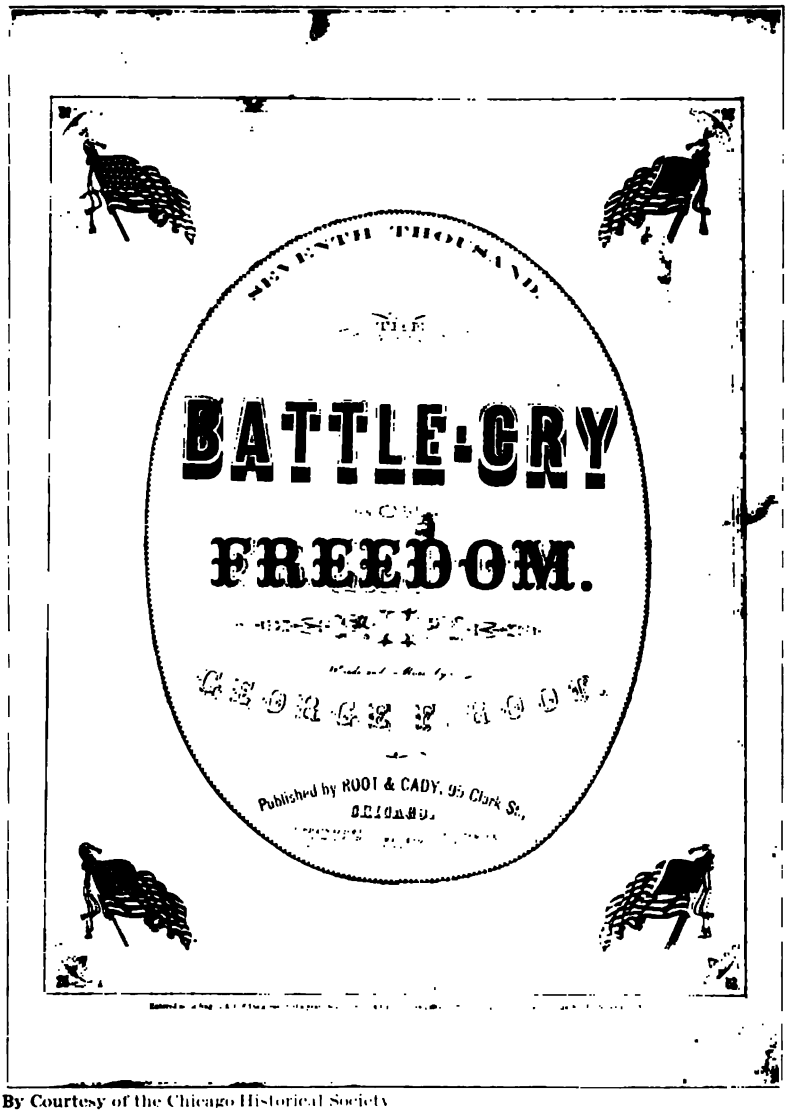
The Lumbards, Frank and Jules, were notabilities years before the war. Through these gifted brothers sing-

ing had fairly got into Chicago's blood; and so all was ready to give a whole-hearted welcome to the gift of the muses, as a form of emotional expression suited to the hour. Jules G. Lumbard, in his prime, was regarded as one of the finest bassos in the country; and to this rare gift fortune added a presence that happily still makes this master-singer in his hale old age one of the marked figures of the city. Frank's voice was a sonorous tenor; and, if not quite the equal of the brother's in purity, it had a quality all its own, a triumphant heartiness that irresistibly compelled his auditors to follow where he led, and to ring out the chorus as if the life of the country depended on each individual doing his very utmost.

THEIR SINGING OF "THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM"

Mr. George P. Upton shared to the full the emotions of the hour. In his recently published "Musical Memories," through which those who were of the elder time can so truly live many experiences over again, he thus associates these singers with some significant incidents:

"When President Lincoln issued his second call for troops, 'The Battle Cry of Freedom' occurred to him [Root] as a motive for a song, while he was reading the document. He dashed it off hurriedly the next morning at the store. There was to be a public meeting on the same day in the Court House Square. Frank and Jules Lumbard, who were the singers laureate of the war period, came to the store to get something new to sing. The Doctor gave them 'The Battle Cry.' They ran it over once or twice, went to the meeting, and shouted it in their trumpet tones, and before the last verse was finished thousands joined in the refrain. It spread from that Square all over the country. It was heard in camps, on the march, upon the battle field. It became the Northern Marseillaise. I heard it sung once under peculiar circumstances, when I was with the Mississippi flotilla, acting as correspondent for *The Chicago Tribune*. There was a transport in convoy of the fleet, with troops on board. One evening, as I sat



By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

COVER OF "THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM"

(Written by George F. Root at the Time of Lincoln's Second Call for Troops; First Sung by Frank and Jules Lumbard in the Court House Square, Chicago)

upon the deck of the gunboat wondering what would happen next day, for the Confederates were in our immediate vicinity behind strong batteries, I heard a clear tenor voice on the transport singing 'The Battle Cry of Freedom.' As the singer's notes died away on the evening air, the response of 'Dixie' came across the water from an equally clear tenor. As soon as he had ceased the first singer continued the concert by a vigorous shout of the song which declares the intention to 'hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree, as we go marching on.' There was no song of the war time that equalled 'The Battle Cry' in popularity and patriotic inspiration."

THE INFLUENCE OF THEIR WAR QUARTETTE

When defeat followed defeat, and hearts were wrung to the breaking point, there was in the wide territory tributary to Chicago no instrumentality to rouse men to renewed action — to ever higher duties and sacrifices — comparable to these rarely gifted singers. No rally for the Union within a wide radius was complete without the promised presence of their war quartette; and whensoever they were advertised to appear, there was never a question as to the success of the meeting, for then the whole country side for fifty miles around would be on hand to follow their lead in "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom." Frank, the quartette's leader, was an incarnation of optimism, an embodiment of the spirit of enthusiasm; and, whatever the situation, however oppressed the hearts of the people, he possessed the gift to impart his own high spirits to his surroundings. He just did things in a big, exuberant way; dispelled clouds and made the sun shine in spite of itself; forced men and women to sing and sing again, and so turned heart-heaviness into sacrificial rejoicing.

ILLINOIS' EXCEPTIONALLY FAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES

One must have been of the day and hour to realize what slight fillip to the sensibilities often led to resolutions preg-

nant with the issue of life or death. Each successive call filled the country with a feverish unrest, which might, as circumstances determined, settle into a dispiriting depression or rise to a fervid exaltation. Those communities that were without forceful leaders or other incentives to action had no recourse but to face the draft: a proceeding without sentiment. On the other hand, a locality so favored as Illinois, whose lode-star was a Lincoln, which had the effective leadership of a great War Governor, and was furthermore uplifted by the exceptional influences noted, found in these demands upon it only occasions for renewed and greater efforts; and until the task set before it was accomplished, all other matters were thrust aside.

UBIQUITOUSNESS OF THE LUMBARD QUARTETTE

I have spoken of the part taken by the men of the Board of Trade, of the meetings held under their direction, and the extraordinary enlistment machinery set in motion by them. In all this, and much besides, the Lumbard quartette was ubiquitous. From alternating between gatherings at Bryan and Metropolitan Halls, there would be a rush to the train to meet an engagement at Urbana or Springfield, Peoria or Freeport, Rockford, Galesburg, Dixon, or Aurora. Then back to Chicago, where further rallies waited on their inspiriting presence. And when Illinois had rushed its quota to a triumphant conclusion, and adjoining States were making strenuous efforts to escape conscription, the quartette would answer a summons from Janesville or Madison, Wisconsin; Indianapolis or Terre Haute, Indiana; or Grand Rapids or Lansing, Michigan. And when there was nothing special in the recruiting line to keep them at home, there were loud calls from the various camps of the men from Illinois in the field; and

FRANK LUMBARD, TENOR

JULES G. LUMBARD, BASSO

(Chicago's Famous Singers of War-time Lyrics)

so all the days of the four years of conflict were busy as well as helpful ones for the Lumbards.

CHICAGO STIRRED BY MUSIC IN THE WAR TIME

It is not easy to interpret to an overworked age like the present, in which the stimuli to the emotions must be strained to the snapping point in order to produce any appreciable effect, what simple means sufficed to move men to great enthusiasms, when their sensibilities had not been rendered callous by over-much artificial excitation. Though we are not a spontaneously musical people, as are most Europeans, there was in the war time an outburst of patriotic song on the slightest provocation, shared in by everybody, anywhere and everywhere; while all the great war meetings had the appearance of *männerchor* reunions. In defence of the Wagner music drama (in which even a dragon has his "motif") it has been contended that primeval man was more of a singing than a talking biped.

EMOTIONS OF SERFS AND SLAVES EXPRESSED IN SONG

We see this illustrated by the chants in which aborigines demonstrate their feelings. Because the serfs unburdened their hearts through music, fitted a melody to every task of drudgery, as well as to their scant pleasures, there is for the behoof of the modern composer an almost inexhaustible store of spontaneous Russian folk-music to draw upon for symphonic elaboration; and when the American Tschaikovsky shall arrive, he may well find his richest nuggets among the plaints wrung from the heart of the African in our slavery days. Therefore, taking into account the naive character of the community, together with the storm and stress of the times, it should

not be difficult to understand why the Lumbards, through their exceptional gift, became the voice of a popular emotion — nay, its apotheosis — and, rather than the many honored above their deserts, deserve to be held in grateful remembrance by their compatriots; and, above all, by the people of the Middle West.

JULES LUMBARD'S LETTER ABOUT "OLE SHADY"

And this brings me to where a word about the song with which the name of Frank Lumbard is so intimately associated may be of interest. Few themes in Chicago's "bygone days" are so suggestive of romance or story as "Ole Shady"— an idyllic note in a procession of war's alarms. Its origin is shrouded in mystery, its author is unknown, and probably, like Topsy, it "just growed." Innumerable legends have been woven around it in connection with its famous interpreter — most of them pure inventions. With the view of giving the song all the basis of fact possible in the circumstances, I communicated with Jules, the superb basso of the quartette, and the only survivor that links the present to those inspired bards who, led by the Hutchinson family, sang slavery to its doom. I give Mr. Lumbard's reply in full, for it is a veritable whiff from the spirit of those elder days, when men were truly moved out of themselves for a cause:

"My dear Mr. Cook:

"To your inquiry, I beg to advise that the first time we heard 'Ole Shady' it was sung by an old darky, to a banjo accompaniment, at General McPherson's headquarters, in the rear of Vicksburg, while that place was under siege by the Union forces under General Grant. My brother Frank and myself were visitors there some time before the surrender, which occurred on July 4, 1863. We brought the music of the song with us, — for it was in our ears and hearts from the first rendering by the gray-haired minstrel,— but it was I who had the forc-

thought to copy the words from the dictation of the old darky, and we both took early opportunity to introduce it to Northern audiences.

"I afterwards learned that the song had been previously given to the world through a Boston music-publishing house, but who its composer was I never found out. But the sentiment of the song struck the key-note of public feeling, and it came into almost universal demand.

"One thing deserves, nay needs, to be said regarding it. And that is that it is in no sense a comic production, notwithstanding the fact that its first words are of laughter, and that most singers prefer to give it a flippant and comic interpretation. The fact remains that the song itself is one of deepest pathos, and of sublime aspiration. Its subject is unlettered, but its import is of the noblest and highest. The old man, who was born and reared a slave, is suddenly impressed with the thought that freedom has come at last: that his children are his own and not another's, and that he is at last a man among men, that he is free! And he exclaims with heartfelt earnestness and enthusiasm, 'Hail! mighty day!'

"As you are aware, my brother Frank and myself gave ourselves to the rendering of patriotic music throughout the war, and the enthusiasm everywhere enkindled by this song is proof of its merit, and of its being in sympathy with the sentiment of the time. But it has been belittled, and rendered almost contemptible, by the attempts of false interpreters to turn it into jest and a subject of merriment. The words already quoted, 'Hail! mighty day!' are as lofty and trenchant as those of that other heaven-pointing refrain, 'Give me liberty, or give me death.'

"Ever sincerely yours,

"J. G. LUMBARD."

THE SONG

Here is the song with which the name of Frank Lumbard is so intimately associated:

"OLE SHADY"

"Oh! yah, yah! darkies, laugh wid me!
For de white folks say Ole Shady am free.
So don't you see dat de Jubilee
Am a-comin', comin'? — Hail! mighty day!

CHORUS:

"Den away, away, for I can't stay any longer;
Hooray! Hooray! for I's a-gwine home!
Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer;
Hooray! Hooray! for I's a-gwine home!

"Ole Mas' got scared, an' so did his lady,
Dis chile he break for Ole Uncle Aby.
Open de gates! for here 's Ole Shady
A-comin', comin'! — Hail! mighty day!

"Good-bye, Mas' Jeff and good-bye, Mas' Stephens.
Scuse dis niggah for takin' his leabings;
Spect pretty soon you 'll hear Uncle Abram 's
A-comin', comin'! — Hail! mighty day!

"Good-bye, hard work, wid neber any pay;
I 's a-gwine up Norf, wha'r de good folks say
Dat white wheat bread an' a dollar a day
Am a-comin', comin'! — Hail! mighty day!

"Oh! I 's got a wife, and she'm got a baby,
Way up Norf in Lower Canady;
Oh! won't dey laugh when dey see Ole Shady
A-comin', comin'! — Hail! mighty day!

CHORUS:

"Den away, away, for I can't stay any longer;
Hooray! Hooray! for I's a-gwine home!
Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer;
Hooray! Hooray! for I 's a-gwine home!"

Who that heard Frank sing this song in the war days can ever forget the heart-bursting triumph with which he rose to —

"Open de gates for here 's Ole Shady
A-comin', comin'! — Hail! mighty day!"

In the war days the quartette was composed of Frank Lumbard, first tenor; John Rickey, second tenor; Charles Smith, alto; and Jules Lumbard, basso. Later John M.

Hubbard, who is still in a responsible position in the Chicago Post Office, took the basso part.

FRANK LUMBARD'S UNSELFISHNESS

Frank Lumbard, however hard pressed, was never a mercenary, singing merely for hire. When in after years the war-time singer attuned himself to the exigencies of political campaigning — the work in which he is now best remembered by the many — he still held his talent in trust to support his political convictions, and under no circumstances could a money consideration influence him to sing for "the other side." To the last he was true to his political colors, which to his mind were identical with "Old Glory"; and I trust that the flag he so loved, and which through his inspiring celebrations was made doubly precious to so many of his countrymen, became his winding sheet.

It was in 1882 that Frank Lumbard died. It would have been pleasant to recall that his country, to the preservation of which he so efficiently gave the best years of his life, made suitable provision for himself and family when a last lingering illness came upon him; or that some of the many whom by his voice he helped to rich political rewards, had fittingly remembered their obligation. Frank Lumbard was a man who freely spent himself for others, with little regard for his own interests; and so his chief legacy is a memory worthy to be cherished by every lover of our reunited country.

THE UNDERWORLD

PROFESSIONAL GAMBLING IN THE EARLY SIXTIES — AN INFLUX OF BLACKLEGS FROM THE SOUTH — THEY GIVE A "REBEL" COLORING TO DOWN-TOWN LIFE — THE "SPORT" OF EVERY SORT IN THOSE DAYS AN "OUTCAST" — IS HE NOW "ONE OF US"? — THE PERNICIOUS INFLUENCE OF THIS CLASS ON THE YOUNG — LACK OF LEGITIMATE AMUSEMENTS — STRIKING CONTRAST IN THE SOCIAL LIFE BETWEEN THEN AND NOW — THE "WAR WIDOW" — THE BOUNTY-JUMPER.

PROFESSIONAL gambling, by a class frankly branded "blacklegs" — a term of reprobation now far less in common use — was exploited in war-time Chicago largely by Southerners. Indeed, if the Garden City of the early sixties could in any respect be called "fast," it was this contingent that supplied the speed; for the mass of the people, brought together from staid New England or York State, Germany, Ireland, or Scandinavia, found the fullest scope for their gaming propensities in real-estate options, with at most an occasional "flyer" on the Board of Trade, — which "pit of iniquity," like the dramatic stage of the period, was still devoted to the "strictly legitimate."

The gambler of those days was a "sport" even in a Darwinian sense: a marked variation from the normal. Society had not yet followed him into the betting ring, and he differentiated himself from his more humble fellow-citizens both by his toggery and demeanor. His was usually a striking figure, and he "banked" heavily on his shape. When not an out-and-out swashbuckler, your

thoroughbred was apt to go to the opposite extreme, and draw attention to himself by a studied nonchalance. In dress he might follow the latest or the loudest fashion, affect the brass-buttoned claw-hammer of a former generation, or slosh around in the fantastic gear of a "plainsman" — since evolved into the "cowboy-hero" of classic story. But, however arrayed, your gambler was never other than a picturesque *poseur,* invariably "on the mash,"— a pastime at which he was ably seconded by another unique species, yclept "burnt-cork artist," a bunch of whom, when not on exhibition at Metropolitan Hall, usually vied with the blackleg in giving "color" to the panorama of the street.

Few social phenomena are more worthy of attention than the drift in these days from old-time meanings, as well as moorings, with respect to what is broadly termed "sport." Once the gamester was a social pariah. Is it going too far to say he is now "one of us"? When an "outcast," he took every pains to emphasize his shame. To-day, he finds himself an undifferentiated unit of the "madding crowd,"— as likely as not is a recognized leader in high finance; and, unable to distinguish himself morally from so many of his esteemed fellow-citizens, he no longer deems it worth his while to maintain the external distinctions of his whilom caste.

AN INFLUX OF BLACKLEGS FROM THE SOUTH

It was largely owing to the influx from the South that "sport" assumed a quite alien face in the Chicago of the early sixties, and played so conspicuous a part in the city's kaleidoscopic life. The swarthy, long-haired blackleg of the Lower Mississippi — acknowledged as *facile princeps* of the profession, and affecting the manners of his favorite

old-time victim, the high-rolling, slave-owning planter — invaded Chicago at the outbreak of hostilities in such numbers that he constituted an element to be reckoned with. Rebel to the core — though without hankerings for the hardships of army life—he was insolent to the point of defiance; and, in every situation wherein his world played a part, invariably held the middle of the stage. This element, so numerous, and so offensively in evidence by its blatant secession talk, not only worked up a good deal of Southern sympathy among the unthinking younger generation about town, but went far in giving the impression that Chicago was a hotbed of disaffection. Indeed, so far did this Southern gambling influence extend, that of all the resorts for men-about-town, the Tremont House, under the loyal wing of mine host John B. Drake, was about the only place where one invariably heard outspoken Union sentiment. And while there was among all classes (the German element excepted) a goodly number with more or less avowed Southern sympathies, it was the gambler, in close touch with his kind in the South, who above all gave an extraordinarily aggressive tone to the local opposition to the war, and was the moving spirit in the organization of Lodges of Knights of the Golden Circle.

THEY FIND MANY FOLLOWERS AMONG YOUNG MEN

In those days the downtown night life was peculiarly indigenous; whereas the multitudes that to-day fill the skyscrapers, when the day's work is done scatter hither and yon by rapid transit. Most young men without local family ties lived within, or immediately contiguous to, the business section. The upper parts of nearly all commercial buildings — unfit for business because of the absence of elevators — were occupied by "roomers"; while all that

part between Madison and Van Buren Streets, east of Clark, was devoted almost wholly to boarding-houses.

It was this state of things that gave such an air of liveliness to "downtown" at night. It made all of us, that were foot-free, literally "Johnnies-on-the-spot" all the time; and it was this intimate and peculiar community life, unmodified by anything like home influences, that gave the gambler his opportunity to play a dominant role. In the eyes of most unattached masculinity, the "sport" with Lower Mississippi River antecedents was a prodigious personage, whose sayings and doings formed a leading topic at every rendezvous. He was particularly catered to at all but the most exclusive resorts, and it was an off-night when he failed to supply a batch of racy news items.

The average young man of half a century ago, as compared with his kind to-day, was easily impressed by externals; and as in the downtown night life it was invariably the gambler on whom the lime light centred, it is small wonder that our "Johnnie" fell an easy victim to the glamour of the extravaganza in which this pinchbeck cavalier was ever the acclaimed hero. A veritable night-hawk, the blackleg was seldom on view until well along in the afternoon, and then only to do a "stunt" at sidewalk "mashing." The silly caramel girl, in her matinee finery, had as yet no existence, for the matinee itself awaited introduction. No, when in those days you caught the flash of an eye from under some milliner's "dream," you made no mistake in assigning the wearer to the "red-light" district; for the approved street costume of the period was exceedingly quiet, and a "symphony in color," such as may now without comment be displayed by the demurest maiden, was in those days an unmistakable class signal, and vastly in afternoon-promenade evidence.

PAUCITY OF RESORTS AND AMUSEMENTS IN THE EARLY SIXTIES

No picture of downtown street life in the early sixties would be in any manner a true reflex that failed to show in high relief the part played by the Underworld — which for the nonce might well be called the Upperworld: for was it not literally on top? Even had it not so flagrantly challenged the eye — the men aggressively swagger, the women flaringly spectacular — it would still have attracted large attention, because of the absence of other "goings-on" to divide interest with it. A process of elimination from the present-day showing of any American city of say two hundred thousand inhabitants (about Chicago's aggregate at the close of the war) will readily make this plain. There was only one permanent place of amusement, where to-day (apportioned to same population) there are half a score of various sorts, and more or less "continuous." There were no race meetings to bulk the pygmy jockey into a Goliath of popularity; no ring contests to beat the "bruiser" into pulpy notoriety; no professional baseball to apotheosize the doubly-twisted "twirler"; no football contests to crown with bay or laurel the buttressed "centre," rock-rooted "fullback," or foot-winged "rusher"; no rowing matches to distinguish the "stroke" above his fellows; unheard of, and certainly unplayed, were such diversions as polo, golf, tennis, cricket, lacrosse, hockey, hand-ball, basket-ball, and even innocuous croquet; no such objects of adoration as champion pedestrians, long-distance runners, spindle-shanked sprinters, high-jumpers, vaulters, weight-putters, or other fame-devouring athletes; no record- or neck-breaking cyclists; no death-courting or death-dealing chauffeurs; surely no sun-soaring aviators; and not even a billiard champion, until some years later,

when my old friend, genial Tom Foley, won that distinction at the first State tournament. There was not a club in the whole city for a quiet "sit-in"; no horse, dog, poultry, or flower shows; no skating-rinks; indeed, no popular pastimes of any sort; while even the picturesque red-shirt lads, who but a few years before had "run wid de masheen" and finished every fire with a free, all-round fight, had been summarily abolished. So it only remains to mention McVicker's Theatre, home of the tragic muse, for a "steady," with an occasional variation of circus or minstrel troupe. In these circumstances, is it matter for wonder that in the "whirl of the town," the men and women of the Underworld were the unchallenged top-liners? And while the shame thus flaunted no doubt acted as a deterrent on the many, on more than a few the gay plumage permitted only to those who threaded the "primrose path of dalliance," exerted a baleful fascination.

EFFECTS OF THE GREAT OUTPUT OF GREENBACKS

During the first year or two of the war money was extremely scarce. After that, through the steady output of greenbacks, this circulating medium reached demoralizing proportions, and, with the premium on gold, prices rose by leaps and bounds. This brings us to the period when, almost in a night, the centuries-old order changed into the new, in which we now live, move, and have our high-pressure being. Enter the regime of which the shoddy millionaire is the finest flower; and from top to bottom there goes forward a steady demoralization of the community, through all manner of sordid and malign influences. The tremendous industrial activity that had been stimulated to supply our vast armies in far Southern fields was continued immediately after the war by such schemes

as the building of the Union Pacific Railroad: and thus on top of the army-contract scandals came those of the Credit Mobilier — all, however, mere indices of the general state of the body social. But this, for the present, is taking us too far afield.

The early spontaneous enlistments were largely of the foot-free, bolder spirits, the country's natural fighting blood. Later, as call followed call, more married men came to the fore, as the large bounties (to which were often added generous provision by communities) promised to secure those dependent on them against want. How this drain upon the conserving forces of society tended to weaken the defences that make for continence need scarcely be emphasized. And even while husbands made their exits, there entered upon the scene numbers on sick-leave or other form of furlough; and later, thousands whose enlistment had expired — devil-may-care fellows, with bulging pockets, determined to "paint the town"; and, while many will eventually reënlist, such a thing is, of course, quite unthinkable so long as there remains a desire ungratified or a greenback to squander. Not only were the authorities exceptionally indulgent toward folk of this sort, but, with a hope of hastening their return to the firing line, they rather encouraged them to fling their money about; and the manner in which they paraded their bedizened jades in open barouches, and frequently in processions, was rivalled only, as a street attraction, by the "grand entrance" of a circus.

THE "WAR WIDOW"

About this time there came into common use the term "war widow," to denote a species of frailty quite unknown before. When the modern Ulysses went forth to battle, his Penelope, it is to be feared, did not always rise to the

possibilities of her self-denying opportunities, — neither wove by day nor undid by night, unneeded webs against the importunities of unwelcome suitors; nor yet devoted herself wholly to keeping the hearth swept in readiness for her hero's return. No, in only too many instances (especially in the absence of the restraining influence of children) the spouse, if still young and moderately fair to look upon, made undue haste to invest her "substitute" hoard in finery for the street, approaching ever nearer in her unrestraint to the devotees of pleasure. From this it resulted that outlying abodes were exchanged for "light housekeeping" accommodations on the upper floors of business blocks, hitherto consecrate to guileless masculinity. And so it came about that an evil theretofore strictly confined to "establishments" apart, intruded free-lance fashion wherever it might find domiciliary tolerance. Prior to the irruption of the "war widow," spiders of her variety had spread their gaudy nets only in the light of day — as part of "Vanity Fair," and with an ulterior eye only to possible entanglements of over-curious "flies." But now, in the full adornment of war paint, the "bereaved" went obtrusively forth to seek her prey under the gaslight; and, in an incredibly short time this evil grew to such proportions that the police were compelled to take cognizance of it. Thereafter frequent perfunctory "clean-ups" followed, and the "widow," with or without a war record, became an established police-court *habitué*.

THE BOUNTY-JUMPER

To the degree — though with differing motive — that the family man was moved by exceptional monetary inducements (in some cases rising above $1,500) to shoulder a musket, the chronic loafer and general vagabond also

succumbed to the temptation to enlist, but seldom with any thought of making a target of himself. As in days before the war there was an "Underground Railroad" to help runaway slaves across the border, so in these draft-and-substitute times, was there something of a like nature to aid the bounty-jumper — for a consideration. The looseness with which things were managed for Uncle Sam was most amazing; and there is little doubt that in many instances recruiting officers "stood in" with the gang, for only the most perfunctory precautions were taken to hold "substitutes" to their obligations. In Chicago the scheme was largely engineered by a coterie of Southern gamblers, who, besides getting a large "rake-off," no doubt felt they were loyally serving their cause. Hence, while the leaders remained flagrantly in evidence, any one familiar with the ins and outs of their *entourage* could not fail at this time to note a remarkable absence of pickpockets, sneak-thieves, and gambling-house hangers-on generally; and it was an open secret that they had found it profitable to take a vacation in Canada. However, long before the close of the war — indeed, as soon as the draft excitement was over — they were again in evidence at their old haunts, and not a mother's son of them was ever brought to book. At this distance the war time is apt to be regarded as one of heroisms only. Yet it was the seamy and sordid side — the face distorted by lust and passion — that most insistently forced itself on the observer's attention.

ADMISSION OF GAMBLERS INTO PRESENT-DAY SOCIETY

Yes, "sport" was distinctly professional in the Chicago of the early sixties. There was socially as yet no "fast set," or even a "smart set," to give the term a more generic meaning. There were "sporting men" surely enough, and

"sporting women" to spare, but all were of a piece, and frankly immoral. The present-day differentiation into various sporting strata, that make bewilderingly close touch, and fairly run into and over each other, until none can tell where the social status of some people begins or that of others ends — whether to class them among the elect or the "reject," as pillars of church and society or professional gamblers — had as yet no existence, and so presented no problem.

The gambler in those days was as to many things a somewhat fastidious *dilettante,* and especially so in his relation to "practical" politics; now he is most likely a ward or city boss, owns a racing stable, and occasionally seeks diversion by cornering the market. To-day, also, your big gambler is apt to be an evolution from the spawn of the purlieus, whereas in those days he was frequently an effect of social devolution — was the degenerate scion of some noble sire, — and prided himself on his blood. Many a one, had he chosen another way, might have risen to honorable distinction in the world at large; in his particular sphere he was a leader anyhow, with all that a distinction in such circumstances implies in the way of followers, rivalries, and sanguinary encounters. More than one among these "king pins" approximated to the Jack Hamlin and John Oakhurst type, and were idealized (not to say idolized) in quite the Bret Harte fashion by that large contingent whose standards were formed on the examples offered by writers of the Ned Buntline variety.

THE UNDERWORLD (*Continued*)

TWO NOTORIOUS GAMESTERS — WOMEN WHO KEPT "ESTABLISHMENTS" — MURDER OF A GAMBLER BY HIS PARAMOUR — THE WEDDING OF "CAP" HYMAN — OPENING OF SUNNYSIDE AS A HIGHLY MORAL ROAD-HOUSE — THE CLASS OF "LADIES" WHO WERE PRESENT — PUNCTILIOUS DECORUM BEFORE SUPPER — LATER A CHAMPAGNE REVEL.

FROM among the many who rose to a bad eminence, two stood out conspicuously on several accounts, but chiefly because they kept things on the jump by a practice known in modern vernacular as "shooting up the town." One — and he offender in chief — was "Cap." Hyman, and the other George Trussell. Both kept their pocket artillery ever in a hair-trigger state of readiness; but, undoubtedly owing to poor marksmanship (under the somewhat common illusion characterized as "seeing double"), neither ever killed anybody, if the mortuary returns may be trusted. Trussell, when sober, was a man of few words — indeed, a very sphinx of taciturnity. Hyman, on the other hand, was an excitable, emotional jack-in-the-box. It was only when in liquor that Trussell burst his shell, and got ugly and dangerous. He was tall, straight as an arrow, and might have stood as model for one of Remington's Indian-fighting cavalry officers. As a gamester he was top-sawyer among the "highest rollers," with a record of many broken "banks" to his credit. His pet aversion was Hyman; and, when it happened that both were sampling Randolph Street under full sail at the same time, everybody about was on the *qui vive* for something to

happen. It came more than once to an exchange of shots, but, unfortunately, only projecting signs were damaged.

Hyman was an insufferable egotist, and his irascible temper was forever getting the whole street into trouble. Again and again, after some ineffectual target practice on his part, the press would read the riot act to the authorities, — a proceeding which now and again resulted in a general "shake-up," but seldom until the valiant "Cap." had found it convenient to absent himself for a month or two on important business.

WOMEN WHO KEPT "ESTABLISHMENTS"

It was the vogue of the period for the gambling chiefs to have for consorts the most notorious keepers of "establishments." There seemed under the circumstances a peculiar fitness in this arrangement,— a veritable triumph for the law of natural selection, — and because of this connection, and the large publicity given to occasional "pulls" (always made as spectacular as possible on the part of the police), these "Madams" were the tavern talk from the lakes to the Rockies. While people of this sort were in part conspicuous because of the flatness of life in general, it yet remains to be said that some of these Aspasias were rather uncommon characters, in a way quite resembling their Athenian sisters, — if only in the frequency with which they entertained statesmen of high degree. And though their doings might fall short of "pointing a moral," their sayings seldom failed to "adorn a tale," or enrich the vocabulary of the street, while more than one was credited — quite after the fashion of present-day multi-millionaires — with attempts to mollify good St. Peter with philanthropic bestowals of their "tainted" lucre. If any in similar wise now fills the eyes of the vulgar, it is that

modern *tragédienne* in real life, the "Florodora girl," — though sensationalism is now so general that no class or form of exploitation may claim a monopoly.

Indeed, in quite the fashion that the gambler now permeates various strata of society, so his frail counterpart assumes many roles formerly not open to her. In those days there were no gradations of descent — no experimental stages, as one might say, for possible ascents to giddy heights in millionaire mistressdom; no snug secretaryships, or alluring opportunities afforded by the enchantments of the chorus. No, a single false step precipitated the victim straight into the depths; and this explains why the "lady boarders" of Madam's sumptuous establishment often played so conspicuous a part in the rather commonplace drama of the period. It also makes plain,— because of the eliminations by selection for "light housekeeping" that nowadays go forward in the process of descent,— why the present-day Magdalen, per police-court exhibit, is seldom other than a repulsive residuum.

Society, as a censor of morals, occupied itself with no fine-spun distinctions half a century ago. It knew only good and bad. Hence that very considerable male contingent, — now more or less within its pale, which is distinguished as the "fast set,"— though outwardly held in strong leash to social *convenances,* would yet covertly associate where it could enjoy a fling for its money; and, accordingly, the upper crust of the demi-world occupied an influential position toward this not inconsiderable social increment that had to be reckoned with. All that is now known as "gentleman's sport," nay, proclaimed as the "sport of kings," was then socially tabooed, along with all forms of gambling, and so received open support only from professional gamblers. Hence, much that now finds op-

portunity for exploitation under the wing of eminent respectability, was then unqualifiedly condemned, and found a congenial atmosphere only in the gilded salon.

MURDER OF A GAMBLER BY HIS PARAMOUR

After the war, when the sporting bars began to come down, it was none other than George Trussell, thoroughbred gambler and managing owner of Dexter, the "record" trotting horse of its day, who led the racing cohorts of Chicago. And additional light is shed on the status of the race track as a means to amusement at that time, when it is added that in less than a month after the tragic end of Trussell at the hands of his "Mollie," McKeever, the gallant owner of the horse General Butler, was done to death in a foul attempt to prevent him from winning from the horse Cooley, a tragedy that closed the gates of the but recently opened Chicago Driving Park. When, however, the following year, a new course was opened, it was significantly named for the horse once owned by George Trussell — Dexter Park.

The date is September 3, 1866. The horse Dexter, record-holder for trotting speed, and but recently acquired by George Trussell, had made its first appearance under the new ownership, and there was great rejoicing among the *habitués* of Randolph Street, with whom Trussell was a prime favorite. Mistress Mollie, in a barouche, surrounded by a bevy of ladies-in-waiting under a rainbow-hued canopy of sunshades, had been the particular centre of attraction within the oval. At the close of the races George had solemnly promised "to be home early," and preside at a little dinner to be given a select company of swell patrons. But, probably because so many wanted to congratulate him on his new acquisition, he failed to put

in an appearance, and horrible visions of faithlessness crossed Mistress Mollie's champagne-befuddled brain. Then it came over her that it was about time an example was made in behalf of her too confiding sex, of a stay-out-late; and she took pains to equip herself, so that the new household ordinance, then and there to go into effect, might be properly enforced.

The *Times* newspaper was then published on Randolph Street, in the very centre of the "hair-trigger block," between Dearborn and State Streets. The report of firearms was a happening so common, especially at night, as to create no special flurry among us; and hence, when close on midnight, a shot was heard, the city editor remarked to me quite casually (for I was before all "shooting" reporter), "Guess Cap. Hyman is out for practice; better look into it." When, however, a moment later the sharp report was followed by a succession of piercing screams, obviously feminine, the entire reportorial outfit came to its feet to make a plunge through a devious passage to the Randolph Street entrance, from whence men could be seen rushing from all sides toward Price's livery stable, directly opposite, a bit east of the present Colonial Theatre. Some one shouted to us, "Mollie has shot George!" and, so intimately had the principals of the tragedy been associated with the day's events, that the affix "Trussell" followed in our minds without saying.

Meanwhile the shrieks continued, and, as we made our way through the crowd (for every gambling den quickly had emptied itself), we beheld a woman in white prostrate over a man's form lying within the wide entrance to the stable. And, until by main force she was torn from the

body of her dead lover, she exclaimed wildly, between shrieks, "George, have I killed you? Have I killed you?"

Because of Trussell's connection with the horse Dexter, the tragedy formed a leading topic for many weeks from Maine to California. And now, when one comes to think of it, we were not so very old-fashioned after all as some might believe us; for "temporary emotional insanity" was already a firmly established habit, and a sensational trial closed with the best up-to-date *dénouement.*

THE WEDDING OF "CAP." HYMAN

Whether Mollie was really married to the man whose name she bore and whose life she took, remains a moot question. But certain it is that "Cap." Hyman — Trussell being out of the way, and he now undisputed cock of the walk — shortly after the tragedy took to wife Mollie's most ambitious rival. The wedding of this delectable pair was by far the "swellest" affair witnessed in the Garden City up to that time, — weddings in general not yet ranking among the shows of the town, — and, along with a variety of local male and female celebrities, was attended by a galaxy of "sports" of both sexes from St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and other Southern and Western cities. Conjointly with the wedding (which signalized the Madam's going out of one business and into another) was the opening by the pair of "Sunnyside," in Lake View, as a high-toned road-house. And only that the staid dobbins of the period had a way of shying when they were expected to turn in for baiting, the enterprise might have proved as great a financial, as it was an unquestionable "moral" success.

OPENING OF SUNNYSIDE AS A HIGHLY MORAL ROAD-HOUSE

For weeks prior to the Sunnyside opening, little else was talked about in all but the most detached circles; while the "boys" on the Board of Trade would have it that it was simply useless trying to do business until this affair was well off their hands. The guest of honor was Jack Nelson, deputy Superintendent of Police, and by no means in his official capacity as a keeper of the peace; for Sunnyside — now in the heart of the north division — at that time lay as distinctly outside of his bailiwick as Kamchatka. Other officials also graced the occasion, and not a few well-known men of business with a tincture of "sport" in their blood; but without exception they forgot to bring their wives. There was, however, no scarcity of "ladies" — the bright particular "Pearls" and "Rubies" of the demi-world; and while *décolleté* was still under social taboo, the display of charms trespassed perilously on present-day opera-box prerogatives.

There had been a heavy fall of snow, the air was sharp, and never before had Chicago witnessed such an output of sleighs, all speeding northward in the moonlight to the merry jingle of bells. The town in those days was well supplied with all manner of outfits on runners, as sleighing parties were still a prime form of diversion. Besides cutters of various styles and degrees, there were a number of contraptions capable of holding a dozen or more; and as those were days when the finest buffalo robe was about as cheap as a common horse blanket, it was a luxury — now possible only to multi-millionaires — to let the cold winds blow while one snuggled cosily in the hospitable amplitude of such.

Yes, it was both a night and a ride to remember! Most members of the gambling guild had some particular fem-

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

SUNNYSIDE, THE "HIGH TONED" ROAD-HOUSE OF LAKE VIEW

(Located at North Clark Street and Montrose Boulevard)

inine "friend" (and, if of rank, perchance Madam's entire *entourage*) to look after. Accordingly, this kind drove straight from various "establishments" to their goal. But the undetached element, which formed about the Board of Trade contingent, gathered in force at the Matteson House, northwest corner of Randolph and Dearborn Streets. Shortly after eight o'clock, amid a fanfare of horns, and the chaff and "jolly" of a great crowd gathered to see the sight, a start was made — a huge four-horse, gondola-shaped affair, filled from prow to stern with roistering blades, taking the lead. As each mettlesome prancer was backed by a set of musical bells (a kind now seldom heard), the charming tintinnabulation excited the liveliest interest all along the route. This, after crossing Clark Street bridge, lay along La Salle Street to North Avenue, thence along North Clark Street through Lake View (still a separate burg), and so onward to brilliantly lighted Sunnyside, then quite new, and, somehow, seeming to my younger eyes fully twice as big as when last I saw it, after more than forty years, in its sad decrepitude.

Hyman, when at his best, made a capital host. He was a college man, had enjoyed excellent social advantages, and did the honors of the occasion with the air of a Ward McAllister. Corralling a batch of moral censors, he addressed us thus: "I would like you gentlemen of the press to understand that this affair will be straight to the wink of an eye-lash. All the ladies are here on their honor, and Mrs. Hyman will see to it that nothing unseemly takes place. We want the best people in town to patronize Sunnyside, and will make them welcome." Mrs. H. certainly did her best to make everybody feel "at home." She was a good-natured body, a bit overplump for a Hebe, and as to face a very counterpart of Adelina Patti in middle life.

The company after its kind and manner was certainly "select." This applies especially to the contingents from various Southern cities, the men whereof were usually credited with military handles. In those days, at any rate, Southerners were frankly sporty.

THE CLASS OF "LADIES" WHO WERE PRESENT

While the male guests bidden to the Sunnyside opening gave one an impression of dominance, it was plain that those of the opposite sex had been culled largely with an eye to abundant physical charms, now and then somewhat marred by overmuch "make-up." More than a few had evidently in fairer days enjoyed some social advantages, and these carried off their "honor" role with a manner quite natural, if occasionally punctuated by little touches of *diablerie*. But where the charms were solely physical, the efforts to do the "lady business" resulted not infrequently in breaks that bordered on the appalling; and one could imagine them saying to themselves, "You just wait till this honor business is over, and" — more to the same effect.

PUNCTILIOUS DECORUM BEFORE SUPPER

The festivities began with dancing. Usually when "Bohemia" goes in for this sort of thing the joy is truly "unconfined"; and (in mixed sporting metaphor), the field being "free for all," partners are deftly "caught on the fly." But things were altogether different here. You were ceremoniously introduced, engagement cards were consulted, and all the rest of the little formalities that distinguish like functions in the *haut monde* were strictly observed. Yes, the make-believe was quite tremendous.

About midnight there was an intermission for supper. The many were served informally; but a score or so (chiefly

members of the press, and some "military" guests from out of town), were invited to an elaborate banquet, with Jack Nelson in the seat of honor. To each male guest there was assigned a fair one to "take in," — clearly a notable reversal of the usual order where this sort are concerned, — and anything more punctilious than this affair it would be hard to imagine. Indeed, until well along, when the champagne began to exert its dissolving effects, the decorum that clouded the feast was fairly depressing, as most of the women, fearful in their bewilderment of caution lest they put their unsure feet into forbidden depths, seldom got beyond the confidence-inspiring weather stage; for, in the circumstances, none dared lift their conversational skirts even the littlest bit to help them in their gropings for isles of safety.

I felt instinctively that the charmer assigned to me was somewhat out of the common. The something in her eye, and the superior manner in which she tossed her auburn-crowned head, carried conviction that here was a spirit that needed only a bit of well-directed encouragement to reveal the workings of an impenitent soul. Therefore (and this purely in the line of sociological observation, of course), one did what one might to snip here and there a constraining fetter; and, quick to seize the psychological moment, she boldly inquired who my favorite poet might be. I would not now like to say whom, in this undefended emergency, and considering my years, I distinguished above others; but I distinctly recall with what coy fearlessness she confided to me that her own favorite was Byron — a name you never mentioned in those days unless in some mood of romantic desperation you wanted to impress people with your irreclaimable depravity.

Not only was I deeply moved by her confidence, but

frankly kindled to an intellectual honesty that could rise so courageously above the fettering implications of her unaccustomed situation; for one less brave, less true to her ideals, in subserviency to a prescribed line of conduct that was to be "straight to the wink of an eye-lash," might have cravenly douched the lambent flame of her soul, and handed me out either N. P. Willis or George P. Morris, for it was this pair, along with the immortal Tupper and Mrs. Hemans, who above others, at this period, harried the "absolutely pure" yet passion-laden hearts of the Middle West.

REVELRY AFTER SUPPER

Supper over, the fair ones returned to the dance, and next day some of the Board of Trade "boys" gave it out that after the departure of the reportorial censor outfit, the hoodoo spell that had hung like a pall over the festivities was quickly exorcised, — and I can imagine my impenitent siren well to the fore. Even before our withdrawal the affair had degenerated into a huge drinking bout. Wine had not only been served without stint by the host during supper, but after that the guests took a hand, and champagne was ordered by the case. Among others who completely lost their heads was Billy Bolshaw, of the Matteson House Café. When I came on him a few days later, he showed me a wine bill above five hundred dollars, and ruefully asked what I thought of it.

Your born reporter is a moralist by nature, and all are so by profession. Furthermore, if he be not also an embryo psychologist, — the reader will recall my convincing experiment with her of the oriflame,— he has sadly mistaken his calling. For him humanity divides into types based upon elemental passions. Beneath the conventional he looks for the real. It is needless to say that this "Sunny-

side opening" furnished many an object lesson. In your typical Magdalen, multiple personalities make lightning changes — one moment a compassionate Sister of Mercy, the next, a rapacious harpy. For love she will give herself and all; in hate, seven devils possess her. Instinctively aware that the ties that bind her lover are of the woof of her own frailties, her poor maudlin, sentimental heart is ever a prey to hordes of green-eyed monsters.

Broadly speaking, was there ever a social function, with its inevitable oversights and subtle discriminations, that did not cause heartburnings in some maidenly breast, however gentle, self-effacing, or innocent of "claims"? What then could be expected where undisciplined hearts were lashed as rudderless barks on a storm-swept sea, and "claims" on masculinity were thicker than pebbles on a beach? And were not all put in jeopardy to rival lures as never before, because forsooth there were muscle-hampering *convenances* to be observed? So, while hostages to "honor" might prevail against intolerable itchings at the fingers' ends for the time, they could not restrain nature's impulses forever; and so it is sad to chronicle, that for many days after this event, police justices were worked over-time issuing warrants of arrest for "assault and battery"; while on successive mornings the old Armory Court exhibited such varied facial disfigurements that the psychologic interest (not to mention the moral censor function) was completely lost in the shock to artistic sensibilities, when one recalled how these animated canvasses, now so streaked and splotched, but a few nights before had dazzled the beholder with their deftly composed color schemes.

THE UNDERWORLD (*Concluded*)

A Deluge of Keno — The Police Profit Largely by the Gambling — Hundreds of the Players Arrested — "Colonel" Haverly, Gambler and "Man of Business" Combined — The Opening of the West Side Driving Park — Many Act on Haverly's Business Principle and "Get Left" — Cleaning out the "North Side Sands" — Roger Plant's "Under the Willow" — "Why Not?"

FEW who were of the Chicago of the middle sixties and in any manner "men-about-town," can have forgotten the introduction of a game that has been described as consisting of one fellow calling out numbers, another after a while shouting "Keno," and a whole lot of other fellows vociferating, "Oh, h—ll!" For months little else was talked about. Was it gambling? Ah, that was the question! The "sports" said no, as "keno" was only another name for a certain innocent German pastime called "lotto." The police, meanwhile, could n't come to any conclusion — indeed, how could they, with their "rake-off" in mind? — and so matters were allowed to drift until the craze passed all bounds. For faro and like orthodox gambling devices Chicago had never been "open" in the sense that Western cattle or mining towns are, where you enter the tiger's den directly from the street, and the best ground-floors are reserved for the animal's sinuous disporting. No, faro had to be played at least one flight up, and with some pretence to closed doors. But keno! ah, that was different! First floors on Randolph Street, between Clark and State — then *par excellence* the gambling

"midway"— were soon renting at exorbitant figures; and, spacious as they might be, there was seldom sufficient room to accommodate would-be patrons. On Saturday nights in particular the crowds that gathered not only blocked the sidewalks, but filled up a good part of the street; while above all the din and uproar of this congregated loaferdom, the casual wayfarer could plainly hear the urn manipulator's call, "Sixty-four!" "Seventy-two!" "Eleven!" "Forty-three!" or whatever might be the numbers drawn; and, over all, in due course, the triumphant "Keno!"

THE POLICE PROFIT LARGELY BY THE GAMBLING

An order from headquarters to "shut up" would at any time have sufficed to put all these establishments instantly out of business. But such a matter-of-fact proceeding would have brought no grist to the Armory Station police mill. Accordingly (when the scandal had finally made some action imperative), realizing that even an appearance of "shutting up shop" would seriously cut down their "divvy," the powers determined to recoup by a big "pull" — with bail-bond pickings at a dollar a head for the justices, and five dollars or more per victim to the professional bailors — and all this, properly proportioned between captain and sergeants, promised to make life reasonably worth living to those in charge of the Armory precinct, which at this time included the entire south division.

HUNDREDS OF THE PLAYERS ARRESTED

The police selected a Saturday night, of course, and the hour when there would be most to "pull off." While practically the entire force was brought to the scene, there were yet only policemen enough to guard the various out-

lets simultaneously, with a reserve squad for escort duty, which in the circumstances barely sufficed to cope with the contents of a single establishment at a time. Hence nearly a dozen trips were made, and while the raid began before ten o'clock, it was long after midnight before the last "den" was emptied.

To facilitate the bailing process, both the police justices of that day, ex-Mayor Isaac N. Milliken and ex-school-teacher A. D. Sturtevant, were on hand; and the gravity with which they piled their desks with greenbacks was exceeded only by the unction with which the bailors pocketed their fat pickings.

A raid so wholesale had never before been attempted, and most likely has not been seen since. The old Armory was a goodly sized building, three stories high. Soon it was packed from bottom to top with victims, and still they came. There was a big barn in the rear, and when that was filled, a lot were corralled in the open street, and separated from the thousands of outsiders drawn to the scene by a barrier of blue-coats. Sunday morning came, and still the bailing grind went on. Then an odd thing happened. The justices ran out of printed blanks, and it became necessary to write out the entire rigmarole on sheets of foolscap; and to this service every policeman capable of wielding a pen, and who might be spared from guard duty, was impressed.

It was by no means an ordinary "catch" that was brought to land. As everything had been conducted for weeks with wide-open doors, many a staid burgher was caught, who had dropped in merely to see the fun. But in "the eyes of the law" that made no difference; and while the patient wife waited by the fireside for the coming of her liege, "Smith" or "Jones" of record was eating his

heart out, while waiting through weary hours for the particular Jones or Smith whom he stood for, to be called to receive his charter of liberty.

While hundreds of the well-to-do were thus enabled to spend the Sabbath (or what was left of it) in the agitated bosoms of their families, other hundreds, whom the game had perchance served scurvily, were compelled to take "pot luck" of unsweetened mush and black coffee with the turnkey until Monday morning, when they were either released through the good offices of friends, or joined the procession to the Bridewell, then a dilapidated rookery in the region of Franklin and Harrison Streets.

"COLONEL" HAVERLY, GAMBLER AND "MAN OF BUSINESS" COMBINED

When an old regime is passing, and a new order is struggling to take its place, there is usually some one prepared to take the leadership. The period from the close of the war to the fire was one of travail. In a very real sense a new world was being born. The old shell, however, was not always ready to be shaken off, and this resulted in a state of things in which, despite strong counter influences, the authority of the past was still able to hold the community to an outward observance of established *conveniances*. But when the old Chicago had gone up in smoke, the "new spirit," in so far as it could be expressed by the term "sport," suddenly awoke to its opportunities, and valiantly determined that the rebirth should be fittingly informed. If this incarnation was looking for a leader, it found one ready-made in "Colonel" J. H. Haverly, of Mastodon Minstrel fame.

"Jack" Haverly was the thoroughbred gambler changed with the transition then in progress into the or-

ganizer or "promoter." His kind is common enough now anywhere, and Chicago has since nurtured the species in some of its most exuberant and picturesque forms; but a third of a century ago, Haverly was still a kind apart, and he literally "blazed the way" for the host that has since followed his somewhat tortuous and elusive trail. The problem facing the "new spirit" was in effect this: how to merge the gambler in the acceptable "business man," or *vice versa,* without loss of caste in either direction. It was given to "Jack" to show how it could be done. Was he not *par excellence* a "business man"?— nay, a whole syndicate of them? His minstrel aggregation had already become a mere side speculation. He was now lessee of the old Post Office, — gutted by the fire, and transformed into a great auditorium — where, in conjunction with the irrepressible Colonel Mapleson, he shone with dazzling effulgence as a grand opera impresario — while the gold mines that he did not own in Colorado and Utah about this time were scarcely worth mentioning.

THE OPENING OF THE WEST SIDE DRIVING PARK

In the ante-fire days, as has been shown, Chicago was a bit slow in the racing line, and especially in betting on events of that sort. There had been at Dexter Park an occasional trotting day or two, varied now and then by a day devoted to running races; but it was not until the opening of the West Side Driving Park, in the middle seventies, that a full-fledged running meeting was established, with "Lucky" Baldwin's famous mare Molly McCarthy as the bright particular star.

In addition to "Lucky's" California stable, there were several of note from bluegrass Kentucky to give *éclat* to the "opening." And along with the latter there came a

varied assortment of "Colonels," "Majors," "Judges," and other folk of that ilk; but as these, in spite of their reassuring titles, were suspected of belonging to the gambling class, their example as an influence toward a larger freedom for the oppressed was negligible. In those pre-trust days one heard a good deal about introducing "business methods" into religion (where now the concern is how to get a bit of religion into business), and so highly honored was the term when untainted by the virus that characterizes its degenerate offspring "commercialism," that if, by any device, it could be associated in the public mind with betting on races as a mode of "investment," the taboo that had theretofore overshadowed that kind of sport would be quickly removed. It was precisely here that Haverly came in.

MANY ACT ON HAVERLY'S "BUSINESS" PRINCIPLE TO THEIR COST

"Jack," as has been intimated, was at this period saturated with "business." At the same time, — as bearing on the obverse side of the problem to be solved, — as a practical moralist he honestly believed that betting on horses was in no wise more sinful than gambling in wheat or speculating in grand opera enterprises, with its prima donna hazards: and in this he was probably not far out of the way. Accordingly, he undertook to demonstrate that this sort of thing could be reduced to a steady dividend-paying basis; and for a time the "principle" on which he operated seemed to warrant his contention. However, "Haverly luck" took him only far enough to carry a large confiding public with him into the "hole" always gaping for their kind — and left them there. The "straight" gambler in "Jack" — when uncorrupted by his "business"

alternate — easily knew better than to risk his money on the uncertainties of horse flesh. Men of that kind have no illusions about the game; and whenever their sort go out of their way to "play the races," it is a foregone conclusion that they have some kind of "inside information." But the "business" Haverly had his limitations.

For a time "Jack" literally stormed the betting-ring. He headed every auction pool (book-making at this time was unknown in Chicago), usually with a cool thousand. This sort of race pool-buying in the open — precisely as one might buy real or imaginary wheat or pork in their respective "rings" or "pits" on the Board of Trade — was an altogether new wrinkle in the "legitimate" gambling game, and so absorbed public attention that the papers severally felt obliged to send an extra reporter to the races to make a record of Haverly's "investments." Of course, when the papers came to print daily tabulated reports of "Jack's" doings — just as they reported the sale of carloads of wheat or beeves, or cargoes of lumber — no Chicagoan brought up on a diet of quotations could be supposed to know the difference between the tweedledum of the one and the tweedledee of the other, and frankly accepted the game at its quotation value. Thereafter, hazards on races became a fashionable amusement, and everybody followed society into the betting-ring. What mattered the corruption of youths? But at last there came an awakening of the public conscience, — and now even in New York, which had set the pace, open betting on races is no longer a legalized road to ruin.

CLEANING OUT THE "NORTH SIDE SANDS"

Some reference should be made, as a part of old-time underworld history, to "Long John's" exploit in clean-

"LONG JOHN" WENTWORTH
(Chicago's Giant Mayor)

ing out the "North Side Sands." This happened in the later fifties, and I can speak from personal knowledge only of its effects. As to the "cleaning out" there can be no doubt; and equally certain is it that it was a drama that had better been left unacted. In some aspect the social evil is bound to exist; and sociologists are pretty well agreed that it is best to segregate it under strict police surveillance. That "the Sands" fulfilled the first of these conditions, admits of no question; and they were a flaring scandal and a menace to public order only because of inadequate police control. Probably no event in Chicago's history up to the time of the fire was as much talked about all over the West, and so variously commented upon.

The scene of the episode was an isolated sand barren, on the bleak North Shore, with Michigan Street for its centre. It was the fashion in the rough-and-ready volunteer fire department days for the "authorities" to give the men that "ran wid de masheen" and worked the brakes, on one pretext or another, a "time," — by making them instruments of "moral regeneration." I remember, when a lad in Cincinnati, witnessing one of these "law and order" diversions. A three-story tenement, which had acquired an evil name, was attacked amid a tremendous ado, and made entirely untenable, though there was no slightest sign of fire. I happened to be near the scene when the hubbub began and saw many women fleeing the premises as for their lives, amidst the shouts and jeers of their assailants. From this minor episode I can imagine what the major "cleaning out" must have been, regarded purely as "sport." Here was an assemblage of rookeries, none above two stories in height, and very easily demolished. The brute in the average man was far greater in those days than now. There were no doubt many es-

timable citizens connected with some of the fire companies, for they were of many degrees, including one or two regarded as quite "tony." But others were mere "fighting" organizations, with small reference to fires; and sometimes one would get so demoralized as to call for disbandment. Thus it was men in many instances in no wise above the level of their victims, who in a riotous enthusiasm drove these bedraggled outcasts from their shelter, and forced them to seek refuge where none was obtainable. Yet this exhibition of barbarism in the name of high morality set "Long John" apart in the estimation of "good and pious people," as the defender of the home and an apostle of purity; while to the "men about town" it furnished a theme to dramatize.

And what happened afterwards? Why this, that for years it made untenable for decent folk all of the South Side east of Clark and south of Madison Street; and it was left for the fire to make an end of this state of things. South Wells, from Madison to Van Buren Street, was the centre of this aggregation of vileness; and so evil a name did this thoroughfare acquire from its belongings, that later, to fit it for trade, it was, on petition of fronting property owners, fumigated into Fifth Avenue.

The raid took place on April 20, 1857; and while from all accounts a most wanton affair, it was not initiated without some color of law. Writs to eject several of the squatters for non-payment of ground rent had been placed in the hands of Sheriff John L. Wilson, and when "Long John" heard that the rookeries to be cleaned out had been marked, he thoughtfully advised that "all be marked." Then, while the ejectment under the sheriff was proceeding — though not without stout resistance — a fire got itself "accidentally" started, and this gave the

coveted opportunity for the department to "play" into the game — with his mayoral highness as a supporting presence.

"UNDER THE WILLOW"

Roger Plant's "Under the Willow," southeast corner of Wells and Monroe Streets, was the very core of this corruption. Originally "Under the Willow" applied only to the corner building. But with the progress of the war — and the increase *pari passu* of its inevitable accompaniments — one adjoining rookery after another, both to the east and to the south, was added, until the name applied to nearly half a block; and now Police Captain Jack Nelson dubbed it "Roger's Barracks."

Patrols were never at a loss where to look for "strays" from the outlying camps — though this was by no means always the same as finding them, for Roger maintained a very thorough outpost system, and it was only by approaching these delectable precincts in character, as sheep ready for the shearing, that an alarm could be forestalled, and escape from the labyrinth by devious passages and alley-ways cut off. As for the police, they seldom troubled the place during the war years. For one thing, Roger paid his toll with exemplary regularity; and, for another, it was like "pulling in" an elephant to fill the Armory police station with blue-coats, who laughed a magistrate to scorn when he talked about fines and bridewells. Verily, it was on no such flimsy charge as being caught in a "disorderly house" that the city authorities could keep one in Uncle Sam's uniform from his "sworn duty." Roger was a diminutive Yorkshireman; whereas Mrs. Plant, a graduate from the purlieus of Liverpool, easily balanced two of him on the scales, with something left over. Their offspring had come mostly in pairs.

They were everywhere in and about the place; and it was an off-day when Captain Jack Nelson did n't have a new story about Mrs. P., and her *entourage*. These, however, never found their way into print.

In his small way Roger was quite a character. Calling his place "Under the Willow" showed his sentimental side. And then there was Roger the humorist. Every window of the den displayed on a flaring blue shade, in large gilt letters, the legend "Why Not?" It is needless to say that the phrase acquired a large street currency. The place was a refuge for the very nethermost strata of the Underworld — the refuse of the bridewell. Only by seeking the bottom of the malodorous river could its inmates go lower — as they sometimes did.

With time Roger began to take himself very seriously. It was not that he experienced a change of heart; but, having made his "pile," he became a landed proprietor, alleging that a country life was best for the morals of children. He now also became a patron of the turf, and otherwise blossomed into a pattern of respectability. Well, "Why Not?"

A RETROSPECT

THE CHICAGO OF 1862 — HOW IT WAS DRAMATIZED BY PURVEYORS OF GOSSIP — "LONG JOHN'S" DOINGS — A ROLL-CALL OF OLD SETTLERS — FIRST GROUP: VERY OLD-TIMERS — SECOND GROUP: MEN OF THE THIRTIES — THIRD GROUP: MEN OF THE FORTIES — FOURTH GROUP: ARRIVALS ABOUT 1850 — FIFTH GROUP: NAMES FAMILIAR TO-DAY — A FEW MEN NOTED FOR WIT OR ELOQUENCE WHO HAD PASSED AWAY — WHAT MAKES FOR THE GREATNESS OF CHICAGO? — ITS PREËMINENCE IN WOMEN MUSICIANS — THE WHISTLER OF THE FUTURE.

IT does not always follow that the substantial men of a community are also the most widely known and talked about. It is true to a marked degree, however, that solidity and celebrity, in the young West, were frequently covered by the same hat. The "personal" paragraph, so conspicuous in the up-to-date twentieth-century newspaper, had as yet small vogue; but the oral purveyor of personal gossip was in great form. Not then, as now, did the representative of the seller haunt the country store to drum up business, for in those days even the most insignificant cross-roads storekeeper betook himself at least twice a year to some trade centre, mingled familiarly with its leading merchants, noted their salient characteristics, and listened to stories about them. These impalpable additions to his stock in trade, he would on his return unctuously retail (along with the latest consignment of cove oysters, plug tobacco, or smoked herring) to absorbed listeners, picturesquely grouped amidst the impedimenta of his establishment. And whatever might be lacking in the

presentation of the protagonist was readily supplemented by one or another of his listeners. In those days every country merchant was perforce a prime story-teller (a function now largely usurped by the "drummer"), thoroughly versed in the art of dramatizing every smallest detail to realistic effect; and hence, when any backwoods Hoosier or Sucker, Badger, Hawkeye, or Wolverine, disembarked for the first time from canal boat or "prairie schooner" in the future Metropolis of the West, he could say with truth (as indeed he frequently did) on meeting this or that personage notable above the common: "I hearn tell on you often; I reckon I know purty much all about you."

Furthermore, if the newspaper of that day was a bit slow in the matter of "personal mention" (though seldom lacking in this respect when it came to a question of scalping a rival quill-driver), its advertising columns constituted a far truer reflex of the city's business with the outside than any metropolitan paper of this era, for in those days it was the wholesale merchant or jobber, rather than the retailer, who exploited his business not only in the dailies of his own city, but in scores of country weeklies. The "drummer" has changed all that; and while the great department stores more than compensate the big dailies for the lost patronage of jobbers, the veteran country editor looks back regretfully to halcyon days now enjoyed in his stead by the village hotel-keeper.

"LONG JOHN'S" DOINGS

"Long John," although not strictly a merchant — except as he "sold" the unwary through the columns of his very personally conducted *Democrat*, — was for many years far and away the "top-liner" and hero *par excel-*

WILLIAM B. OGDEN

(Chicago's First Mayor, and "Biggest All-round Man in the Northwest"

lence, if not always *sans reproche,* of Western romance and story. "Long John's doings" naturally came in time to include much of which he was wholly innocent; but the story most often retold and redecorated to suit the jaded tastes of *blasé* listeners referred to the way this mayoral giant "cleaned out" and submerged the "North Side Sands," the salient features of which have already been detailed.

A ROLL-CALL OF OLD SETTLERS: FIRST GROUP

Others besides "Long John," that were frequent subjects of free-hand, cross-roads character-drawing, were three notable individuals whose advent antedated 1830; namely, Gurdon S. Hubbard (1818), Archibald Clybourne (1823), and Mark Beaubien (1826). Oddly enough none of these were permanent residents from first to last. Hubbard, up to the thirties, was a frequent absentee. Clybourne had actually to be "annexed" to make him a true-blue, "blown-in-the-glass" Chicagoan; while Beaubien spent the last decade and more of his long life in Kendall County. Clybourne, on his arrival at the "Post," in 1823, from Virginia, took root on the west side of the North Branch, about two miles from the junction of the two branches (a locality that through him came to be known as "New Virginia"); and while the early city limits extended considerably farther than this on the north side, the west shore of the river, so far out, was not included until the city had reached a population approximating 100,000; so that Clybourne did not become a citizen of Chicago until, as before said, he was *nolens volens* annexed.

To this list of first-comers, as antedating the men of the thirties, should be added the names of John H. and Robert A. Kinzie, sons of John Kinzie, Chicago's first

bona fide settler. Neither of these, however, happened to be residents of the city in the early sixties. John H. Kinzie was a candidate for mayor at the city's first election. He died in 1865. His brother Robert in after years made Chicago his permanent home. A few others, much talked about, but gone over to the majority, were General Jean Baptiste Beaubien, Madore B. Beaubien, William Caldwell (The Sauganash), Russell E. Heacock, and above most, David Kennison, who died in 1852 at the extraordinary age of one hundred and sixteen years, and was the last survivor of the historical Boston Tea Party.

SECOND GROUP: MEN OF THE THIRTIES

Other notables of the "Old Guard" who arrived in the thirties, and were for the most part in hale and hearty middle life, were Wm. B. Ogden, the first mayor and the biggest all-round man in the Northwest; as also a remarkable group of other ex-mayors, including Buckner S. Morris, B. W. Raymond, Francis C. Sherman, W. S. Gurnee, A. S. Sherman (the latter died at a very advanced age only a few years ago), Levi D. Boone (a stalwart Know-nothing), "Long John" Wentworth (of course), Isaac L. Milliken (who started as a blacksmith and ended as a police justice), John C. Haines, and Julian S. Rumsey. Other old-timers calling for mention were: Alanson and James M. Adsit, Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, Jerome Beecher, Jacob Beidler, J. K. Botsford, Erastus Bowen, Ariel Bowman, C. P. Bradley, Judge J. B. Bradwell, Alexander Brand, Dr. Daniel Brainard, William H. Brown, A. G. Burley, A. H. Burley, Alvin Calhoun, John Calhoun, Philo Carpenter, T. B. Carter, Judge John D. Caton, George Chacksfield, S. D. Childs, Thomas Church, W. L. Church, Francis Clark, John L. Clark, Charles

LEVI D. BOONE

THOMAS HOYNE

Cleaver, Silas B. Cobb, "Ike" Cook (whilom proprietor of the "Young America" resort, postmaster, and above all famous for his inexpugnable faith in the ability of Truth to rise again, no matter how "squashed to earth"), Ira and James Couch (early mine hosts *par excellence* at the old Tremont), Calvin De Wolf, Hugh T. Dickey, Michael Diversey, George W. Dole, Judge Thomas Drummond, Dr. C. V. Dyer, Dr. J. W. Eldridge, Charles and Daniel Elston, Robert Fergus, Dr. John Foster, J. W. Freer, John Frink (who, with the Walkers, owned all the stage coaches in which one travelled in the forties and fifties in the West), Alanson and Charles Follansbee, Judge Henry Fuller, Jared and John Gage, Abram Gale, Stephen F. Gale, Augustus Garrett (five times a candidate and three times elected mayor), P. W. Gates, Samuel H. Gilbert, Judge Grant Goodrich, T. W. Goodrich, Amos and S. W. Grannis, Dexter Graves, Henry Graves, Charles M., Franklin D., George M., John, Joseph H., and Moses Gray, B. F. Hadduck, E. H. Hadduck, E. M. Haines, Philip A. Hall, Colonel John H. Hamilton, P. D. Hamilton, John L. Hanchett, Charles L., E. R., Isaac D., and Isaac N. Harmon, E. W. Herrick, Judge Van H. Higgins, L. P. Hilliard, Samuel Hoard, C. N. Holden, O. S. Hough, R. M. Hough, Thomas Hoyne, Alonzo Huntington, Fernando Jones, Hon. Norman B. Judd, Mark Kimball, Walter Kimball, Tuthill King, Abraham V. Knickerbocker, Mathew Laflin, William M. Larrabee, Iver Lawson, William Lill, Sylvester Lind, James Long, Alexander Lloyd, H. H. Magie, Hugh Maher, Judge George Manierre, James A. Marshall, the Morrison brothers, Adam Murray, W. F. Myrick, Walter L. Newberry, Mahlon D. Ogden, Peter Page, Elijah Peacock, Joseph Peacock, Ebenezer Peck, P. F. W. Peck, Hibbard

Porter, John and Redmond Prindeville, Asahel Pierce, James H. Rees, Thomas Richmond, Hugh Ross, George F. Rumsey, Colonel J. B. F. Russell, F. G. Saltonstall, William W. Saltonstall, J. Y. Scammon, Peter Schuttler (whose name was on most of the wagons one saw in the early decades), George Scott, Judge Mark Skinner, George Smith (the West's most prominent banker, and who died a few years ago in London, leaving an estate estimated between $50,000,000 and $75,000,000), George W. Snow, William B. Snowhook, Isaac Spear, Marcus C. Stearns, George Steel, Jonathan W. Steele, Gen. Hart L. Stewart, H. O. Stone, Patrick Strachan, General R. K. Swift, E. B. Talcott, Mancel Talcott, Reuben Tayler, A. D., Ezra Daniel, and William H. Taylor, David A. Thatcher, E. I. and D. O. Tinkham, John Turner, John M. Turner, Frederick Tuttle, Nelson Tuttle, John M. Van Osdell, Elijah S. and Julius Wadsworth, George W. Waite, Charles Walker, Curran Walker, Samuel B. Walker, John Watkins, General Joseph D. Webster, C. G. Wicker, Joel H. Wicker, Alonzo J. Willard, E. W. Willard, John L. Wilson, Judge John M. Wilson, Alexander Wolcott, John S. Wright, Peter L. Yoe. Of all the above only Fernando Jones and Redmond Prindeville are now among the living.

THIRD GROUP: MEN OF THE FORTIES

Among somewhat later arrivals (the men of the forties) the Hon. William Bross, ex-Lieutenant-governor and "deacon" extraordinary, easily took first rank, because — well, because he was "Deacon" Bross. Others who achieved prominence were: Addison Ballard, Chauncey B. Blair, E. W. Blatchford, Michael Brand, I. H. Burch, Jonathan Burr, Benjamin Carpenter, William E.

DR. CHARLES VOLNEY DYER

JUDGE MARK SKINNER

Doggett, J. H. Dunham, Zabina Eastman (a stalwart among Abolitionists), Henry Farnum, C. B. and J. V. Farwell, Alexander N. Fullerton, S. C. Griggs, Philip A. Hoyne, Hon. E. C. Larned, Robert Law, Orrington Lunt, ex-Mayor Roswell B. Mason, E. B. McCagg, Cyrus H. McCormick, ex-Mayor John B. Rice, Joseph T. Ryerson, Conrad Seipp, Edwin H. Sheldon, David Stewart, Daniel Thompson, A. G. Throop, Judge Murray F. Tuley, John B. Turner, John R. Walsh.

FOURTH GROUP: ARRIVALS ABOUT 1850

And still another group, chronologically considered, running both forward and backward some years from 1850, included the following: Judge Corydon Beckwith, William Best, T. B. Blackstone, Chauncey, George S., and James H. Bowen, Lorenz Brentano, Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, Nicholas Clapp, R. T. Crane, Dr. N. S. Davis, John B. Drake, George L. Dunlap, David A. and George W. Gage, C. G. Hammond, Colonel John L. Hancock, T. W. Harvey, Charles H. and C. M. Henderson, A. C. Hesing, the Keith brothers, W. D. Kerfoot, S. D. Kimbark, Henry W. King, J. H. McVicker, Joseph Medill, Ira Y. Munn, Walter C. Newberry, Frank Parmelee, Potter Palmer, H. H. Porter, Henry Russell, George Schneider, John B. Sherman, Sol. A. Smith, F. F. Spencer.

FIFTH GROUP: NAMES FAMILIAR TO-DAY

And lastly reference should be made to a group whose names are familiar to nearly every Chicagoan of to-day (though the majority of even these have closed their careers) but who, for the most part, were wholly unknown in 1862, or just rising into recognition within the lines of their specialties, yet in a few years were literally to dom-

inate almost every branch of commercial activity. George M. Pullman was somewhat known in connection with the raising of the Tremont House, and other buildings on Lake Street, but his first "sleeper" was not completed until 1863. Marshall Field and L. Z. Leiter were merely rising junior partners. William F. Coolbaugh and John Crerar were new arrivals; Lyman J. Gage had just been promoted to the cashiership of the Merchants Savings, Loan & Trust Company; and beginners with these were: S. W. Allerton, A. M. Billings, John W. Doane, N. K. Fairbank, John C. Gault, H. N. Higginbotham, Marvin Hughitt, B. P. Hutchinson ("Old Hutch"), General A. C. McClurg, Secretary of the Treasury Franklin MacVeagh, O. W. Potter, Jesse Spaulding, Wilbur F. Storey (he came in 1861), while Chief Justice M. W. Fuller was a rising young lawyer, along with B. F. Ayer, C. C. Bonney, Wirt Dexter, W. C. Goudy, Edwin Haskin, E. S. Isham, John N. Jewett, James S. Kirk, Emory A. Storrs, Lambert Tree, James M. Walker.

WHAT MAKES FOR THE GREATNESS OF CHICAGO?

"What makes for the greatness of Chicago?" has been a standing query ever since there was any Chicago at all to talk about. Many causes have been assigned. A goodly share may well be claimed for the men before mentioned; but an answer coming nearest the truth would probably be to say it was born great. Nevertheless, if special causes are to be at all considered, the one advanced by Dr. William Mason, of musical fame (recently deceased), in his interesting autobiography, should receive grave consideration. Nearly half a century ago, and just returned from a sojourn of several years in Germany, and the companionship of such men as Wagner and Liszt, Dr. Mason

DEACON WILLIAM BROSS

gave a concert in Chicago; and at a reception subsequently held in his honor, found on the feminine side "only sweet New England girls." "Where are your married women?" he inquired. The reply was, "They are here. They were girls in New England, but our fellows went after them, and they are all married now."

And to this naive and charming genesis he attributes most of the greatness that has since fallen to Chicago's lot. Verily an unanswerable dictum, for who would be so ungallant as to call it in question? Besides, has not the greatness of ancient Rome been attributed to a blend suggestively similar? — though happily for Chicago, differing in method of courtship. And so, what the Sabine maidens were to the old-time mistress of the world, "sweet New England girls" are to its twentieth-century successor. And it is thus that history repeats itself.

Nevertheless, the causes that apparently make for population or contribute to greatness in one instance seldom produce similar effects in others. Rome, as a site, remains where it was two thousand years ago. Its seven hills stand unmoved. Neither has Venice shifted much (though now decidedly wobbly) since it dominated the maritime world. Yet to-day these are little more than show places. And the conditions that make for intellectual centres are even more recondite and elusive. What, for example, made Boston fifty years ago one of the lights of the world, and why is that light to-day so effectually hidden? And what, by the same token, got into the soil that overlays Chicago's original quagmire, that it should so conduce to the "raising" of great preachers, that New York might become a religious barren should either the seed or the soil's fructifying powers give out? And again, what is there peculiar in the musical atmosphere of the Phœnix City, that it should

produce contemporaneously not only the world's two greatest women musicians, but almost the two greatest of either sex? And this in face of the fact that women, with rare exceptions, have heretofore not distinguished themselves as instrumentalists. Naturally, all the world is now looking to the same source for the first great woman composer.

Judging by what has already been done and is still doing, in creative literature, it is not only evident that Chicago is fully up "with the procession," but may any day forge forward and give to the world the only truly American "great" that everybody is so eagerly awaiting. And yet, what this wonderfully creative city should easily be foremost in, it has hitherto failed to yield — a supreme master with the brush. That the incomparable Whistler should have achieved his apotheosis anywhere but in Chicago (with which his ancestry is so intimately associated) seems an instance of ungracious artistic misfit — for what is the "mystery" (an important element in all great art) wrapped in a London fog, compared to the phantasms which so imaginative a conjurer might have evoked from any square yard of ordinary Chicago atmosphere! However, there is still hope, as there is yet time: and when the inevitable genius shall arrive, his "high noons," painted from the vantage of a thirty-story skyscraper, may rival in luring depths and haunting obscuration the most inspired nocturnes of the departed master.

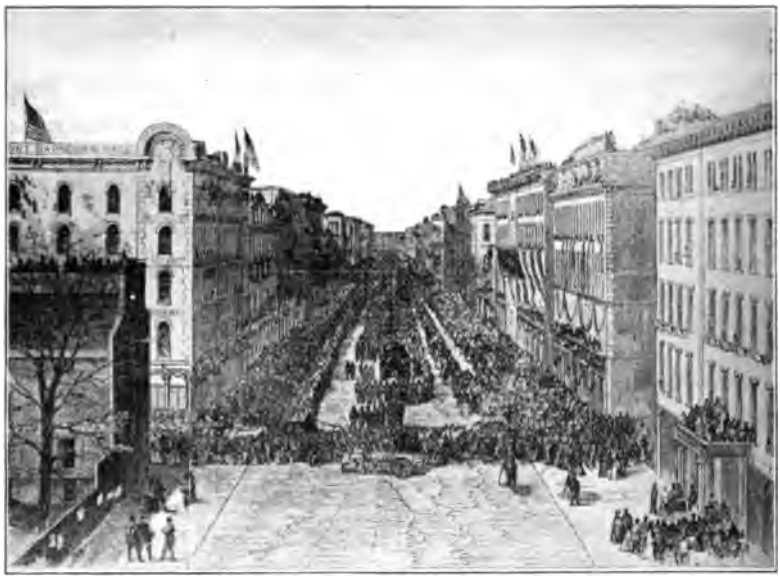
A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

THE CITY AND ITS COURT HOUSE IN 1862 — THE IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS OF THE SQUARE — THE VIEW FROM THE COURT HOUSE DOME — WHY CHICAGO WAS KNOWN AS THE "GARDEN CITY" — THE VIEW SOUTHWARD — THE OLD PLANK ROADS.

IN 1862, the year of my arrival, Chicago had an estimated population of 120,000, distributed among its three divisions, both as to character and numbers, in about the same proportion as are to-day its approximately 2,500,000 inhabitants. The south division remains what it was then, the business centre; but where now are several distinct foci in the general maelstrom, each comparable to the original nucleus, and sufficiently specialized to admit of geographical demarcation, the Court House in those days brooked no rivals. With its aspiring cupola, it so dominated the town that none could help looking up to it as something superior and apart — being, in fact, the only really tall object in sight, except when "Long John" happened to take an airing. If you wanted a hack you went to the Court House Square for it; and it was nearly the same if you were looking for a policeman, for several could generally be found hanging about there to prevent rival hackmen from murdering each other, or a combination of the pestiferous crew from doing a stranger to death, both being not infrequent happenings. Anywhere else a policeman was seldom seen — outside of saloons. But, frankly, what better could one expect of men content to wear leather shields as insignia of authority? In those days the

force was under a marshal, and that functionary was a mere satrap of the Mayor. Accordingly, in 1857, when "Long John" came to the head of affairs, being determined that the "copper" should not get above his business, he put the adage, "there is nothing like leather," to a practical test. Most people are aware that both "bobby" and "peeler," as slang for "policeman," date from Sir Robert Peel's ministry. But it is not so generally known that "copper," as another epithet of derision, is claimed to date from the mayoralty of John C. Haines, once somewhat widely known as "Copper-stock" Haines (because of some transaction in that metal), and hence its variants "cop," "fly cop," and "sparrow-cop."

In a way, also, the Court House was everybody's monitor and guide. It told you when to rise, when to eat your dinner, when to knock off work, when to jubilate, when to mourn, and, above all, it helped you to locate fires; for the clang of its great bell could be heard in almost every part of the town. Aye, how it rang pæans of victory for Donelson, for Vicksburg, and Gettysburg, and finally for Richmond, when that stronghold fell! And how its slow, solemn monotone voiced the anguish of all hearts, when the body of the slain Lincoln was borne through the shrouded streets of the mourning city, to rest for a day and a night beneath the dome of the city's capitol, that a stricken people might once more look upon the transfigured face of their beloved dead! And, finally, how it clanged, and clanged, and clanged again, on that fearful night of fire, each stroke heightening the terror that possessed the fleeing multitude, while the "fiend" that lashed the elements to such boundless fury, compelled it to sound its own death-knell.



THE LINCOLN FUNERAL PROCESSION IN CHICAGO

RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS AT THE COURT HOUSE

THE IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS OF THE SQUARE

In 1862 the Court House Square was surrounded by an oddly assorted architectural hodgepodge, strikingly typical of the various stages of the city's development, from the primitive "frame" of the thirties, to the new, six-storied marble Sherman House, at this time the finest building in the city, as well as one of the best appointed hotels in the country. Because of the panic of 1857, and the subsequent war, the Chicago of this period represents a *status quo* of nearly a full decade. Thereafter, from 1865, down to the time of the fire, the city was in an exceptional state of flux, and so much of the dilapidation of former days disappeared, that it was in quite a large way a comparatively new downtown Chicago that was destroyed on October 9, 1871.

Where Washington Street bounds the Court House Square (then enclosed by a high iron fence), there remained down to 1864 nearly a block of original prairie, a dozen feet below the plank sidewalk; and when, in 1863, the plot was tenanted by a winter circus, its patrons descended to their seats as into a cellar. When, in the middle sixties, the building boom set in, Smith & Nixon erected on the site now occupied by the Chicago Opera House a fine Music Hall, which was opened, if I am not mistaken, with a concert by Gottschalk. Among other events I recall as taking place therein was a state billiard tournament, wherein Tom Foley, the veritable stand-by of to-day, won the State championship,— a circumstance which throws a calcium light on the status of the game at that period; a concert by "Blind Tom"; and a lecture by William Lloyd Garrison, on "Reconstruction."

In marked contrast to the vacant plot, and neighboring

it on the corner of La Salle Street, stood one of the tallest-steepled churches in the city, the First Baptist. This, in 1864, was taken down bit by bit and reconstructed on its present site, Morgan and Monroe Streets, there becoming the Second Baptist. In its place rose Chicago's first fine Chamber of Commerce, to be followed after the fire by a second trade-temple of similar dimensions, only the outer walls of which now remain, as the substructure to a skyscraper.

The southwest corner, across La Salle Street from the Baptist church, calls for special mention. It was at this time occupied by a brick building of two stories and basement, among the first dwellings of that material erected in Chicago. It was originally the home of P. F. W. Peck; and before it was demolished, about 1867, after a somewhat checkered existence, it had been some years the headquarters of the police department, with a calaboose in the basement.

The old landmark was succeeded by one of the finest buildings in the city, with the Union National Bank for its chief tenant. After the fire the bank was temporarily domiciled at the northwest corner of Market and Madison Streets, which one-sided locality — with Field, Leiter & Co.'s establishment, both wholesale and retail, on the northeast corner, and the Board of Trade opposite — became for a time the business focus of the city. Within a year or so, the old Peck residence site was rehabilitated with an even more substantial building than the one destroyed; and so this intersection, when the Chamber of Commerce had been rebuilt, became once again the city's chief business centre. In addition to the Union National Bank, then the leading financial institution in the West, the

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

Washington and La Salle Streets

La Salle and Washington Streets

VIEWS FROM [illegible]

new building accommodated the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Associated Press, the Western Army Headquarters (in charge of General Phil. Sheridan), another bank, and many important interests besides. Nevertheless, though of goodly size, this structure was in 1893 ruthlessly razed to give place to the present Stock Exchange building. Thus, in its various stages, this corner has been preëminently typical of the city's vicissitudes and progress; while the frequent changes in its physical aspect emphasize the difficulties of the chronicler in undertaking to reproduce with certitude any particular epoch in the city's physical history.

Besides the Sherman House and the Baptist church, almost the only other salient feature on the four fronts facing the Square was the Larmon block of four stories, on the northeast corner of Washington and Clark Streets, having for its tenant on the upper floor Bryant and Stratton's Business College, a fact that was announced to the wayfarer by a sign so conspicuous as almost to belittle the Court House dome as an object of attention. The ground floor was occupied by J. T. & E. M. Edwards, jewelers; Julius Bauer, pianos; J. M. Loomis, hatter; Root & Cady's music store, and Buck & Raynor's drug store. Others on Clark Street facing the Square, and running north in the order noted, were: Ambrose & Jackson (colored), caterers; Bryan Hall entrance; George Tolle, surgical instruments; E. J. Hopson, millinery; "Anderson's" (a restaurant presided over by John Wright, who a few years later opened in Crosby's Opera House the first really "swell" resort in the city); "Campbell's," hair jewelry; J. Gray, wigs; E. A. Jessell, auctioneer (a "Peter Funk," if ever there was one); while on the corner of Randolph

there lingered a senile frame construction, in color a dirty yellow, on the second floor of which Carter H. Harrison, Sr., along with other luminaries, devoted himself to the acquisition and exudation of lore more or less legal.

On Randolph Street, corner of La Salle, stood a four-story brick, and all the rest of the block between that and the Sherman House presented a depressed line of two-story tumble-down frames, dating from the thirties, the street floors devoted to free-lunch resorts, while the second stories were polluted by so-called "justice" offices, and their "shyster" hangers-on.

In general it may be said that only the Clark Street frontage of the four sides of the Square was in touch with business — all the rest being as much out of it as the unsettled prairie. The La Salle Street side was made up largely of forsaken residences; and it was not until several years later, when the Chamber of Commerce was established at Washington and La Salle, that the region thereabout came into demand for business purposes — though when it did, it jumped at one bound into the front rank.

The Metropolitan block, on the northwest corner of La Salle and Randolph Streets, was a somewhat notable landmark. Metropolitan Hall, on its third or upper floor, was prior to the building of Bryan Hall (about 1860) for many years the most capacious place of assembly in the city, and many notabilities, not only of national but international fame, had attracted crowds within its walls. Often it was decked and garlanded for fairs and balls; and it was here (not so very long before the great fire in which he lost his life) that John McDevitt, he of the velvet touch, played the famous game of billiards, 1,500 points up, against Joseph Dion, which he finished while his opponent had hardly a button to his credit, with a run of 1,457 — a

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

Randolph and Clark Streets

Clark and Randolph Streets

VIEWS FROM THE COURT HOUSE DOME IN 1858

feat that forced the "sharps" to put their heads together, led to the barring of the push shot and other helps to big records, and so put the game, for championship honors, on an entirely new basis. And in the basement of the block there was then, and had been for many years, as there is still, a "Quincy No. 9," a relic of the days when the boys "ran wid de masheen," and which, during its more than half a century of existence, has scored an unexampled record of continuous performance.

THE VIEW FROM THE COURT HOUSE DOME

Let us now ascend the dome of the Court House. The climb is not so wearisome in fancy as in the olden days it was in fact, when it was a favorite youthful diversion. Near the top we shall find a circular balcony, specially designed for sight-seeing, and let that be our place of observation. In an atmosphere as yet undefiled by the soot of ten thousand factories, a pleasing panorama unfolds itself. Naturally you are amazed to note how clearly the sand hills of Michigan, beyond the shimmering waters of the lake, thirty miles away, glint in the sunlight. Truly it would take a miracle to catch a glimpse of them now, even from the top of the Auditorium Tower, except perchance for a moment, after some phenomenally clearing storm from the east.

WHY CHICAGO WAS KNOWN AS THE "GARDEN CITY"

As you gaze about, you may realize why Chicago was once generally known as the "Garden City." First, note those broad stretches of lovely green, due to tree-lined Wabash and Michigan Avenues, — and observe how richly the neighborhood of Cottage Grove Avenue is wooded, and the area of verdure widens as you follow it south-

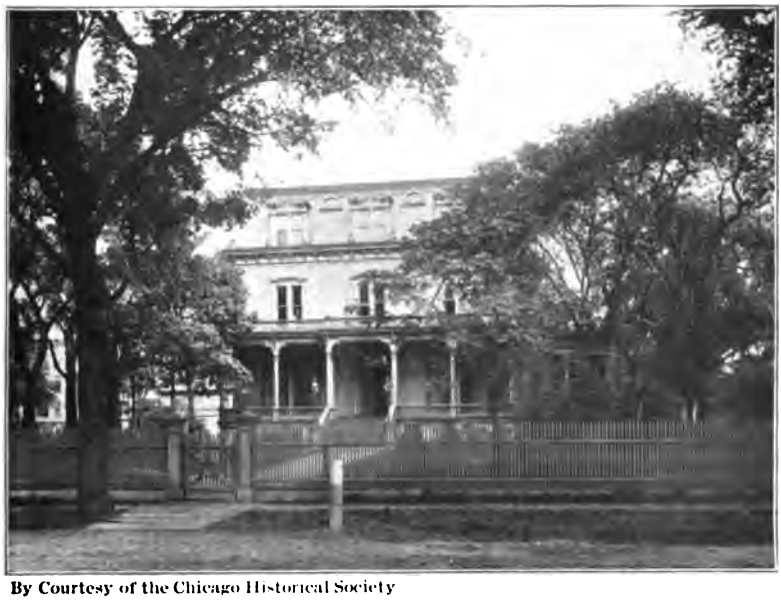
ward to Hyde Park. The building in the midst of a forest of uncommonly large oaks, at about Thirty-fifth Street (then outside of the city limits), is the old Chicago University, founded by Stephen A. Douglas, who at the time of his death (1861) owned much of the land in its vicinage.

Although the foreground, westward, is fairly inviting (for not only are most of the streets tree-bordered, but here and there large, unoccupied spaces refresh the eye with their rich green), it is really not until you turn fully to the north, and a bit to the east, that a climax of verdure is revealed. What we now behold is a magnificent natural forest in the midst of a city,— or is it not better to say that the city here plays hide and seek in the forest? Either way, it is a dream. The noble, lake-bordered expanse is divided into lordly domains, embellished with lovely gardens. From this height the north division, east of Clark Street, and to the farthest limits, presents an unbroken stretch of woodland, as if the Lincoln Park of to-day (then in part a cemetery, and for the rest primeval forest) came down to North Water Street. Not only is every street shaded, but entire wooded squares contain each only a single habitation, usually near its centre, thus enabling their fortunate owners to live in park-like surroundings.

These spacious domains exhibit a native growth remarkable for its variety. The Hon. Isaac N. Arnold is at this period the proud owner of one of these preserves, acquired in the thirties when this region was first platted, and when entire squares, at opportune times, were bought for less than the present value of a single lot, with fifty or more to the square. Mr. Arnold's plot retained much of its original aspect up to the fire, and he could point out among other varieties of timber (as he loved to do) fine specimens of oak, ash, maple, cherry, elm, birch, hickory,

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

RESIDENCE OF EZRA B. McCAGG



By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

THE MAHLON D. OGDEN PROPERTY

and cottonwood. And to think that in a single night all this wealth of nature disappeared as if it had never been!

Others who occupied entire squares in proximity to Mr. Arnold, with say Rush and Ontario Streets as an approximate centre, were such well-known old-timers as ex-Mayor Wm. B. Ogden, Walter L. Newberry, Mark Skinner, H. H. Magie, and a little farther north, E. B. McCagg and Mahlon D. Ogden; while the detached mansion of many another stood in grounds of approximate dimensions.

THE VIEW SOUTHWARD

Once again let us sweep the horizon and make a note of salient features. South of Twenty-second Street (then known as Ringgold Place) scattered buildings mark the course of Cottage Grove Avenue. Between Thirty-second and Thirty-fifth Streets, and running about an equal distance westward from the avenue, is a high-boarded enclosure, filled with temporary barracks. In the early days of the war this served as a recruiting camp, but now it holds in durance ten thousand or more "Johnny Rebs," corralled at Forts Henry and Donelson, and Island No. 10.

Half a mile or more west of the camp is a clearing, for the most part owned by "Long John." In a few years a part will become the Chicago Driving Park, with an incidental baseball field. And later still a larger part will be occupied by the Union Stock Yards, with the Dexter Trotting Park just south of them. When this happens, in the later sixties, much of the territory between the Stock Yards and Twenty-second Street is still unoccupied prairie, but shortly the great "Long John tract" is opened to settlement, and Wentworth Avenue is extended through to the west of it.

From its beginning for nearly a mile, the Archer Road

is thinly settled. Then come clusters of large, low constructions. These are either slaughter or packing houses, with a glue factory and some rendering establishments thrown in to heighten the malodorous effect. You are now gazing on Bridgeport, a settlement beyond the corporate limits. It is a place with a reputation. Both morally and physically it is a cesspool, a stench in everybody's nostrils, especially when there is a breeze from the southwest.

Except for a fringe of structures along the South Branch, the entire section that lies between Archer and Blue Island Avenues is largely unsettled marshland, in part known to old settlers as "Hardscrabble." The present great lumber district, with its teeming factories, is little better than a bog. At this time the lumber yards are strung along the South Branch, north of Eighteenth Street, with a bunch at the mouth of the river, while grain elevators (though by no means the leviathans of to-day) break the skyline at different points along both the South and North Branches. Our sweep has taken in the source of Chicago's early greatness — its "Big Three"; for already it is able to announce to an amazed world that it is the foremost grain mart, lumber market, and packing centre in the world. And the pride that thereat swelled the collective Chicago bosom crops out occasionally in individual exhibitions of "chestiness" even to-day.

THE OLD PLANK ROADS

West of Aberdeen, and south of Adams Street, land is still in the market by the acre. Peter Schuttler has just domiciled himself on the outskirts in what is the most pretentious residence in the city — and, following the example of the North Side gentry, has placed his mansion in the

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHICAGO IN THE SIXTIES

centre of extensive grounds. The region between Adams and Lake Streets, to Union Park, is fairly built up; but beyond that point (best known as Bull's Head) the habitations are few and far between; yet the horse cars are pushing to Western Avenue, in the hope that population will follow, for at this period their revenue is largely derived from Sunday pleasure-seekers, bound for various outlying groves. The northwestern part of the town is still practically unsettled, and from about Centre Avenue and Lake Street one can cut across to Milwaukee Avenue (better known as the Milwaukee or Northwestern Plank Road) without other obstruction than the old Galena Railroad track. On the North Branch are some tanneries, and a tall chimney marks the site of Ward's Rolling Mill, later to become the nucleus of the huge collection to be known as the North Chicago Rolling Mills. O. W. Potter is at this time Captain Ward's superintendent. In the north division the building line halts at North Avenue. The site of Lincoln Park is to remain for some time a most forbidding locality, for ghosts walk there. Beyond lies thickly wooded Lake View. And it is an off summer's day when some German society does not hold a picnic there.

Before closing with the general view, let us note the fact that expansion from the main nucleus proceeds in narrow lines (somewhat like the spokes of a wheel), showing large areas of unsettled prairie between. These settled lines mark the whereabouts of plank roads, known as Archer, Blue Island, South Western (now Ogden Avenue), Northwestern (now Milwaukee Avenue), Clybourne, etc. Fortunately, these exits from the early settlement were retained in the subsequent platting, and

now constitute most convenient avenues to facilitate rapid transit. The first settlers in the outlying lowlands were wise in sticking close to what then most resembled solid ground, for away from planked roads danger lurked in every rood of ground, and during rainy seasons wading was a frequent alternative for walking.

THE BUSINESS CENTRE

OLD-TIME DOMINANCE OF LAKE STREET — THE BOARD OF TRADE BEGINS THE SOUTHWARD MOVEMENT — IT IS QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY BUSINESS HOUSES — DEARBORN STREET BECOMES A CENTRE FOR NEWSPAPERS AND RESORTS — MARSHALL FIELD'S INFLUENCE IN DETERMINING THE BUSINESS CENTRE — HIS MIND THE DOMINATING POWER IN THE FIRM — MARSHALL FIELD & CO., SUCCESSORS TO FIELD, LEITER & CO. — CONTRAST BETWEEN BUILDINGS OF 1862 AND THOSE OF TO-DAY — THE CITY'S IRON AGE — THE CITY'S MARBLE AGE — CHICAGO'S EXCELLENT HOTELS — THE SCARCITY OF FACTORIES AND OTHER LARGE BUILDINGS.

HAVING made acquaintance with the "lay of the land" in general, let us now take advantage of our eyrie to scan the business section. There is little occasion to glance either westward or southward, or even directly eastward, for in none of these directions, beyond the Clark Street front on the Square, is there as yet any merchandising worth mentioning. Practically the business area is still bounded by South Water and Randolph Streets, with only Lake Street between—and what there is on Randolph is mostly confined to the single block between Clark and Dearborn Streets.

In the beginning most of the business was on the North Side. Between the thirties and forties it crossed the river and hummed loudest about the intersection of Lake and La Salle Streets. In the decade following, the business centre shifted eastward a block to the intersection of Lake and Clark Streets. In 1862 the spell of Lake Street is still all-potent. Not only is it the city's shopping district, but also its banking and wholesale centre, and much be-

sides. Therefore, merely to moot the possibility that business may sometime break away from it is at this period to most people of that locality equivalent to an attack on vested rights, and a menace to universal stability.

THE BOARD OF TRADE BEGINS THE SOUTHWARD MOVEMENT

Accordingly, when a few years later the Board of Trade resolved to desert its grimy quarters on South Water Street, skip Lake Street, and break ground at Washington and La Salle Streets, there was much wagging of heads over the flight so far away from the immemorial business centre; and, as if this were not enough to warrant predictions of failure, there was the further reason that members could no longer watch the movement of shipping on the river, a hitherto unfailing source of interest and diversion between deals.

The causes that for nearly a decade prior to 1865 brought building operations in Chicago to a comparative standstill, have already received mention. In outlying parts, and especially in the packing district (where the war had stimulated its peculiar enterprises to an extraordinary activity), construction had gone forward at a lively pace. But in the centre of the city so few changes had taken place, and the existing order had come to be so taken for granted, that, when the business community finally awoke to its shortcomings, it moved so suddenly and so swiftly as completely to upset every calculation based on the *status quo* so long maintained.

IT IS QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY BUSINESS HOUSES

When it was seen that the Board of Trade had not only come to no harm by moving so far afield, but was rapidly becoming an important centre, with office buildings

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

Intersection of Lake and LaSalle Streets

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

Intersection of Lake and Wells Streets

THE EARLY SHOPPING DISTRICT

going up all about it, there was a movement to break bounds and enlarge the business area southward from Lake Street all along the line from Market Street to Michigan Avenue. And while State Street was laying ruthless hands on the dry goods, jewelry, book, china, and kindred trades, and Wabash and Michigan Avenues were diverting into new and commodious quarters a goodly part of the wholesale and jobbing trade, other sections south of Randolph, under the impetus of the national banking law, set up as financial centres. Notable instances were the group of banks, headed by the Union National, about the Board of Trade, and the First National, in the new State Street retail district. Thus was Lake Street deprived of still another old-time monopoly. And while State Street and the avenues to the east were absorbing the shopping and jobbing business, and La Salle Street was paying special court to banking and insurance interests, Dearborn Street came into favor as a newspaper centre.

DEARBORN STREET BECOMES A CENTRE FOR NEWSPAPERS AND RESORTS

The *Journal* was already located on Dearborn Street, opposite the Tremont House, with the *Morning Post* a block farther south. The *Times*, in 1866, left Randolph for its new quarters on Dearborn, between Washington and Madison Streets. The *Tribune* a little later moved from Clark Street, opposite the Sherman House, to its present site. The *Evening Post* set up business where the *Journal* is now located. The *Staats-Zeitung* was then published on Madison, just west of Dearborn; while the *Republican* (later the *Inter-Ocean*) started on Washington Street. That thoroughfare also felt the impulse strongly, for within a year it secured, among other im-

provements, between La Salle and State Streets, such important accessions in a single line as Crosby's Opera House (then the most imposing "art temple" in the country), Smith & Nixon's Music Hall (opposite the Court House), and a fine minstrel hall.

At the time when Lake Street still attracted the shopper, Dearborn and Randolph Streets, at their intersection, lured the wayfarer, the gambler, and the idle pleasure-seeker of every sort. For one reason, Dearborn Street was a direct approach for many West and most North Siders to the Post Office, then on the present site of the First National Bank; for until 1866, when the carrier system was introduced, "going for your mail" was an everyday necessity or pastime. And then all through the fifties Rice's theatre, the only permanent place of amusement during most of this period in the city, made Dearborn Street a general rendezvous at night; while other resorts with their more or less questionable attractions did the rest. It was Ike Cook's "Young America," on the southeast corner of Randolph, that caught much of the political and sporting drift. It was the headquarters of Senator Douglas for a number of years, and consequently a rendezvous for such convivial spirits among his admirers as Dr. Wm. B. Egan, Patrick Ballingall, General U. F. Linder, Dan O'Hara, and their followers. But when, about 1860, the McCormick block replaced the old caravansary, the sports and the bloods transferred their patronage to the northwest corner, and made Billy Bolshaw's Matteson House Café their headquarters; while Randolph Street, for a block east and west, formed a "banking centre" quite a bit different from the approved financial interests clustered about Lake and La Salle Streets.

MARSHALL FIELD'S INFLUENCE IN DETERMINING THE BUSINESS CENTRE

The gift of prevision is far from common; and in still rarer instances is it coupled with the means to control the environing forces to desired ends. It is one thing to see what might, could, or should be done to meet the demands or possibilities of the future, and it is quite another thing to actualize the vision. The seer is seldom a doer — the inventor rarely controls the product of his genius. It can be said with truth, however, that Chicago is able to show at least one example, and that in a superlative degree, where a single mind again and again determined the lines of the city's material development, at least in so far as its business centre is concerned. This distinction belongs to Marshall Field; and in noting the changes the business section has from time to time undergone, it may be of interest to mark his influence where it crops conspicuously to the surface. It is probably not going too far to say that as an incarnation of business methods, coupled with foresight along distinctly marked lines, the world has seen few the equal of this mercantile field marshal. Though a force in many directions, he was first and last a merchant — all other things being subordinate, or at most, tributary to the controlling interest.

So long as the house of Field, Leiter & Co. (successors to Potter Palmer, and later to Palmer, Field, Leiter & Co.) held to Lake Street, that thoroughfare's supremacy was assured; and it was the removal of this firm to State and Washington Streets, in the late sixties, that gave the proud old street its *coup de grâce*. From then on till the fire, State Street was the city's shopping centre almost as dominantly as it is to-day; though a few of the long-

established houses, like Giles Brothers (the Tiffanys of the West), clung tenaciously to their old moorings until ousted by the fire. When, after the fire, it became a question of rebuilding the business centre, one locality may be said to have had as good a chance as another; and therefore intending builders for retail trade accommodations waited to see what Field, Leiter & Co. would do.

Most people took for granted that the city's leading firm would preferably return to its old site, owned by the Singer Company, but instead it established itself in a hastily constructed building of its own, northeast corner of Market and Madison Streets, after a temporary makeshift in an old car-barn on State at Eighteenth Street. The change to Market Street sent a shiver through the whole business community. It was, however, a shrewd venture, a multitude of disappointed croakers to the contrary. The North Side being wiped out, as well as a goodly part of the South Side, it was good business to cater particularly to the West Side (then containing considerably more than half of the city's population), by locating at its very threshold. Furthermore, as compared with State Street prices, lots thereabouts could be had for a song, though, when other dry-goods houses, as well as leaders in other lines, lost no time in settling about the leader *per se,* real-estate figures in their vicinage rose by leaps and bounds. The area south of Madison Street, along Market and Franklin (or rather where those streets were opened after the fire) had been an unplatted and disreputable locality, dominated by a gas house. The land was chiefly occupied, and in some fashion owned, by Hibernian shantymen, several of whom became Crœsuses over night.

This move on the part of Field, Leiter & Co. put State Street in the doldrums, and for several years its fate hung

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

State Street, Near Washington

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

Intersection of Clark and South Water Streets

STREET SCENES BEFORE THE WAR

in the balance. In the meantime, the Singer Company concluded to rebuild on the old site, but it did so very reluctantly, for there was no tenant in sight for so pretentious a structure. While the building was going up, Field, Leiter & Co. made no sign; but its heads quietly possessed themselves of various parcels of real estate in its vicinage. Meantime rumor had it leased first to one rival, and then to another, including A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York, but nothing came of it all. Finally, it pleased Field, Leiter & Co. to reoccupy their old site, but for retail trade exclusively. They returned very much on their own terms. So the retail trade of the city was once again securely anchored on State Street. Thus we see that on three different occasions it was Field, Leiter & Co. that determined the retail focus of the city; and that Marshall Field was, and had been, the dominating mind, was made clear the moment a personal difference sent the heads apart.

HIS MIND THE DOMINATING POWER IN THE FIRM

Levi Z. Leiter's opinion of himself as a business man was not always shared by his co-workers; and that he could make no valid claim to possessing either exceptional perspicacity or talent for leadership was made evident the moment he separated from the Field dominance. Few of Leiter's independent real-estate investments ranked with those made by the head of the firm on his own account; and in other respects his initiatives proved rather ineffectual, and were saved from failure only because general development came to their rescue. After the fire the firm had a phenomenal success; and most of the excess over direct business demands was put by the heads into real estate, and their investments became controlling factors in determining values in the vicinage of their purchases. During

these years the real-estate news department of the *Times* was in charge of the writer, and a Field or Leiter transaction was always an occasion for a column or more of speculation into the possible future of the locality that had been so fortunate as to receive either's attention.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO., SUCCESSORS TO FIELD, LEITER & CO.

When, in 1881, there was a dissolution of partnership, the news did not reach the newspaper offices till late in the evening. I had retired for the night, when an A. D. T. messenger made a furious assault on the door bell. Through him a note from the city editor apprised me of the dissolution, and asked what I could contribute in the way of data about their partnership, as well as individual real-estate holdings. This was so directly in my line, that from memory I was able to give a complete inventory, the share of each approximating to $3,000,000, on the basis of the purchase price.

The following day I received a note from Mr. Storey informing me that Mr. Field had sent word that he desired to see the compiler of said real-estate values. I fully expected a compliment, but instead was met by an Olympian frown, and the query: "Mr. Cook, what possessed you to give those details about our business?" I answered in some amazement that I could see no reason for not doing so — that it was certainly legitimate news matter. "Well, you should n't have done it," he continued. "We have been large patrons of the *Times,* and the paper should have considered our interests more." I frankly informed him that Mr. Storey did not expect us to consult the counting-room when it came to a matter of news; and it was only after I had pressed him for the specific grounds

of his objection to publicity regarding his real-estate holdings, that he surprised me with the answer that he "did not care being made a target for socialists to fire at," — whether with verbal, paper, or leaden missiles, he failed to say.

This incident goes far to explain the country's amazement when informed that Marshall Field died worth $80,000,000. It is generally assumed that the socialistic propaganda is rapidly spreading. Yet the fact is that more than thirty years ago the socialist candidate for Mayor, Dr. Schmidt, polled something like one-sixth of the entire vote, — a proportion, it is safe to say, not attained at any time since by a socialistic candidate.

In view of the extraordinary success of the house of Field, Leiter & Co., and its successor, Marshall Field & Co., it would be interesting if one could estimate at their true value the factors that went to the making of this success — whether, for example, the preponderance rests with the character of its personnel, or the exceptional opportunities afforded by their environment. How Mr. Leiter would have proportioned the credit is hardly in doubt. For a number of years following the crushing panic of 1873, it fell to me to interview the leading business men twice a year for a semi-annual exposition of the city's reviving trade. On one of these rounds, when business was on the "boom" again, and Mr. Leiter had enlightened me on the extraordinary volume the house was doing (he, at any rate, had no socialistic spectres before his eyes, that made targets of too-sudden millionaires), I took occasion to remark that he and Mr. Field were fortunate in making their business start in Chicago. To this Mr. Leiter strongly demurred, and gave it as his opinion, if circumstances had

started Mr. Field and himself together in New York, their foresight and mastery of system would have resulted in a still greater success.

CONTRAST BETWEEN BUILDINGS OF 1862 AND THOSE OF TO-DAY

But it is time to return to our observation of the status of 1862, before any of the changes brought to notice had taken place. Looking down upon the scene from an altitude twice the height of any other skyward projection, — barring distant grain elevators, a few church steeples, and a gaunt shot tower in the neighborhood of Lake and Desplaines Streets, — an observer cannot fail to be struck by the extraordinary difference in this aspect to what a view from the modern city's tallest skyscraper reveals. The scene to-day suggests a multitude of sky-piercing peaks, separated by yawning chasms; whereas the roof surface of fifty years ago resembled a plateau raised somewhat above a plain, and occasionally broken by slight protuberances. We note that the Lake Street skyline is almost as uniform as a regulated Paris boulevard, or a brownstone cross-street vista in New York. The usual height is four stories, and this is pretty evenly maintained all over the business section, the exceptions being hotels, and a few iron constructions then of a comparatively recent date.

THE CITY'S IRON AGE

The period that came to a sudden close with the panic of 1857 — only one of half a dozen and more distinct stages or cycles of development in the city's short history — may be called its "iron age," for most of the buildings and blocks erected in the middle fifties, in a time of extreme inflation, were of iron, and commonly five stories in height.

A notable example of this class was the Burch block, at Lake Street and Wabash Avenue, whose destruction, with contents (S. C. Griggs & Co., booksellers, being the chief occupants), by fire in 1868 entailed a loss of two million dollars, up to that time the heaviest single fire loss in the history of the city; and it was followed within a year by another, the J. V. Farwell fire, which entailed a still greater loss. These two were in a way "curtain raisers" preceding the cataclysmic drama of 1871. Another similar construction was the Gilbert Hubbard & Co. building, of which a writer spoke, in the hyperbole of the period, as "that massive iron structure of architectural grandeur, which will defy the desolation of time, and the spoil of ages, on the corner of South Water and Wells Streets." Still another stood on the northwest corner of Randolph and Wells (Fifth Avenue); and while this, known as the Lloyd block, proved something of an elephant, so far west and south, it was chiefly known for the Sunday-night dances on its great upper floor. This floor was also used for military drills, and was notably in demand when, in the middle sixties, O'Mahony's Fenian army was mobilized for the invasion of Canada.

THE CITY'S MARBLE AGE

The "iron age" was followed by the Lamont "marble age," vestiges of which are still in plentiful evidence. The opening of the Lockport-Lamont quarries was an event of importance, and gave a sudden quietus to the use of iron for exteriors, as well as the importation from afar of other material, save for decorative purposes. When, in the early fifties, the first instalment of the Court House was projected, the stone was brought all the way from Lockport, New York. When, however, a decade or more later, it was proposed to provide the house with wings (perchance

to typify the city's soaring ambition), material from the quarries at Lockport or Lamont, Illinois, proved a good substitute.

CHICAGO'S EXCELLENT HOTELS

Until the incoming of the modern office skyscraper, the tallest constructions from time immemorial were pyramids, temples, churches, capitols, and in more modern times, hotels. The Court House dome, grain elevators, and church steeples excepted, it was the hostelries that relieved the perspective in the Chicago of 1862. Almost from its earliest beginnings, when Mark Beaubien "kept tavern like the devil" and played the fiddle in similar fashion to distract the attention of patrons from table shortcomings, Chicago was noted for the size and excellence of its caravansaries. Where other cities of its magnitude — when it had, say, 100,000 inhabitants — pointed with pride to one, or at the most two, hotels of the first class (as Cincinnatians did to the Burnett House, and St. Louisians to the Old Planters and Southern), Chicago could boast half a dozen of equal pretensions, and certainly two that were their superiors. When the Sherman House was opened, in 1860, it had few equals in the country; the Tremont, under mine host John B. Drake, challenged comparison with the best; while the Richmond House, on South Water Street and Michigan Avenue, before the Sherman was opened, was esteemed the most exclusive; and it was there that King Edward, as the Prince of Wales, was entertained. Next in order came the Briggs House, with the Metropolitan, on the southwest corner, opposite, a close follower; while the Matteson, at the northwest corner of Randolph and Dearborn, the City Hotel, at the southwest corner of State and Lake Streets, and the Adams House and

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

THE TREMONT HOUSE

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

THE SHERMAN HOUSE

Massasoit House, still farther east, all enjoyed excellent reputations. The Massasoit was built by the Gage brothers, and it was from here they went to the Tremont, and subsequently to the Sherman. Several of these buildings were six stories in height, and the others, with a single exception, five. There were yet other good third-rate hotels, like the Garden City, northeast corner of Madison and Market Streets; and finally, some excellent family hotels, though this feature, now so important, was as yet in its infancy.

There was still —in some class, perhaps the sixth — the old Lake House, corner of Rush and Kinzie Streets, opened in 1835, and once the pride of the West, sharing with the Astor House in New York a reputation for entertaining old-time celebrities, including such lights as Daniel Webster, General Scott, and Governor Cass. It was a four-story brick. Later it received an addition, and was then about seventy-five feet square. It was built at a time when there was sharp rivalry for supremacy between the north and south divisions, and its promoters entertained the hope that this piece of enterprise would effectually stop the exodus to the south division.

SCARCITY OF FACTORIES AND OTHER LARGE BUILDINGS

Away from the business centre, looking southward beyond Washington Street, there are in the year 1862 few constructions of note to challenge attention, aside from McVicker's Theatre, on its present site, and the Post Office, where now stands the First National Bank building. Michigan Avenue, however, as far as Harrison Street, looms quite boldly — in similitude of a sea wall — the most conspicuous buildings being the so-called "Bishop's Palace," corner of Madison, and the "Marble Terrace,"

a solid block of half a score of "palaces," of Lamont stone, four stories in height, where the Auditorium now stands.

Only a few manufactories rise to any pretension at the period of this sketch. Notable among these are the McCormick reaper factory, on the north bank of the main river, near Rush Street bridge; Peter Schuttler's wagon factory, southwest corner of Randolph and Franklin Streets; Goss & Phillips's Sash and Door Factory, Clark and Twelfth Streets; the Oriental Flouring Mill, on the west bank of the river, at Madison Street bridge; and P. W. Gates's Foundry, somewhere near the western mouth of the Washington Street tunnel. Obviously Chicago is not yet much of a manufacturing centre; and, while an important railroad confluence, all the stations except that of the Illinois Central, at the foot of Lake Street, are mere wooden rookeries.

One other structure must be noted. It is the huge "Wigwam" in which Abraham Lincoln was nominated, on Market Street between Randolph and Lake Streets, facing the river. Its street floor is at this time occupied by produce and feed stores. Opposite this stands the Lind block, the only building in the South Side "burnt district" that escaped destruction.

AN "OLDEST SETTLER" CELEBRATION

THE SILVER WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. GURDON S. HUBBARD — MR. HUBBARD IN HIS YOUTH — HUBBARD, LINCOLN, AND DOUGLAS — EARLY BUSINESS EXPERIENCES — NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS ON THE SILVER WEDDING — A NOTABLE GATHERING — MR. AND MRS. ARCHIBALD CLYBOURNE — THE CLYBOURNE MANSION — AN INDIAN ALARM — MRS. CLYBOURNE AS A HEROINE — A FAMOUS FEAST.

AN event of more than passing interest in the personal history of one who for several decades was Chicago's oldest settler — and of significance to the entire population, as a mile-stone in the meteoric career of the city — was the celebration, in 1868, by Mr. and Mrs. Gurdon S. Hubbard, of their silver wedding. It occurred just fifty golden years from the date of the bridegroom's arrival, as a youngster of sixteen, on the reed-grown shore now peopled by two and a half million souls; and which, in 1818, was the abode of but a single white family outside of the stockade known to history as Fort Dearborn.

Not only was it the most talked-about social event of the season, but it was regarded as the leading incident — of the sort where all the factors were of local contribution — in the festive annals of the city. The Hubbards, though in a way simple people, occupied an assured social position, and were beloved by everybody. Their ante-fire home, one of the finest in the city — a detached mansion of generous proportions on North La Salle Street, corner of Whitney, and at the head of Locust Street — was the

centre of an open-hearted as well as open-handed hospitality. These good people were ever "at home," in the truest sense, to all who had in any manner an old-settler claim to recognition; which not every old family recognized as sufficient to counterbalance any shortcomings in social directions, but then Mr. Hubbard, as chief among the city's patriarchs, might do as he would. While of the exclusive North Side set, the Hubbards were by no means confined to it, but continued in neighborly touch with all who could look back to a time when the social life of the city was a primitive solidarity.

In respect to means the Hubbards occupied a comfortable middle place, being easily among the well-to-do, but not classed with those other old settlers, the Ogdens and the Newberrys, the Magees and the Fullers, the Pecks and the Wentworths, the Cobbs and the Laflins. For this Mr. Hubbard had been too much of a leader in all new departures for the city's development — had too frequently paid for the seed, while others waited until the harvest was assured before venturing into the field; and later, through losses by the great fire, his means, while always sufficient for his own and his family's well-being, were yet measurably circumscribed.

While the celebration of the silver wedding was in all respects an event to evoke the most pleasurable memories (and of which more anon), I look back with even greater personal satisfaction to the evening before the festivities, which by journalistic favor it was my good fortune to pass in the company of this interesting couple, in a home atmosphere of free and genial reminiscence. Mrs. Hubbard was the quiet, intelligent, tactful matron, whose sympathetic nature found ready access to the hearts of the young. Mr. Hubbard, while an embodiment of self-

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

GURDON S. HUBBARD

(The Famous Fur-trader, Friend of the Indian, and Pioneer Settler; arrived in 1818)

contained geniality, was unconsciously a master of unpremeditated dramatic narrative, that took hold of the listener as much by what native modesty withheld, as by what was so quietly yet saliently revealed. In a somewhat extensive elbow acquaintance with masterful men, few have impressed me as did this incarnate epitome of all that Chicago from its origin to its present greatness typifies.

MR. HUBBARD IN HIS YOUTH

At an age when most lads, if studiously inclined, are still conning its printed page, young Hubbard had already begun to make history. Great responsibilities, under most trying conditions, were his while yet in his teens. A keen observer, he weighed in the balance of a natural equipoise all the elements of a situation, and readily coördinated and assimilated its salient points. He was a recognized and accepted leader among his white and mongrel *entourage* from the start; and the equal of any Indian in those specialties that determine leadership among them. Indeed, he proved time and again, that as a long-distance runner — a role in which the trained red man of that period was supposed to have no equal — there was not his match in all the Illinois tribes. He had the red man's freedom of carriage, that easy, graceful lift in his walk, that marks the wearer of the moccasin.

While the Caucasian at his best was ever dominant in Mr. Hubbard, certain acquired Indian characteristics nevertheless occasionally revealed themselves to the last. A striking alertness in his bodily movements had its complement in a substratum of mental wariness, clearly a resultant of the exacting environment of his younger days. Not obtrusively, nor in the least suspiciously, but just by second nature, he would unconsciously vouchsafe in-

teresting glimpses of his Indian "double," giving to one psychologically inclined the impression that, while the guileless, frank-hearted, debonair white man was giving himself unreservedly into the hands of the Philistine, the assimilated red man in him would see to it — at least in his pow-wows with a member of the newspaper tribe — that the scalps were equitably divided.

HUBBARD, LINCOLN, AND DOUGLAS

In his reserves of power, resourcefulness, and native ability, this stalwart character reminded one strongly of his friend Abraham Lincoln. These two thoroughly understood, admired, and trusted each other. On the evening to which I have referred, Mr. Hubbard spoke of the dead President with unaffected tenderness. He recounted a number of incidents in which Lincoln bore a part, and related with special satisfaction how "Uncle Abe" and the "Little Giant" were once brought into amiable fraternization, at a time when their political relations, to say the least, were considerably strained.

During the memorable senatorial debate between these Titans, in 1858, it so happened, that while Mr. Lincoln was the guest of the Hubbards, Senator Douglas was entertained by Judge Corydon Beckwith, their next-door neighbor. None in either house had foreknowledge of the interesting coincidence, and only discovered the situation when, in the cool of the evening, both families, as was their wont, sought relief from sultry interiors on their ample piazzas. When the antagonists, to their surprise, caught sight of each other, they bridged the political chasm with hearty, friendly greetings, each leader vying with the other in making the incident an enjoyable social interlude in the most memorable political contest in the history of the country.

EARLY BUSINESS EXPERIENCES

Mr. Hubbard was born in 1802, at Windsor, Vt. At fourteen he was already in business for himself. He had frequently crossed the border into Canada, and finally brought up in Montreal, then the headquarters of the American Fur Company. At sixteen he became an agent of the Company, with headquarters at Mackinac. In charge of a crew of voyagers he frequently coasted along the western shore of Lake Michigan, trading with the Indians; and in 1818, entered the mouth of the creek, which is to-day one of the world's greatest harbors. When in a reminiscent mood, and geographically inclined, Mr. Hubbard was wont to show his visitors a private map of the Chicago of that date, illustrated with two and one-half habitations, all told. One was the stockade called Fort Dearborn, and then occupied quite recently after a lapse of years following the massacre of 1812; another, the log house of the Indian trader John Kinzie; and the half was a tumble-down affair occupied by a French squawman. Mr. Hubbard made one or two journeys to St. Louis, then an important trading centre, with a thousand or more permanent settlers; but his most frequent trips were made to the Wabash, and the route he travelled over more than fifty times, became generally known as "Hubbard's trail." In the later twenties he quit the Company, and did a trading business with the Indians on his own account, one of his caravans containing as many as fifty pack ponies. When, in 1830, Mr. Hubbard finally made Chicago his permanent home, he immediately took a leading part, and within two years was elected to the Legislature, which then met at Vandalia. He there met his first wife, who died in 1838.

Before 1830 nearly all Chicago's business was done on

the North Side. Mr. Hubbard, however, favored the South Side (though always a resident of the north division), and was the first to build a warehouse in the new section, on South Water Street. He also went into the packing business, and in 1835 shipped the first barrel of beef from Chicago, and he remained in the packing business for more than a third of a century.

A TRANSACTION IN REAL ESTATE

Mr. Hubbard owned considerable real estate at times, and as an instance showing how values rose in the craze of 1836-37, he cited his purchase, in 1832, of eighty feet front on the northeast corner of Lake and La Salle Streets, running back so as to include the same width on South Water, for one hundred and thirty dollars. He built thereon the first brick business structure in the city, and it was occupied by the State Bank of Illinois. This plot, with the building worth about ten thousand dollars, he sold in 1836 for eighty thousand, a transaction probably with few parallels in the annals of real estate. Mr. Hubbard was also one of the builders and owners of the Lake House, which in 1835 was the only brick hotel in the city, and the most noted and best caravansary in the West.

During the Black Hawk War Mr. Hubbard raised a regiment. However, before it could take the field the scrimmage was over. It was in this war that young Lincoln also made a futile attempt to smell powder.

When, in 1828, the Winnebagoes became restless, and the destruction of what there was of Chicago was threatened, such possible calamity was averted by the daring of young Hubbard. Unattended, he sped through the hostile country to the Wabash, and succeeded in bringing the forces of General Atkinson to the assistance of the settle-

ment. Mr. Hubbard was one of the originators and chief promoters of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. When its construction was entered upon, he was appointed the first commissioner, and all the earlier deeds of transfer bear his signature. At sixty-six Mr. Hubbard was still in his prime. Indeed, his son (by a former marriage), a stalwart in his thirties, made confession to me that his father was more active than himself, and could still, if so minded, give him a sound thrashing.

HOW HUBBARD WAS ESTEEMED

These glimpses of Mr. Hubbard at different times, and in many fields of exploitation and activity, reveal his many-sided and forceful character. And to show how he was esteemed in the Chicago of his ripened manhood, I shall quote the introductory paragraphs to my account of the silver wedding, which I have come upon, much to my surprise, in an old scrapbook. Incidentally they also show how Chicago regarded itself in those days:

"One of the most notable events in the personal history of Chicago took place last evening. The Garden City, in the pride of her three hundred thousand inhabitants, reverted joyfully to its beginnings; and, standing in fancy on the reed-grown shore of Lake Michigan, shook by the hand the daring pioneer, who, though among the first to follow the red man's trail hereabouts, still lives in the present, the remotest link that connects the powerful city of to-day with its aboriginal past. The occasion was the silver wedding of our oldest settler, Gurdon S. Hubbard, on the fiftieth anniversary of his advent on these shores. Half a century may be relatively a long or a very short period. When it is counted in the span of a single life, it assumes formidable proportions, and generally embraces the greater part thereof; but when it comes within the existence of a populous city, it is usually of comparatively small account. In this instance one hardly knows which to marvel at the more, that a single individual, still in his prime, should have witnessed so much, or that so much should have

been accomplished in so brief a period. Modern history furnishes no parallel.*

"It was meet that so marked an occasion be commemorated in some special manner. It would have been unpardonable in a family so identified with the city's beginnings, had its rejoicings been confined to the home circle; for whatever pertains to the early history of the Garden City is like a leaf in the life-book of each of her citizens. None in point of time, and few in works that shall endure, are so much a veritable part of the progress and prosperity of our city as Mr. Gurdon S. Hubbard; and a large proportion of those among the living who fought the early battle by his side enjoyed his hospitality last evening. It was truly a gathering of the seed now ripened into golden harvest. The residence of Mr. Hubbard is one of the finest in the city. Last evening its spacious parlors were crowded to their utmost, and a happier gathering Chicago has never witnessed. The old-timers had met and mingled but little of late years, and the occasion was therefore in the nature of a general reunion of old settlers; and if not actually the first, it was certainly the most important, both in numbers and interest, in the history of the city."

The exploitation of any event of magnitude by the community's organs of publicity may go far, even by its defaults, to illustrate in manifold ways the difference in manners and customs that distinguish one generation from another. Because of the notable character of the gathering, comprising as it did about all who were historically associated with the city (and at this period such a roll included nearly all distinguished for other reasons), one would now like to scan a list of the people who made the occasion so memorable. But, alas! none was appended. *Per contra,* if in this year of grace, a reporter assigned to so important a function came away without a fairly complete list of well-known people present, it would be

* While all this is true enough, it is simply insignificant when compared with the later fact, that there are those still living, in the Chicago with 2,500,000 inhabitants, who were of the town when it had fewer people than may now be found under the roof of one of its skyscrapers.

taken for granted that he was seeking for an excuse to give up his job. And so an interesting inquiry would be: "Have the people changed the papers? Have the papers changed the people? Or was it all a mistake in those days to assume that folks shied at publicity?"

A NOTABLE GATHERING

The period was peculiarly one of change from the old to the new. The abnormal prosperity that followed upon the war was at full tide. There had been a great influx of new people,— not a few scions of old families, and men of fashion,— and so the manners and customs of older communities were gradually finding acceptance in quarters where but a few years before they had been regarded with feelings of positive aversion. Hence a goodly proportion among those present had risen at the behests of fashion to "cut monkey-shines in swallow-tails," to say nothing of their staid spouses appearing in evening toilettes. And so the display of costumes at this reception was in a way a reflex of the various stages of the city's development; from the deer-skin dress of the primitive hunter (in which several appeared, to typify the host's youthful environment) to the latest cut in evening dress.

The old settlers of Chicago were an exceptionally fine body of men — many uniting in their persons the distinction of good breeding with the off-hand manner born of the early free life of the West. Good examples of this blend, all in their prime, were Judges Mark Skinner and J. D. Caton, Dr. C. V. Dyer, and Mahlon D. Ogden; while in marked contrast to these, and attracting more notice than even "Long John" Wentworth (ever in all respects in a class by himself), was Mark Beaubien, of early hotel-keeping and fiddling fame; a keen-eyed, sun-tanned, quiz-

zical old Frenchman, a genuine "left-over" from the mongrel rough-and-ready period.

MR. AND MRS. ARCHIBALD CLYBOURNE

Among others who drew the attention of the assemblage — though in no wise because they sought it — were Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Clybourne, the former after Mr. Hubbard the oldest settler. Mr. Clybourne arrived at the settlement in 1823, remained a year, returned to Virginia, came back the following year with his parents, and thereafter became a fixture at New Virginia or Virginiaville, as the region roundabout the North Side rolling mills came to be known. Mrs. Clybourne, as Mary Galloway, came with her parents as a girl of fourteen, from Sandusky, Ohio, in 1826, and was married in 1829. Mr. and Mrs. Clybourne were fine examples of the American pioneer: the man, self-contained, energetic, resourceful; the woman, helpful, motherly, uncomplaining, of unwearying good-nature and undaunted courage. To the last Mr. and Mrs. Clybourne remained plain people, though in 1836 they built and occupied what was perhaps the most pretentious brick mansion in the settlement — to remain for many decades a looming landmark in a locality that in time came to be filled up chiefly by the grimy cottages of rolling-mill employees. Mrs. Clybourne, as a type of the pioneer bride, wife, and mother, deserves to be immortalized in bronze; for it is from such primal sources that the virile virtues are drawn through which States endure.

THE CLYBOURNE MANSION

After the fire the Clybourne mansion was the oldest brick building in the city; and, with the exception of a tumble-down affair on the corner of Lake and Canal

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

MR. AND MRS. ARCHIBALD CLYBOURNE, TYPES OF THE PIONEER

Streets, the oldest construction of any kind. It was built of brick manufactured near its site, so Mrs. Clybourne informed me, by Francis C. Sherman, five times a candidate and three times elected Mayor, and the owner of the Sherman House. It was quite a pretentious structure, and, as it had been built in the open without reference to any possible future platting (which did not take place till almost thirty years later), it refused to fit in with the subsequent arrangement of streets. Toward the west it presented the appearance of a plain, two-story brick, with an ordinary entrance in the centre; that which was finally the front of the building, facing Elston Avenue, was once its side; while the real front of the old-time structure, facing south toward the heart of the city, displayed a spacious columned porch to an adjoining lot.

Nearly a decade after this reunion I spent a most enjoyable reminiscent day at the old mansion. Mr. Clybourne had joined the great majority; but his widow, then in her sixty-fifth year, was still a hearty matron, with all her faculties undimmed. She lived to see the twentieth century well started. It is pleasant to recall that fireside picture. After Mr. Hubbard, she was then the oldest settler living in Chicago, and bore her honors as such a mother in Israel should. Mrs. Clybourne, without knowing it, was a born story-teller. She had a natural feeling for the dramatic and picturesque, a spontaneous humor that caught one unawares, while her speech was racily colloquial.

HOSPITABLE HARDSCRABBLE

It was an event in the history of Chicago, when Mrs. Clybourne's family, the Galloways, arrived. Mr. Galloway had been here the year before, thoroughly familiarized himself with the conditions roundabout, and had then returned

to Sandusky for his family, and a supply of goods for traffic among the Indians. The coming of the goods was, however, not to the liking of the Fur Company's agent here, and so Mr. Galloway was not only denied store room, but also shelter for his family. Fortunately for Mr. Galloway, Chicago had at this time a most formidable rival, or it might have gone ill with him; for the agent literally owned the place. This rival was Hardscrabble. It consisted of four or five log cabins—indeed, almost as many as Chicago could boast — and was located on the West Branch not far from its junction with the South Branch. A ferry was there, and also some sort of provision for man and beast. Chief Alexander Robinson, one of the worthies of that period, and a resident of Hardscrabble, happened to be "downtown" when the schooner arrived. He had met Mr. Galloway on the latter's previous visit; and with native hospitality placed at his disposal one of his up-river Hardscrabble cabins. Accordingly, before night both goods and family had been poled in a scow to the friendly Indian shelter. Here the family remained all winter, while Mr. Galloway made frequent excursions to points on the Desplaines and Illinois Rivers.

AN INDIAN ALARM

During one of these absences a rumor got abroad that the Indians about the Desplaines had gone on the war path. Mr. Galloway was expected home that evening. Therefore, when he failed to put in an appearance, Mrs. Galloway and Mary (the future Mrs. Clybourne) jumped to the conclusion that he had been murdered. In their terror they set about to barricade the entrance to the cabin, determined to defend their lives to the utmost. Soon a fierce blizzard swept across the prairie; and, shortly after

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

THE CLYBOURNE MANSION

midnight, to their dismay, they heard above the roar of the storm a variety of noises that proceeded from a band of Indians seeking shelter, who, when entrance was denied them, sought to force the door. Loud and fierce were their cries, and ever fiercer raged the storm.

MRS. CLYBOURNE AS A HEROINE

Mrs. Galloway, rifle in hand, defended the entrance by way of the door, while our fourteen-year-old heroine, axe in hand, stood beside the only window, instructed to split heads as fast as they made their appearance. It seems that a band of Indians had been long absent on a hunting and trapping expedition. Laden with skins and furs, they were now returning to the agency; and, as they knew the Robinson cabin of old as a trading-post, they were exasperated at being denied admission where they had a right to look for a warm welcome. Therefore, the longer they were kept out in the blizzard, which cut their faces like shot from a blunderbuss, the more and the louder they vociferated, until a veritable bedlam seemed to have broken loose. This particular cabin in Hardscrabble happened to be quite a distance farther from anywhere than the others, and hence the untutored mind was reluctant to try elsewhere; but at last the band was forced to trudge on to Laughton's cabin at the ferry, where they gave forceful vent to their indignation. Appreciating the situation, Mr. Laughton quickly despatched a young Frenchman to the Galloway cabin to explain matters; but as this envoy commanded little English, and the women folks less French, they concluded it was an Indian playing Frenchman, the readier to gain access to their scalps, and so continued desperately to "hold the fort," until the advent of daylight dispersed the supposed besiegers.

A FAMOUS FEAST

By way of closing this old-settler topic, it only remains to add that a notable feature of the Hubbard celebration was a feast, pronounced by all present to have had no equal up to that time in the festal history of the city. John S. Wright, of the Opera House restaurant, the Chicago Delmonico of that period, had received *carte blanche* in its preparation; and it was in all respects worthy of that caterer's reputation. In a way the table told the whole story of Chicago, and Mr. Hubbard's association with it. Among other reminiscences embodied in confection, were the old Fort Dearborn, John Kinzie's log cabin, the "one-half" affair of the half-breed, and finally a relief map of the entire city of 1868, with the Court House rearing its proud dome in the centre.

And now I will close this chapter with the words in which my narrative of more than forty years ago was brought to a conclusion:

"What more can be said of an occasion that stands unrivalled among the private social gatherings of Chicago? Many were the congratulations bestowed on the honored host and hostess, and there was none present who would not wish to add a hundred years to their lives."*

* Mrs. Hubbard lived for more than forty years after this notable event.

A MEMORABLE ARMY REUNION

CHICAGO PREPARING FOR THE FESTIVITY — HEROES IN THE ACT OF HERO-WORSHIP — ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF SOME OF THE LEADERS — THE ADDRESSES — THE REPORTER'S ENCOUNTER WITH GENERAL SHERMAN — GENERAL LOGAN TURNS THE TABLES ON HIM — THE LATTER AS A POLITICIAN — MRS. LOGAN'S TACT AND POPULARITY — SHE HELPS THE REPORTER TO SECURE COPY FROM THE GENERAL, ALSO FURTHERS A ROMANCE.

OF the many occasions in earlier days when countless hosts were drawn to Chicago, not one looms more august in the background of memory than that efflorescence of the world's most gigantic internecine struggle, the great Army Reunion of 1868.

The wars under Napoleon not only fill a large place in the perspective of history, but in their course blazoned the names of a host attached to the conqueror's fortunes. Yet, had it been possible at the close of the great Corsican's career, to gather about him in the refulgence of victory, rather than in the shadow of the utter defeat that was his final portion, the galaxy that starred the firmament of his once transcendent dominion, the scene thus imagined, while indubitably more spectacular, would scarcely have outranked in terms of martial achievements the actual gathering under the ægis of unqualified triumph, that was witnessed in the Chicago of auld lang syne. Now more than forty years have passed; and few, indeed, of the notable thousands who contributed to the glory of that memorable spectacle remain among the living, for the lustrums in their procession move unfalteringly toward mist-enshrouded Valhalla.

Many days before the reunion, Chicago set about to deck herself as for a marriage feast; and everybody who counted for anything was assigned to some committee of reception: to extend a welcome to the whilom heads of the four armies about to assemble; to one or another of a score or more of corps commanders; to this, that, or another of almost unnumbered major generals; to — no, the line was sharply drawn at brigadiers, for this sort, especially in brevet form, were simply legion, and could count themselves fortunate if they succeeded in capturing a hall bedroom somewhere, or so much as got mentioned among others as arrived. No, there was n't a bit of glory in being a mere brigadier; while colonels, majors, and their like, however "big injuns" at their particular "four corners," here found none sufficiently lowly to do them reverence; and when an evil star brought them under the eye of a lordly hotel clerk, their insignificance called for nothing short of an apology.

How festal were the streets! And what scenes of animation at the hotels that were decked in the insignia peculiar to the army or corps societies that made them their headquarters! President-elect Grant, and Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, and others of the Army of the Tennessee were quartered at the Tremont; General Thomas was chief among those at the Sherman; while General Schofield (at the time also Secretary of War) headed the list at the Briggs.

Although the reunion technically embraced only those officers who belonged to the army societies of the Tennessee, of the Cumberland, of the Ohio, and of Georgia, their combined roster included practically all the big fighting men in active service on the Union side at the close of the war — a fact that throws an interesting light on

the way the Western commanders were shifted to displace Eastern failures.

While the respective army societies met in different minor halls for the transaction of routine business, the Grand Reunion took place at the Crosby Opera House, at this time the finest auditorium in the country, and where only a few months before a National Convention had nominated General U S. Grant for the presidency; a notable gathering also, but a mere rush-light when compared with the flare of this camp fire.

POSITIONS ASSIGNED TO THE HEROES

Those in charge of the reunion arrangements found it an ungracious task, in their embarrassment of leaders, to determine who should be distinguished above their fellows by seats in the front line on the stage. In a way preferences were determined by seniority of rank — and the chairs were set as close as comfort would permit, and extended to the utmost limits of the stage, that as many as possible might be accommodated. But that the alignment fell far short of satisfying the estimates in terms of fighting rank of those who had weighed their commanders with their own lives in the balance, was made plain by the spontaneous acclaim with which some were greeted who were discovered among comrades in the body of the hall, and the perfunctory recognition accorded others who bulked large on the stage through grace of seniority.

The last night of the reunion was an event to be remembered. A cruel but righteous struggle lay in the heroic past; in the present shone bright the sun of a beneficent peace; and those who had been triumphant leaders in the one were now the glad promoters of the other, even though gathered to fight their battles over again. The

addresses by distinguished soldiers before their former comrades-in-arms were all of a high order, and evoked storms of applause by their eloquence and deep sincerity.

Lieutenant-general W. T. Sherman — "Old Tecumseh" — as chairman, occupied the centre of the line of embattled heroes. On his right sat the President-elect, General U. S. Grant; on his left the accepted father of the army, General George H. Thomas. Others I now recall as facing the great audience were Generals Sheridan, Schofield, Hooker, Logan, Palmer, Slocum, Blair, McClernand, McDowell, Butterfield, Rawlins, Rosencranz, Stoneman, McCook, Howard, Pope, Terry, Harney, Ingalls, Belknap, Cox, Coggswell, and Croft,— the last four the orators of the occasion.

A NIGHT OF OVATIONS

It was a night of ovations — of transports of enthusiasm. But however wild and unconstrained the acclaim, it never passed the bounds of a battle-trained discrimination. The reunion, therefore, offered a rare opportunity to study an assemblage of heroes in the act of hero-worship. As well as circumstances would permit, the four armies, and even different corps within these grand divisions, had definite positions in the hall. Except in the case of universal heroes, the applause sometimes struck the front as if delivered by detached columns; and so it was not always easy to determine its precise objective. Especially was the situation complicated when two or more middle-weight heroes, belonging to different armies, chanced to become rival foci of attention, by emerging simultaneously from the wings to seats on the "firing line." In such case, each might have his particular group of admirers; and how to direct the applause so that no portion intended for

THE GRAND ARMY REUNION OF 1868 AT CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE

LT.-GEN. SHERMAN DELIVERING ADDRESS OF WELCOME

(This Building then Ranked as "the Most Imposing Art Temple of the Country")

one should go to the credit of another was sometimes a baffling proposition, and there were not wanting occasions when the exigencies of discrimination forced a group of partisans to proclaim their particular favorite by name. There was, of course, little trouble to concentrate from all quarters on such shining marks as Generals Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, and even Hooker and Logan; but applause intended as an ovation to any one at the front below the salt, was pretty sure to scatter, and more than once led to an embarrassing situation.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF SOME OF THE LEADERS

The President-elect, the leader above all, was greeted with a grand round of applause, of course; and so were "Old Tecumseh," "Little Phil," "Fighting Joe," and "Black Jack." But the real thing, the charge that swept all before it, had apparently held itself in reserve until "Pap Thomas" should get his inning. Then all in a moment the camp fire, which before had but flickered for this one, or at best flared for another, burst into an uncontrollable blaze. Cheer rose upon cheer. Men stood in their seats and shouted hysterically, "Pap!" "Pap!" "Old Pap!" "We love you!" while the giant frame of this most modest of heroes, that had withstood the shock of a score of battles, trembled as if smitten with a great fear. To be singled out in the presence of his superiors was a most unwelcome ordeal to a man of General Thomas's reserve, and with mute deprecation he vainly sought to still the storm. As well might he have attempted to stem an onrushing avalanche, for his very unwillingness to be acclaimed only lent zest to the spirit of tumult, amidst which "Old Tecumseh," with a fine impulse of chivalry, by main force pushed him farther to the front, where defenceless,

and bereft of all support, the Rock of Chickamauga received in grim silence the onslaught of his overwhelming popularity. There was a feeling in the country, and particularly in the West, that General Thomas had been rather shabbily treated by those in power; and the extraordinary character of the ovation was no doubt partly due to the exceptional opportunity presented by the occasion to bring this feeling home to whomsoever it might concern.

Amongst others forced to their feet in the body of the hall in response to calls and the plaudits of their comrades, two were conspicuous by reason of their diminutive stature — though credited with ability to fight their weight in wild cats. These were Generals Corse and Bragg, the former the hero-defender of Allatoona Pass, the latter the commander of the famous "Iron Brigade"; and, by a coincidence, both were pronounced Democrats. The former won no additional laurels as a civilian; but the latter lived long enough to add to his fame by the phrase, "We love him for the enemies he has made." General Custer, always a picturesque figure, also received special recognition.

THE ADDRESSES

"Old Tecumseh" delivered the address of welcome. It was crisp, epigrammatic, and in every way a striking reflex of the man. Then followed in order: General W. H. Belknap, for the Army of the Tennessee; General Charles Croft, for the Army of the Cumberland; General J. D. Cox, for the Army of the Ohio; and General William Coggswell, for the Army of Georgia. General Belknap, in his opening, rose grandly to the occasion. His was a commanding presence, and he spoke to mastering effect. Waiting until the applause that greeted him on rising had been followed by an impressive silence, he slowly raised

his arms as for a benediction, and with the action seemed also to lift his auditors, as in tones full-rounded, and vibrant with the emotions of the hour, he thrilled them with: "It all seems like a dream!" Then he paused, while tumultuous applause broke from every part of the house. Like a master he had touched a chord that led straight to every heart; and thereafter he had the great audience obedient to his every mood. Rarely are the emotions of an epoch so effectively embodied in and dramatized by a phrase. The address of General Cox was that of a scholar, while the others evoked frequent applause with telling army reminiscences and heart-stirring periods.

There was a good deal of cabinet-making for Grant's coming administration going on about that time; and so impressed was the writer by the orations of Generals Belknap and Cox, that, in writing an introduction to the proceedings for the *Tribune*, he felt moved to try his 'prentice hand in the same direction, by suggesting that if the President-elect was still looking for cabinet material, he might go farther and fare worse than offer a portfolio to either or both of those gentlemen. Great, therefore, was his astonishment when he found that Grant had taken his advice — or somebody else's — and appointed both. Later, however, he was forced to the conclusion, as to one at least, that it would have been better if he had stuck strictly to reporting, and left cabinet-making to more competent hands — and he has never indulged in the pastime since.

THE REPORTER'S ENCOUNTER WITH GENERAL SHERMAN

Sherman had arrived in town a day or two before the reunion, as he was on the programme for the address of welcome. It occurred to me as a good piece of fore-

handedness to see him and ask leave to make a copy of it, and so save the paper a shorthanding bill (this was before the typewriter and easy duplication), a kind of foresight always appreciated at full value higher up. There were rumors that the hero of "Marching through Georgia" was no lover of the pen brigade; but it was fair to suppose that his aversion was confined to meddlesome army correspondents, and so I hied myself blithely to the Tremont, sent in my card, and was duly ushered into the lion's den. The famous marcher was alone, and as the day was frosty, he was jauntily holding up his coat tails so as to get the full effect of a grate fire in the rear.

"Well, sir, I see by this card that you are a newspaper man," was his amiable greeting. "What is it you want?"

"I called to ask if you have an extra copy of your address of welcome, or would permit me to make one for the *Tribune*," was my reply.

"Young man, I have but one copy, and that does n't go out of my possession until I have had my say."

"But —"

"Stop right there. There are no buts to this thing. If once you got your hands on my manuscript, not only would I probably never see it again, but most likely you would publish it ahead of time. I don't trust newspaper men. I have had too much experience."

While there may be occasions when the pen is mightier than the sword, this was distinctly not one of them; for both the tone and the eye (and what an eye!) of the implacable old war dog so demonstrated the wisdom of the poet who sang the praises of discretion, that little time was lost by this deponent in retreating to a stronger, or at all events a more salubrious, position.

However, not even the most callous copy-raider cares

to be drubbed vicariously; and such is the evil effect of giving even a fairly good dog a bad name, that, because a Son of Thunder took this news scout's depravity for granted, the latter came near turning out all that was assumed of him. The temptation came on the night of the great reunion. In charge of the reportorial contingent assigned by the *Tribune* for duty at the meeting, I was privileged to forage behind the scenes. My enemy was early on hand, and, from a position in the wings, extended a welcome to the gathering chiefs as one by one they came into his ken. All this was very interesting (for "Old Tecumseh," when in the humor, was a pastmaster with the piquant or felicitous phrase), and while busy taking notes of his sallies, a stray glance to the floor revealed to the writer a roll of paper a yard or more from Tecumseh's heels. A step, and the reporter found in his hands the very address that had been so brusquely denied him. Various emotions contended for mastery. What a chance to get even — to give the old hero a worse facer than he had given! But a good dæmon put all the little imps of temptation to flight; and stepping up to the big chief, I handed him the scroll with the remark, "General Sherman, I take pleasure in returning the manuscript you so kindly let me have to copy."

"What 's that? I let nobody have my manuscript" — and this with a look that had the glint of a line of bayonets. "Are you the reporter who asked me for it?"

I frankly acknowledged my guilt, then added: "I found this on the floor."

Quickly his hands went to his coat tails. Then he snatched the roll from my hand; glanced at it; gave me a look which, if less piercing than the first, conveyed volumes of suspicions; growled a "Much obliged"; faced

about; and a moment later stepped from the wings to receive the welcoming plaudits of the great assemblage.

CONFRONTED BY GENERAL LOGAN

I had another rather interesting military encounter the same day. General John A. Logan was also staying at the Tremont, and as he had just been elected Congressman-at-large for Illinois — a place created for the nonce by the exigencies of Congressional apportionment,— he seemed good material for an interview. I had met him only a few months before at his home in Carbondale (whereof more anon) and therefore required no introduction. But no sooner did I stand in his presence than he turned the tables on me. Logan was in one of his irascible moods, and resolved to do some interviewing on his own account. Going to a table, he snatched up a bit of paper, and thrusting it in my face, fiercely demanded: "What do you *Tribune* people mean by sending me this?" I took the slip with some trepidation, but was greatly relieved to find it to be nothing more ominous than a printed invitation to a hastily improvised reception at the Michigan Avenue home of Deacon Bross, one of the owners of the paper, in honor of Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, *and* Schofield.

"Mean by what?" was my astonished query.

"This invitation to meet General Schofield. Why, I commanded more men than ever he did. What entitles him to this distinction?"

"Why, I suppose, because he is the Secretary of War, and so in a way the superior even of General Sherman," I permitted myself to reply.

"Yes, and you people seem determined to force him into Grant's cabinet." I was then still ignorant of the

cabinet-making abilities that lay dormant under my waistcoat, which the reader will recall I subsequently discovered myself to possess,— and so confessed not only entire innocence of any intended wrong-doing, but profound ignorance as to what *we* people of the *Tribune* meant to do anent General Schofield; though I did manage to say that I thought the good deacon was promoting the reception entirely on his own initiative, and without the least idea that a sinister motive might be attributed to the accidental grouping of the name of General Schofield with that of Grant. But the ire of "Black Jack" was not so easily appeased — it had been nursed too long on real or imaginary slights of various kinds at the hands of all manner of "powers," and he laid about him right and left in a way that amazed me. Not only did he look upon the sending of such an invitation to him as a direct insult, considering his rank, but as an underhanded blow at his aspirations. As chief among the volunteer generals, he contended, he had a claim to some exceptional recognition; but because he was not a West Pointer, he had been only too often passed over by the war powers in the matter of independent commands, and it seemed that this studied neglect was to follow him into civil life.

I demurred to all this by citing that his State had just elected him to the most honored place then in its gift.

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "What do I care for this empty honor of Congressman-at-large? I was a Congressman before the war, and that 's all I am now, after all the fighting I 've done. And now, when there is an office like that of Secretary of War, that ought to come to me by every right, — and it ought never to go into the West Point ring,— not a hand is lifted by your people to help me, but instead they send me this insulting invitation."

Thus twice in a single day an ambitious reporter missed getting what he went for; but, had he been connected with a paper less wedded to the proprieties than the *Tribune* under Horace White, what he really got might easily have been made interesting reading. Afterwards, when I told the good deacon how Logan had taken his well-meant invitation, those astonishingly shaggy eyebrows of his mounted nearly to the top of his head.

GENERAL LOGAN AS A POLITICIAN

As a matter of fact, the *Tribune* had at this time small enthusiasm for General Logan, the politician. Horace White, its editor, was not only of an independent turn of mind, but had already entered upon those studies which in after years, through his position as editor of the New York *Evening Post*, has made him a recognized authority among American economists; whereas Logan, though he aimed so high, had at this time little besides his war record to recommend him. To be sure, few who in those days fought the Southern brigadiers all over again on the stump were any better equipped; but, on the other hand, none attracted equal attention, because of a splendid war record and an aggressive personality. Toward the close of his career Logan rose to an assured place in senatorial debate — and the admirable temper in which he took his Vice-Presidential defeat made him many friends among former depreciators — but in the passion-laden days immediately following the war, he would occasionally in his patriotic zeal get so much at odds with accepted forms of speech as to be the despair of the shorthand fraternity.

MRS. LOGAN'S TACT, WINSOMENESS, AND POPULARITY

However, if in those formative days the general had few admirers among newspaper men (or, let us confine

"BLACK JACK" LOGAN

(Major-General and Congressman-at-Large)

it to stenographers), Mrs. Logan had enough and to spare. It has been frequently remarked that her brilliant initiative, tactful coöperation, and self-sacrificing support, joined to a most winning personality, were potent influences in promoting the general's political fortunes. I believe this to be true, especially in early days, to an even greater extent than is generally supposed. A somewhat unique personal experience may serve to illustrate the sort of ally and helpmate she was — quick to seize every opportunity at any cost of personal sacrifice, to disarm her husband's logical opponents, by enlisting them under her own banner.

It was in the late Summer of 1868. General Logan had been nominated by the Republican party of Illinois for the office of Congressman-at-large. He was accordingly booked to fire the opening gun of the presidential campaign in the State, at Carbondale, his home. I was sent there to report on the rally for the *Tribune* and telegraph a fairly full synopsis of the speech, especially if by any chance the subjects of finance and taxation should be touched upon — questions then slowly looming on the political horizon.

Now it so happened (as it will to youthful swains) that the narrator was paying court to his future wife. And it further happened that she was at this particular time visiting relatives about half-way between Chicago and Carbondale; and what more natural than that he should set his wits to work to arrange matters to give him a day off at Onarga, and that without interfering with his schedule. He therefore made a study of time tables, found that a train left Carbondale at three o'clock in the afternoon for the north, and as the rally was advertised for two o'clock, and the general would certainly talk a

couple of hours, that train could be enlisted in love's service only on condition that the speech be gotten at somehow beforehand; and, as the general was never known to prepare even so much as headings for his remarks, the prospect loomed with discouragements. However, love had before been known to find a way, and it did so again.

MRS. LOGAN TO THE RESCUE

When the hero of this romance got to Carbondale, though quite early in the morning, he forthwith posted to the Logan residence, where he found its mistress among her flowers, while the general was still in dreamland. Naturally the swain lost little time in making known his heart's desire anent that day off; and Mrs. Logan, with a woman's natural disposition to aid and abet any love adventure, readily promised to do all in her power to further his wishes, and this the rather when convinced that a more coherent report could be made from data obtained during a quiet *tête-à-tête* than from notes scribbled amidst the hurly-burly of an out-door rally.

As time was an important factor in the success of our little scheme, the general was hustled up a bit earlier than would otherwise have happened; and even while at his breakfast, scraps of copy were providently extracted, to make room, let us believe, for an extra portion of eggs and bacon, inasmuch as the general announced he would not break a prospective fast until after the meeting. It did not take long to discover that the "opening gun" which John was assigned to fire was one of the old-fashioned muzzleloaders, shotted with the regulation (s)logans against unrepentant Rebel brigadiers and their sinister purpose to get firmly seated in the Government saddle again. Indeed, before the last egg had disappeared, more

points than the general was likely to elaborate in his speech were in the interrogator's possession. Without ado he set to work to extend them into a column,— which, of this sort, was all that was wanted; and it was Mrs. Logan rather than the general who made discriminating selection for emphasis or elaboration.

I accompanied Mrs. Logan to the place of meeting — a very pretty grove about half a mile from the house,— whither the general had preceded us. The son, John A. Logan, Jr. (who, with his father's fighting blood in his veins, has since met his death at the front in the Philippine Islands), then a youngster in probably his first knickerbockers, trotted by our side. I remained about half an hour, to note some details of the rally for an introduction, and to see that John was well under way fighting the battles of his country over again. Then I bade Mrs. Logan good-bye, and was about to make a bee line for the station, to file my despatch, and to make sure not to miss the train, when my lady exclaimed in a voice that almost had a sob in it: "Oh, I 'm so sorry! I intended you should take a bouquet from my garden, and a bottle of wine of my own making, to your sweetheart!"

"That was very kind of you, indeed, but it can't be helped now," was my reply.

"But it can and must be helped," was her emphatic rejoinder, and gathering up her skirts, she exclaimed as she started, "Come right along."

I did my best to dissuade her — for one reason that I feared to lose my train — but to no avail; and she kept me at a trot for the better part of the half-mile to the house. In those days Mrs. Logan possessed the agility of a deer; and she made a picture of animation it is a delight to recall. We met a number of the townspeople

on their way to the grove, and every now and then, as we scurried past, she would throw back a laughing "I forgot something." Perhaps some may have imagined it was John's speech.

It seemed but a moment after we reached the garden before I found a posy in my hand, and she met my surprise with, "I had arranged it all in my mind coming along." Then she skipped into the house, and in a twinkling reappeared with a bottle of wine, neatly wrapped. To her gifts she added "ever so many of my best wishes"; then, having returned hasty but heartfelt thanks, I was away.

And now is any reader surprised that the writer has ever since been a stanch supporter of Mrs. Logan? Indeed, on more than one occasion he stayed his hand when the temptation was strong to go for John in the columns of the Democratic *Times*, and all on account of one who was not only the equal, but, on occasion, easily the "better half."

EARLY LITERATURE AND ART

ABSENCE OF THE VERNACULAR IN THE EARLY LITERATURE OF CHICAGO — THE STILTED CLASSICISM OF A CERTAIN HISTORIAN — AN EXAMPLE OF HIS STYLE — THE LITERATURE OF THE EARLY SIXTIES — A HISTORY OF CHICAGO'S INDUSTRIES — THE SCINTILLATIONS OF "JANUARY SEARLE" — BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR — GEORGE P. UPTON — OTHER CHICAGO WRITERS OF THE WAR PERIOD — FRANCIS F. BROWNE AND "THE LAKESIDE" — EARLY ART IN CHICAGO — REAL ART BEGINNINGS.

IT is much to be regretted that among all the inspired prophets and jubilant celebrants who raised their voices in Chicago's beginnings to proclaim her future greatness, there was none whose lucubrations had the savor of its native speech, in manner as "John Phœnix," Bret Harte, and "Mark Twain" exploited the Argonauts of '49 in the *patois* of the Western slope. Of mere writers there were more than enough; but none felt moved to depict the strenuous life about them in fitting vernacular. In Benjamin F. Taylor, Chicago possessed a poet whose muse rose sublimely to the theme of the great war; but in the presence of the everyday drama of life he was nearly voiceless. Indeed, it is a commonplace that only the rare few succeed in translating the idiom of their time into the universal tongue.

The manners of early Chicagoans were unconventional enough, and the ordinary speech of men about town as direct and picturesque as one could wish. But by some strange inversion, such thoughts as found expression dur-

ing this period in what aspired to be literature, were imaged in forms ludicrously alien to the soil. However the turgid, pseudo-classical rhetoric of the time may have appealed to a former generation, its pedantries and affectations have an odd sound to ears accustomed to the epigrammatic literary speech of to-day. In early Chicago, as in many another place of the time, the literary muse floundered helplessly between the classic and the inane — the formal Addisonian period, and the puerilities of Graham's or Godey's magazine. The man about town saw clearly enough the thing as it was, and the unprofessional story-maker was quick to touch it up with his homely wit or satire. But the man of the quill lived in a world apart, had vision only for what would permit itself to be larded with classic ineptitudes; and so it was left to the Jack Nelsons, the Sam Turners, the Dan O'Haras, the Frank Parmelees, their predecessors or contemporaries, to surprise the local divinity as Nature had fashioned her, dress her in such homespun as might lie to hand, and start the hussy on her rounds among the *raconteurs*. And when by any chance one of these improvisations found its way into print, it generally stalked on such preposterous stilts (lest the native soil defile it) that its progenitor seldom recognized his offspring.

There was in the early sixties one Bowman, a lank specimen of our Bohemian tribe, doing stunts under the pen name of "Beau Hackett," who not only had the traditional physiognomic prerequisite of a humorist — an abnormal proboscis — but carried some pretty good brain stuff besides. However, a fool friend got him a position as State Historian, and that finished him. The efforts of another historian of early Illinois to hand down the Chicago of the forties call for special mention.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR
(Chicago's Poet of the War Period)

THE STILTED CLASSICISM OF A CERTAIN HISTORIAN

In 1846, when the city had a population approximating 15,000, it had also a debt of fifteen thousand dollars, and at the same time a citizen who had written a "History of Illinois." At this period it further came to pass that Chicago began to preen her pin-feathers for an excursion into the literary empyrean, by organizing a lyceum; and in default of other or better material, elevated this historian to the presidency. He chose for the subject of his inaugural address, "The Present and Future Prospects of Chicago." How altogether this composition reflected the literary ideals of the time may be inferred from the fact that three such well-known members as Dr. Wm. B. Egan, the Hon. Thomas Hoyne, and Wm. M. Larrabee were appointed a committee to see that it got duly printed in pamphlet form.

From a historian whose prophetic soul saw such a marvellous development that he rashly predicted that some within the sound of his voice might live to see a city of 200,000 souls (when, in fact, at least one still lives to see 2,500,000), a wayfarer might be pardoned the expectation of learning somewhat about the community regarding which such an inspiring prediction was made — its manners and the everyday life of the market place; but about these he had hardly a word to say. Some other things, however, he did talk about. For example, he descanted most loftily on such burning themes as Ancient Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Rome; and fortified his thesis with references to or extracts from such worthies as Homer, Plutarch, Cato, Archimedes, Shakespeare, Milton, Chatham, Sydney Smith, Brougham, Scott, Campbell, Cowper, Sheridan, Fox, Pollok, Dr. Paley, Whitefield,— with the Nile, the Euphrates, Athens, the Acropolis and the Parthenon

thrown in for background and good measure,—things, as any one must see at a glance, all most intimately associated with the quagmires and prairie schooners of that interesting period in the Garden City's history.

It was only in moments of obvious inattention that he permitted anything about Chicago to slip into his discourse, and then only that he might hold up to execration the iniquities by which its aforesaid enormous debt of fifteen thousand dollars had been accumulated. He started out by quoting with approbation what a brother rhetorician had said about the State's debt, to the effect that something ought to happen "to confound and paralyze the congregated energies of corruption, and rescue from the lowest depths of degradation the lost credit of the State . . . and disinter the enormous skull and disjointed vertebræ, the scattered bones of the mammoth debt, with bonds therefor poured out like water, till the drunkenness of financial debauchery has eventuated in delirium tremens." And then, rising to the situation on his account, our historian delivered himself in this fashion:

"I have heard it frequently stated, and in Chicago too, by men of wealth and standing, that we must not scrutinize these things too closely, for peradventure friends may suffer. Gracious and eternal God! Why are thy bolts withheld when doctrines such as these, without excuse and without apology, escape from polluted lips . . . Let him go to where his talents will be duly appreciated, and feed for hire the half-starved swine that prowl about hell's dormitory, or the back door of Mammon's cellar kitchen. Aye,

'Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course,'

since the Almighty by a deed of trust gave Adam and his posterity the globe we inherit, and the appurtenances thereunto belonging, including every herb and every tree save one, and every fowl and fish, and every beast, and every living thing that moveth on the earth.

For what purpose? That he might replenish it and subdue it; that he might, as in the case of Eden, 'dress it and keep it.' How, gentlemen, I ask, have we discharged that trust? An answer to this inquiry can hardly be expected in one discourse."

That our historian did not attempt such answer speaks volumes for his noble reticence. And it was clearly much better that he should finish as he did, with —

> "'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
> Were the last words of Marmion!"

And of such was literature in the Chicago of 1846.

THE LITERATURE OF THE EARLY SIXTIES

Let us now pass a decade or more, and pry a few specimen bricks out of the literary temple of the early sixties. George S. Phillips, who had won some fame in England under the pen name of "January Searle," was at this time a reigning luminary. Another was Judge A. W. Arrington, a fine personality, who came from the South with a reputation as a writer of border tales. Both died in the sixties. The former I knew well and was of some service to in his last sad hours. Much of the afflatus of that period was derived from the "little brown jug," and poor Phillips toward the end was seldom sober, though even in his cups never other than a gentleman. A. C. Wheeler was in 1863 city editor of *The Morning Post*. He subsequently became a well-known New York critic under the pen name of "Nym Crinkle," and several years before his lamented death, in 1904, he delighted literary circles with a series of sketches and novels, published under the name of "J. P. Mowbray." It was only natural that he should seek fellowship with any one whose work had a literary flavor; and so he became intimate with Phillips. Being aware that I also had acquaint-

ance with the author, Mr. Wheeler sought me one day in great haste (he being suddenly called out of town) to request that I get a hack, go to Phillips's boarding-house, and take him to the Mercy Hospital, then situated on Wabash Avenue, near Van Buren Street. This was one of the toughest jobs I ever tackled. I found Phillips quite out of his head, and suffering from a couple of broken ribs. A strait-jacket was improvised, and with the aid of the hackman and a fellow-boarder the struggling sufferer was carried to the carriage. The drive was fortunately a short one, but what there was of it thrilled with interest. Arrived at the hospital we were compelled to bind him to the bed, and he expired in his bonds.

A HISTORY OF CHICAGO'S INDUSTRIES

It was hard sledding for poor Phillips most of the time. He had, however, one windfall, when, in 1862, one I. D. Guyer took it into his head to publish a "History of Chicago: Its Commercial and Manufacturing Interests and Industries." The historical part was exceedingly brief, and for the rest the publication was a sort of literary and illustrated business directory, in which such firms as were willing to pay for the luxury were written up for all they were worth. When Phillips found himself in daily newspaper harness, he felt sadly hampered by thoughts of the blue pencil; but in charge of the literary end of this commercial enterprise, he not only was given a free hand, but was urged to extend his Pegasus to the utmost.

This illustrated history is now a rare literary curiosity. It matters not what the commodity,— rubber, jewelry, books, engravings, drugs, beer,— a description of the business house was invariably preceded by a historical

sketch of the invention or discovery of the commodity offered. That Phillips dazzled us youngsters in those days will not be doubted by the reader when he shall himself blink under the radiance of his style. Only a few scintillating gems from this treasure casket are permitted. The subjoined refers to the book store of S. C. Griggs & Co., the predecessors of A. C. McClurg & Co., and follows a couple of pages on the birth of literature and the discovery of printing:

"The establishment is a massive edifice with an ornate iron front elevation to protect it from the devouring flame and the wreck of time,* known as Burch's Iron Block, majestic in its appearance, as becomes a pursuit whose prerogative it is to move the arms that move the world. Compared with any other place in this western world it is to the scholar what the Parthenon was to the Athenian. We have read of Cadmus bringing letters to Greece, and we trace with unutterable curiosity and delight their progress from nation to nation, as like the sun in his circuit they go to illumine the globe. But we are witnessing here in this latest found Hesperian home of the struggling races of men, a spectacle which enkindles a deeper enthusiasm and awakens more illimitable hopes than all the records of Alfred or Cadmus. . . . There never has been a great nation, until this, with a universal language, without dialects. The Yorkshire man cannot now talk with a man from Cornwall. The Peasant of the Ligurian Apenines drives his goats home at evening over hills that look down upon six provinces, none of whose dialects he can speak. Here five thousand miles change not the sound of a word. This we owe to Webster, whose genius has presided over every scene in the nation. His principles of language have tinged every sentence that is now or will ever be uttered by an American tongue. It is universal, omnipotent, omnipresent. No man can breathe the air of the Continent and escape it, and this great work is always found on sale at this great representative house. No person should be without a copy."

A. H. Miller's jewelry store on Lake Street reminds him of "the crystal entrance to some Aladdin palace where

* It was totally destroyed in 1868.

the treasures of earth and sea, refined and polished by cunning workmanship, are all flashing forth their intense splendor." He then continues:

"We crossed the threshold of the house of treasures, when the gas light was flashing over these works of genius, and saw them in transcendent mirrors reflected and multiplied, an epic in silver and gems and gold. We saw a coronet of pearls, inwoven with a starry way of brilliants, and lying as though it had just fallen from the brow of a princess, and near to it a diamond cross which 'Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.'"

And the diamond is in his eyes "the ultimate effect, the idealization, the spiritual evolution of coal, the butterfly escaped from its antennal touch, the realization of the coal's highest being," while the opal is "the moonlight queen of the kingly diamond."

Somebody named Wiggers had a picture-frame and looking-glass shop on Randolph Street, and thus is he introduced:

"On one of those dreamy Indian summer afternoons during last autumn, while standing in the elegant salon of one of those palatial residences [cost $20,000] in Marble Terrace, Michigan Avenue, before a grand French plate mirror, extending from the ceiling to the floor, reflecting the beauties of the lake and sky, and looking like a sea of glass surrounded by a golden shore, we involuntarily exclaimed, If this be not the highest ideal of domestic luxury, where shall wealth or fancy go to find it?"

In the course of writing up an engraver's advertisement he becomes psychologically reflective:

"In the marriage, visiting, or mourning card there often is a power, a mysterious influence that causes a thousand pleasing and varied associations to rush upon the fancy. We have often gone into this establishment, and when we saw parcel after parcel despatched by express to distant quarters, we have thought what fountains of joy or grief will these little white-winged messengers of power open to the

Custom House Place, Showing John R. Walsh's Store

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

Washington Street, Looking West from Dearborn

STREET SCENES IN THE "BYGONE DAYS"

hearts of those who read them. Some with a few words added in pencil will record the rapturous emotions of reciprocated love; some will carry messages of sadness that will cover life's pilgrimages with gloom; some will announce that a new being has burst joyfully upon creation; and the more elegantly engraved, the higher the art style, the more impressive."

Hair jewelry affected him in this wise:

"'The most powerful thing is a beautiful woman's hair,' says an Arab proverb, and as 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever,' whether it be on canvas, in the breathing marble, in words, or of fancy undefined in the brain, or the gem that decks the form divine, adorns the bosom of beauty, or sparkles on the lily-white hand, it matters not, it is a thing of beauty and it is ever so with Campbell's hair jewelry."

In introducing the reader to John R. Walsh's old newspaper and book stand, he opens in this fashion:

"When Edmund Burke, the wisest statesman and the greatest political philosopher the world has yet seen, drew in the British House of Commons his famous word painting of the future grandeur and prosperity of the American colonies, his shortsighted and time-serving contemporaries," etc.

Speaking of Lill & Diversy's beer, he informs the reader that its fame has extended "from the frozen regions of the north, the rock-girt shores of Lake Superior to New Orleans, the Naples of the south, and from Niagara Falls to the newly discovered gold regions of Pike's peak."

Mr. Phillips, to his extreme joy, found a worthy coadjutor in Prince Napoleon, when the latter visited Chicago; and that this sprig of royalty would have given him a hard run had he entered the lists as a business illuminator, none can doubt after reading what he said of Lord & Smith's drug store, according to Mr. Phillips's quotation, namely: "If this does not represent the right arm of power, and the true dignity of American merchandising, then I have not seen it on this continent."

However flamboyantly Mr. Phillips might express himself in prose, in his poetical effusions he manifested a due restraint, as is shown in these finely imagined lines, entitled "Silence":

Old Time was dead, and the pale hours lay
In his tomb around him solemnly,
And Earth, like a vision, had passed away,

And not a wreck of its beauty stood;
For mountain and meadow, and field and flood,
And all that was fair and bright and good

Had turned to a shapeless void again;
And Death, whose arm had its thousands slain,
Had broken his sceptre and ceased to reign.

And there was none o'er this scene to mourn,
Save one pale maiden, whose locks were torn,
And whose tearful eyes and looks forlorn

Spoke more than her voiceless tongue could tell
Of all that the lovely earth befell,
Ere she heard the voice of its funeral knell.

And she did weep, though her lips were sealed,
And though naught she felt could be revealed,
And though her heart with its grief concealed

Was ready to burst! She wandered on
O'er the fields of space, all sad and lone,
For *Silence* knew that she wept alone.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR

Reference has already been made to Benjamin F. Taylor, easily Chicago's best literary example of the sixties, and it has every reason to keep his memory green. I recall with more than passing interest Decoration Day, 1870 (the first in the long series), when a monument to the fallen heroes of Bridges' Battery was dedicated in

Rosehill Cemetery. There was a vast assemblage, and an inspired lyric, read by this poet, went straight to every heart. At its conclusion the Rev. Robert Collyer presented a tear-stained face to the multitude, and in a voice stirred with deep emotion, said:

"You have heard, friends, that I am to give you a benediction. I have felt, as I am sure you did, that you were receiving it when you listened to those mighty words that have stormed our hearts today, as no poem of our great war, I think, stormed us before. I would rather that these should rest upon you than any other thing that can be said or done. I can, therefore, but say, 'God bless you.' Let us all go home with this sweet blessing our friend and fellow citizen has given us in our hearts. Amen."

The poem contains about two hundred lines. I shall venture on a few extracts. It opens:

"Oh, be dumb, all ye clouds,
As the dead in their shrouds,
Let your pulses of thunder die softly away;
Ye have nothing to do
But to drift round the blue,
For the emeral world grants a furlough to-day!"

. . . . . .

"A great mart's majestic arterial beat
Throbbed this multitude out where the graves at our feet
Have so roughened the earth with their motionless surge
That we know we are treading its uttermost verge,
That another step more, and life's flag would be furled;
Another step more, we are out of the world."

. . . . . .

"Stormy pulses, be dumb! All unheeded, unheard,
As the heart-beat that troubles the breast of a bird.
Wheel the battery out! Unlimber the guns!
All flashing electric the eyes of the sons,
All glowing the forges, all ready to fire
The cannons, all panting with keenest desire,
The columns all grandeur, and broader and higher

For the souls within range, God pardon their sins!
Let all go, mighty heart! and the battle begins.
Each throb is the thunder — a bolt for each flash
Rends the air with a howl, smites the earth with a crash,
And the shriek of the shell with the quivering cry
That a demon might utter if demons could die,
Cuts keen through the din like a wing through the sky;
Till old Kenesaw roars from its mantle of cloud,
And Lookout stands white before God in its shroud,
As if Gabriel's trumpet had sounded that day,
And the Mountain had heard and was first to obey."

GEORGE P. UPTON

While Benjamin F. Taylor stood for literature on the *Journal*, George P. Upton, under the pen name of *Peregrine Pickle*, rendered an even greater service through the columns of the *Tribune*. His was, in fact, the first sustained essay to reflect the spirit of the times in a literary form. Such a series of papers, because of their rare fidelity to the sensibilities of their day and hour, would perhaps be voted as too naive for these high-pressure days; but forty years ago they were looked forward to with lively anticipations, and constituted the matter of chief interest in the columns of the Sunday *Tribune*. Mr. Upton was also the first in Chicago to give an informed tone to musical criticism; and the fruits of his more than half a century of labor in this chosen field are now happily before the public in his "Musical Memories" and other publications. In the columns of the *Times* a less sustained work was done by Franc B. Wilkie, under the pen name of *Poliuto*.

OTHER CHICAGO WRITERS OF THE WAR PERIOD

It should not be inferred from the foregoing that Chicago was without other writers of distinction in those days. Indeed, there were several in the first rank; but, as a rule,

GEORGE P. UPTON

FRANCIS F. BROWNE

they were too much engrossed with the business or questions of the hour for a state of mind proper to the production of the things of the spirit. Dr. Charles H. Ray, the editor-in-chief of the *Tribune* both before and during the war, was one of the most cultured and forceful newspaper writers in the country, as the editorial from his pen on the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, quoted elsewhere in these pages, attests. Another whose English was of the purest — simple, direct, and dashed with a quiet humor — was James W. Sheehan; and that Elias Colbert (still with us), when separated from his soul-crushing statistics, could draw upon a rich store of erudition, and give his thoughts a choice literary flavor, was abundantly shown by his Shakespeare tercentenary paper, and many another example. Also there was Brock McVickar, redolent of the Paris Latin quarter. His was a fine beginning, but the promising sprout was unhappily wasted by overgrowth. And shortly after the war, Fred Hall enlivened the columns, first of the *Republican* under Charles A. Dana, and then of the *Tribune* under Horace White (himself a master of the art of exposition), with his playful fancy and caustic humor. He was assigned for a time to do police court sketches, in which "his honor" (and there were some remarkable specimens, *à la* Banyon, to draw upon) was invariably discovered as culprit extraordinary. And in the editorial rooms of the *Tribune* to-day Fred Hall still holds sway, with his life-long associate, George P. Upton,— the latter's connection with the paper covering a full half-century.

FRANCIS F. BROWNE AND "THE LAKESIDE"

Along with the many changes in the social order that marked the close of the war, there was awakened a literary

consciousness, seeking to come into touch with the spirit of older communities. Chicago now grew by leaps and bounds; new men, bringing with them the atmosphere of the university, came in numbers sufficient to make a distinct impression on the community's unregulated provincialism; and the new spirit found expression in the pages of *The Lakeside Monthly*, under the stimulating editorship of Francis F. Browne. The founding of this high-class publication marked the first step in the local literary output inviting critical comparison with what was doing in the world at large; and as such received flattering recognition both at home and abroad. It set up a standard whose influence on the character of local production, even if not always recognized, was almost immediate, and most salutary. This standard was not of the self-sufficient sort — it sought to direct, not to stifle, the exuberant spirit of the West; and the work thus begun, and still carried forward under the same inspiriting leadership in the pages of the present *Dial*—a critical force surpassed, perhaps, by none in America — has its due reward in a germinating soil and literary fruition that has not only made a distinct place for itself, but is receiving an ever larger recognition as a formative influence in American literature.

EARLY ART IN CHICAGO

Apropos of early literature, something ought, perhaps, to be said about early art. But was there any? Well, there certainly were some staggers at it. Among other ventures there was produced a duly attested historical painting immortalizing the Massacre of 1812. There was a good deal of tomahawking going on, especially of women, and one could but marvel to see John Kinzie, at that

time Chicago's only *bona fide* white settler, standing in the midst of it all, as if in a brown study. There had been for some time rumors that a great painting was under way. Much to my surprise I was one day assigned to "write it up." What I didn't know about art in those days loomed large; but an instinct told me that on so busy an occasion to be in character, the one who was in a way its hero ought to be doing something. This idea seemed never to have occurred to dear old Page; and when I mooted the point, he looked quite troubled for a moment. Then, with a happy-thought expression: "But can't we suppose that he had just *been* doing something?"

There was also in those days an elderly Scotchman working very hard to make a living with the brush. His genius ran to allegory, and in a particular instance his subject took the form of an infant carried aloft on the back of a bird. During a press view, Jim Chisolm, who was always a bit over-critical for the times, ventured the opinion that the bird ought to be at least four sizes larger to do the trick of kidnapping so lusty an infant. "Ah, Jimmy, lad," remarked the old gentleman, in his broadest accent, as he patted his youthful critic and friend on the back, "ye doz n't at all understand the picture; the hale thing is a miracle."

REAL ART BEGINNINGS

However, as a few years later the spirit of the time began to voice itself in an acceptable literary form, so there were real beginnings towards expression in various art forms. A native impulse that in architecture could realize itself in a Columbian Exposition, in sculpture produce a John Donoghue, and in other manner an Albert Sterner, an Alexander Schilling, an Annie C. Shaw, and a Mary

A. Wright (now Bartow), surely had warrant for seeking expression.

This group, with other kindred spirits, struggled along in quite the approved Latin Quarter fashion. There was light—very light—studio housekeeping on upper floors; and what one did not have the others also went without. Donoghue was of the unregulated type commonly associated in the popular mind with genius, and his "Young Sophocles Leading the Chorus after the Battle of Salamis" will go far to save his name from oblivion. Albert Sterner has now a recognized international standing, both as painter and illustrator. In the New York gallery most esteemed by individual or group exhibitors, Alexander Schilling gave a retrospective oil and water-color exhibition recently, which received wide recognition. That a brilliant career was cut short by the death of Annie C. Shaw is an ever-present regret to her friends; while the all too little work that is still done by Mary A. Bartow at her Pasadena home continues to be marked by its old-time strength, and is touched with the same brush of flame that gave such distinction to her earlier work.

EARLY AMUSEMENTS

ONLY ONE THEATRE FOR 200,000 PEOPLE — JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S NAME IN DIRECTORY FOR 1839 — RICE AND MCVICKER RIVALS IN 1857 — THE CIRCUS AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE FIFTIES — THE MINSTRELS AND WOOD'S MUSEUM — TRAGEDY THE STAPLE ARTICLE — STARS OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE — HAMLETS GALORE — GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH — THE BALLET IN EMBRYO: JENNY HIGHT — THE REAL THING: CUBAS AND BONFANTI — KINGS OF COMEDY: JEFFERSON, HACKETT, SOTHERN, ETC. — COMPARISONS WITH THE PRESENT.

THERE is probably no better way of realizing how one generation differs from another in its manner of life or in its ideals, than by comparing the agencies that cater to their various wants. The exceptional hotel accommodations of the Chicago of the early sixties have been noted — a feature that speaks of a large transient population, and therefore one prone to seek diversion. In another place something is said about the remarkable group of men who filled the city's pulpits at this period — and, if the churches were less imposing than those that minister to our twentieth-century religio-æstheticism, they were relatively far better attended. But the feature which in many ways best reflects a community's social life is its amusements.

The twentieth-century traveller — who, on arriving in any American city of 150,000 people, if on diversion bent, makes choice from among half a dozen places, all syndicated up to the latest novelty or "sensation"—will be astonished to learn that Chicago, close up to 1864, when it was fast approaching the 200,000 mark, could lay claim to only one theatre or permanent show place fit to mention, —

and one theatre of some sort, more or less permanent, it had boasted from the time it had a few thousand inhabitants.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S NAME IN DIRECTORY FOR 1839

Indeed, it was because it had a theatre in 1839, that the name of "Joseph Jefferson, actor," got into Fergus's first City Directory. Then, as a "kid," our late lamented "Joe" played a part in the company of his parents; and, because the directory man happened to be on his rounds at that particular time, it came to pass that the bearer of the name and title was duly "naturalized"; and by such grace "Joseph Jefferson, actor," came to be historically, as well as histrionically, Chicago's oldest inhabitant "at large."

For a short time, in 1857 (and once before), Chicago had actually two theatres, for before John B. Rice was wholly and for good "off" the stage, at the old stand on Dearborn near Randolph Street, J. H. McVicker was "on" at the new place, in remote Madison Street, then a veritable part of "shanty town." However, in a little while, Actor-manager Rice retired gracefully with a goodly bank account. The community, to testify its appreciation of him as a man grown up in their midst, twice elected him mayor; and none have filled that office to the better satisfaction of the people. However cast in the drama of life, John B. Rice ever played his part worthily.

THE CIRCUS AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE FIFTIES

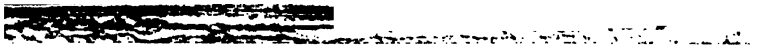
If Chicago for so long a period could boast only one permanent place of amusement, its pleasure-lovers were, however, not always restricted to "Hobson's choice," for we are harking back to days when the peripatetic burnt-

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

McVICKER'S THEATRE, "HOME OF THE TRAGIC MUSE"

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

WOOD'S MUSEUM AND THEATRE
Originally Kingsbury Hall



cork artist was in his glory, and the circus was still the advance agent of civilization. Indeed, so important a place did the sawdust ring fill in the amusement life of half a century ago, that in 1855, when Chicago had barely 75,000 inhabitants, Levi J. North (who along with Dan Rice was in those days better known that the President) erected a hippodrome for an entire winter season, on Monroe Street near Fifth Avenue; and a decade later another winter circus was established, on Washington Street, facing the Court House. Those were the days when the circus made its entry with forty horses — four abreast — to the band-wagon, and the names of clowns were as cherished of youngsters, as are now those of record pitchers or short-stops.

THE MINSTRELS AND WOOD'S MUSEUM

As for "Christy Minstrels" — as the English call all of the burnt-cork tribe — Chicago had in 1859 the simon-pure originals for a season. And later Arlington, Kelly, Leon, and Doniker, having opened in the same place (Kingsbury Hall, subsequently transformed into Wood's Museum and Theatre and later into Aiken's) became so popular, that (about 1866) a fine hall was built for them on Washington, between Dearborn and Clark Streets, and there they developed minstrelsy to such perfection as to approach present-day high-class vaudeville or comic opera.

KELLY, LEON, AND BILLY RICE

Kelly was something of a dramatist as well as a fine singer, and it was an event when it was announced he had staged a new creation, or would sing a new ballad; Leon was a capital impersonator of female parts; while Billy Rice was ever an inimitable comedian. Among the

"caramel contingent" the minstrel was in those days a hero of romance comparable to the troubadour of old, and for a time the newspapers found some difficulty in keeping up with his elopements and other like escapades.

Theatre-going was a serious business in those days. A body seldom went to the theatre for "fun,"—for that you went to the minstrels or the circus. No, at the theatre tragedy was the staple pabulum, with at most a laugh for a "wind-up," as a dish of "floating island" might be served to lighten a heavy course dinner. Shakespeare then dominated the dramatic, as Wagner to-day does the operatic stage.

STARS OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE

When it was n't one actor it was another who curdled your blood with "Richard III" or "Macbeth"; and when the star parts were not filled by men, there were Ristori, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Emma Waller, Madame Janauschek and others to do *Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine,* and other tragic heroines of the divine William. J. K. Hackett almost alone relieved the sombre procession of tragedians with his inimitable *Falstaff*. We were all, after a fashion, Shakespearean critics in the sixties. Indeed, one had to be or cut the theatre. In the composing room of the *Tribune,* for example, there was quite a coterie of this ilk, fairly the equal of any who might be assigned to "do" performances from the writing staff; and on the first night of a new *Hamlet,* there would be a great demand for "subs," as all these "critics," headed by tall Harry Streat, must needs attend in a body; and most erudite comparisons of "readings" would be in order the following morning, while the "cases" were being filled by "distribution."

HAMLETS GALORE

To show how amazingly frequent were opportunities for "comparison," let it be noted that within a couple of seasons we had the *Hamlets* of Edwin and Wilkes Booth, Edwin Forrest, James E. Murdock, E. L. Davenport, Charles Kean, Daniel Bandman, Charles Fechter, and Roepenach (the latter at the German Theatre), and a year or two later, of Lawrence Barrett and Thomas W. Kean — not to mention sundry amateurs, one a graduate from the *Times* composing room, where the "Hamlet" fever raged quite as malignantly as among the *Tribune* "comps."

One did n't pay much in those days — only about half the present prices—yet one got double the amount now so parsimoniously doled out to *blasé* dyspeptics. The curtain rose on the five-act tragedy promptly at 7:30. This concluded, there would be (as there had been before the play and between acts) music from "Martha" or "The Bohemian Girl"—with both of which sentimental damsels everybody at this period was on most familiar terms — after which, amidst a great *fanfare,* Miss Jenny Hight would rush to the footlights, fling one of her innocuous *pas-seuls* at the boys, mayhap to tune them up a bit for the coming farce (which was generally of the "Box and Cox" variety, with John Dillon or Sam Myers, or both, in the funny parts). It was not until this had been brought to a triumphant conclusion that one retired to his pillow, always with the feeling that he had received a full *quid pro quo,* — a state of satisfaction, one may venture to assert, somewhat rare among play-goers nowadays.

THE BALLET IN EMBRYO: JENNY HIGHT

Miss Jenny Hight, to whom allusion has been made, was no ordinary, frivolous, Paris-made *danseuse* (of which kind we were to see more than enough, later on), but a strictly home-made product; and, if a bit heavy-footed, that only illustrated how the law of gravity in those days operated to hold everything indigenous to Chicago close to the ground. We youngsters were all in love with Jenny, of course; but, let me hasten to add, only in a platonic sort of way: for anything more ardent would have been wholly out of character with her naive attractions. So far as she was concerned, we were all stanch protectionists, pledged to the encouragement and support of home industry — of which our Jenny's dancing was a convincing example. Not only did she work hard — which alone was enough to recommend her to all but the superfinical — but Jenny was also as good as she could be, and so nice and modest that her dancing (though necessarily done in short skirts) so nearly approximated to an object lesson in the proprieties, that she seemed to form for many folks the much-sought-for link between the stage and — well, let us say, the Young Ladies' Seminary.

THE REAL THING: CUBAS AND BONFANTI

Art with us all was still in that stage where everything morally good is also æsthetically beautiful; and it was not until one Cubas — a dark-eyed, supple-limbed Spanish temptress — entered our Eden to personify the heresy of "art for art's sake," that our innocence fell a victim to knowledge. The barriers once down — and they came down with a rush immediately after the war — a veritable flood-tide of "Black Crooks" and "White Fawns," with their seductive Bonfantis, swept over the city: so that

the Crosby Opera House, just opened (1866), for months and months at a time was devoted to nothing else. With the advent of Cubas, our Jenny's reign came to a sudden end. Her refusal to disjoint herself, or spoil her toes by cutting capers on them, was as flat-footed as only a Chicago-bred girl of that sylvan period could make it, and — but for the fact that we were now all worshipping other goddesses — our grief on learning that she had, as an alternative, committed matrimony, might have been too painful for mention.

KINGS OF COMEDY: JEFFERSON, HACKETT, SOTHERN, ETC.

If our staple theatrical food was wholesome gristle-and-bone tragedy, we nevertheless now and then permitted ourselves to indulge in seasons of romance and comedy, and when we did so, it was to partake of such feasts as the present generation know of only by hearsay. A single star from the galaxy, albeit of the first magnitude, and for very love regarded by all with ever more magnifying eyes, alone remained in evidence until lately — Joseph Jefferson. Alas! where is one now to look for any worthy successors to Jefferson's *Rip,* Hackett's *Falstaff,* Sothern's *Dundreary,* Chanfrau's *Mose,* Owen's *Solon Shingle;* or for the equals as Irish comedians of Barney Williams or Billy Florence; or for general comedians to compare with William Warren, Dan Marble, and (and by no means least) J. H. McVicker himself, whose *Grave-digger* and *Salem Scudder* were classical stage portraitures? And was there ever a finer old English gentleman on the boards than Mark Smith, a more romantic *Claude Melnotte* than Fechter, or a *Juliet* so enthralling as Adelaide Nielson?

The stock company of the twentieth century, when

attempted, is no doubt on an average a better all-round organization than prevailed in 1862 — just as talent in all directions is more general than formerly — but if the average be higher, the great peaks, alas, have disappeared in cloudland, and we miss them all the more because of our enlarged outlook and keener sense of appreciation.

SOMETHING ABOUT "SCOOPS"

THE "SCOOP" INDIGENOUS TO CHICAGO — ITS BALEFUL INFLUENCE — A "TIMELY" MURDER "SCOOP" FOR THE "TIMES" — "THE TYCOON" AT THE LABORING OAR — THE GENTLE ART OF WRITING INTRODUCTIONS — EFFECT OF THE "SCOOP" UPON NIGHT REPORTING — A BOLD EXPRESS COMPANY ROBBERY — BAGGED WITH THE BOODLE — "UNCLE JOE" MEDILL SCOOPS HIS OWN PAPER — FINANCIAL FLUTTER INVOLVING "PULLMAN'S BANK" — MIDNIGHT CONFERENCE OF DIRECTORS — LIQUIDATION OF THE THIRD NATIONAL — THE GREAT PULLMAN "SCOOP" — AGITATION OF THE REAL-ESTATE MARKET — THE TOWN OF PULLMAN LOCATED — INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE M. PULLMAN — LARGEST LAND PURCHASE IN THE HISTORY OF THE CITY.

MANY of us who in the early Chicago set out to live by the pen reportorial, fell ready victims to all manner of atrocious habits through a mania for "scoops." That its old-time Gotham equivalent "beats" is a far milder form of journalistic obsession, may be inferred from the motor difference in the terms; and now that the press of the Borough of Manhattan is actually naturalizing the Chicago coinage—even, if rather reluctantly, for reasons of *amour propre,* and on the implied condition that Chicago substitute New York's "story" for its own time-honored, if somewhat inane, "article" — it will be interesting to note the effect of the more compelling descriptive on the somewhat immobile scribes of Father Knickerbocker's bailiwick.

ITS BALEFUL INFLUENCE

Whatever of inward grace the "scoop" may have experienced, or of outward propriety have taken on in later

years, certain it is that when first discovered — or was it invented? — it was distinctly aboriginal, possessed neither morals nor manners, and could scarcely be distinguished from the "whoop" with which it usually announced itself, and from which its baneful virus was no doubt originally derived. Under its malign influence the exploiter lost all sense of proportion, mistook quantity for quality, and any bit of "news" that at all promised to be "exclusive," was strung out as might be a bale of hemp in a rope walk — the one object being to strike terror into the hearts of competitors, regardless of the agony inflicted on guileless readers.

A "TIMELY" MURDER "SCOOP" FOR THE "TIMES"

One incident is worth recalling, not only for the light it throws on old-time "scoop" journalism, but also because it bears directly on the evolution of an important department of local newspaper work, and at the same time offers a glimpse of that great journalistic captain, Wilbur F. Storey, at the laboring oar. It happened on the day when the *Times,* in 1866, moved from Randolph to Dearborn Street, upon the present site of the Press Club, and into the first distinctively newspaper building put up in Chicago — unless John Wentworth's old "Jackson Hall" be an exception. This event was signalized by a change in the form from a four- to an eight-page paper — the first move in that direction among the dailies of the West, as it was also the first essay in Chicago to stereotype the forms.

Up to this date the "night reporter" had only a nominal existence. None was expected to be on duty after midnight, unless detained by some matter in hand. The writer had, however, contracted a habit of haunting the

precincts of the old Armory Police Station to a much later hour (for sketch material, if nothing else) and prolonged his vigil, on the occasion of the paper's removal, to the limit fixed for going to press. That hour had passed, yet for some reason he still lingered. Then two stalwart policemen hustled in a blood-stained prisoner; and when the officers charged their quarry with the murder of a brother, under rather blood-curdling circumstances, this deponent's state of mind can be imagined.

Here, indeed, was a sensation; and a "scoop" surely, if only it could be negotiated. Something told me I had a fighting chance. Matters might have gone amiss with the "make up" under new conditions. So, hastily possessing myself of the outlines of the tragedy, I made a sprint for the office, something over half a mile away, rushed panting up three flights directly to the composing room, and, to my inexpressible joy, found both Mr. Storey and Charley Wright, the city editor, busy with the belated "forms." In those days, Mr. Storey always remained on deck until, in his own expressive phrase, "the last dog was hanged." Both he and the city editor, like myself, were graduates from the composing room, and so, at a pinch, could be of vital assistance in the mechanical department.

"THE TYCOON" LENDS A HAND

Out came my "scoop," straight and hot. Charley was instantly on fire; but the "Tycoon" — as we were wont to call Mr. Storey when he was n't listening — remained provokingly unmoved; and when I stopped a moment for breath, he coolly turned to the clock, permitted a half-amused, semi-sardonic smile to light up his chiselled, enigmatic features — an unmistakable sign of inward satisfaction — before he quietly remarked, "You can have twenty

minutes. Cut your cloth accordingly." Then to the foreman, "Hold what men are left"; and as Charley and I were making a rush for the local room, he called after us, "I'll see to the heading"; and, "stick" in hand, he composed a "corker" for crisp, epigrammatic English.

Now, accustomed as I was to the composition of "scoops" in their most irrelevant top-heavy form, I was nevertheless taken a good deal aback when, on reaching the local room, Charley flashed the instruction, "Start in with the facts; I'll attend to the introduction," thereby indicating that his contribution would not in any manner concern itself with the matter actually in hand — nor did it. When drink was at the bottom of any trouble we generally went back no farther than the Flood, and made Father Noah our point of departure, anent that mooted spree of his; and it was the same when the tragedy or comedy, as might be, had colored actors, because of Brother Ham's connection with that watery episode. But most often the start was made directly from the Garden of Eden: for the peccadilloes are few, indeed, that cannot in some fashion be laid at the door of Mother Eve. For this occasion, however, Charley made a start just outside of Paradise, by dilating on the direful consequences entailed by the difference in occupation between Cain and Abel.

Thereafter he worked along in fine shape, — for he was a past master at this sort of word-stringing, — picking up a "blood-curdler" here and another there, until, in the prescribed twenty minutes, he had raked together nearly half a column (leaded minion) of as choice a collection of fratricides as ever warmed the cockles of a ghoul. Five or six lines to a sheet was the order, and as fast as one was scrawled it was rushed to the composing room, so that ten minutes after we had finished, the waiting

"form" was ready for the press, with our "sensation" in the place of honor, first column, first page.

EFFECT OF THE "SCOOP" UPON NIGHT REPORTING

It is needless to add that so opportune a "scoop" did this youngster no harm at headquarters; and it had this effect — that night reporting was advanced on all the papers to the time of going to press.

While at the time of the above incident the night reporter's vigil was supposed to close at midnight, only a year before its limit was eleven o'clock; and how it came to be advanced by an hour may also be worth relating, as a newspaper incident.

An American Express Company delivery wagon had been robbed at high noon, on Lake Street, of a package containing something over $80,000 in greenbacks. This occurrence created an unusual stir, and the more as it was obviously the outcome of a conspiracy. I was the only permanent "night scout" then on the Chicago press, the rule on other papers being for different members of the local staff to take turns a couple of weeks at a time. This naturally gave me a distinct advantage in the interpretation of esoteric storm signals. My competitors at this juncture were Jim Chisolm, lately deceased, and Charley Wright, then for the *Republican,* but shortly afterwards called to the city editorship of the *Times.*

Police headquarters were at this time established in the old P. F. W. Peck home, on the site of the present Stock Exchange. While dropping in and out during the early evening, I became convinced that the detectives expected to bag the robbers, for never had I observed so much subdued excitement and mystery about the comings and goings of the "sleuths." None would talk, and old Bill

Douglas, the veteran of the force, simply could n't — so did the tension of the hour aggravate his "stutter," exasperating enough, when not amusing, at any time. Charley Wright did his duty by dropping in at eleven o'clock; and then, at peace with his conscience, went quietly to bed — as I too would have done under ordinary circumstances — for at that time it devolved on the night man to assist at the police court "round up" the next morning.

Shortly after midnight my vigil was duly rewarded, for in trooped the entire detective squad — Kennedy, a future superintendent; Sherman, a future deputy superintendent; Dixon, another; Douglas, Ellis, Kenney, Elliott, *et al.* — with three prisoners, one a prepossessing damsel, and all the "boodle" in a carpet-bag.

THE SCOOPER "HELD UP"

Charley Wright being out of the way, I now felt pretty certain of a glorious "scoop," as Jim Chisolm, a newcomer, was also "doing" amusements, and besides was known to have little enthusiasm for the police end of the business. However, as I was rushing towards the office with my "scoop" well tucked out of sight, whom should I run up against but Jim, homeward bound. And then he must needs in the most exasperating by-the-way manner, inquire, "Is anything doing at police headquarters?" Of course, I had to tell him; but, frankly, having a tooth drawn would have been a comparatively painless operation. Poor Charley handed in his resignation the next morning. It was, however, not accepted. When I met him the following evening his chivalry prompted him to compliment my enterprise, his warmth tempered, however, by a hint that it would have been better for the "article," if I had not described the "fence" where the thieves were

JOSEPH MEDILL

(Owner and Editor of *The Chicago Tribune*)

captured — reported by the detectives as rather handsomely furnished—as "presenting a scene of Oriental magnificence." The criticism, under the circumstances, from one considerably older and more experienced, somehow etched itself into my brain, and in all the five and forty years that have since passed, I have seldom modified an expression without a recrudescence of that garish exaggeration.

"UNCLE JOE" MEDILL "SCOOPS" HIS OWN PAPER

Probably the most unique "scoop" on record — or unrecorded—is one in which "Uncle Joe" assisted me in "laying out" his own paper, *The Chicago Tribune.* It was during the aftermath of the panic of 1873.

Bank after bank had gone down before the Northern Pacific financial blizzard; even the Union National, up to that time the leading financial institution in the West, had for a time succumbed to the blast; and yet the Third National (of which J. Irving Pearce was president, and Joseph Medill one of the many influential directors) stood erect; and, because of its substantial directorate, was looked upon as a veritable financial Gibraltar.

FINANCIAL FLUTTER INVOLVING "PULLMAN'S BANK"

In common parlance it was known as "Pullman's bank," and few suspected that what was generally regarded as its tower of strength might prove a source of weakness, for Mr. Pullman's galleons, like those of many another, were at that time embarked on an exceedingly treacherous sea. To be sure, Pullman Company stock was not only paying an eight per cent dividend, but earning twice that figure; yet for some reason it was quoted below par. Its leading customer at that time — as it still may be — was

the Pennsylvania Railroad; and as the company's contract was about to expire, it made something of a gallery play for position, by threatening to follow the New York Central policy of that time and set up a line of "sleepers" for itself. In the meantime President Pearce, as a resident of Hyde Park, had lent the southern outlying parts a strong helping hand at the expense of the bank; and though matters generally were already beginning to look up quite a bit, suburban real estate continued to make lower and lower records.

In these circumstances, a rumor gained circulation that the Third National was in trouble. The report was generally discredited; but knowing something of the Pullman situation (indeed, for some time I had felt the banking pulse daily with an eye almost single to George M.'s financial health) I was quite prepared to credit the rumor; and, through the good offices of one on the inside, learned that a meeting of the directors would be held in the "dead waste and middle of the night," in an upper room of the bank building, southeast corner of Dearborn and Washington Streets — surely a most unusual proceeding, and one ominous of trouble.

The evening was, indeed, well advanced, when a dozen or more of the solid men of the city, one by one, made their way to the rendezvous. Time went on . . . midnight passed . . . one o'clock struck . . . then two . . . and still the conference continued. Here were the elements of a fine "scoop." But what if matters did not culminate until too late for the press? At half-past two by the clock the door finally opened, and a very sober body of men filed out. I tackled one after another, but not a word could I extract.

The very last to emerge proved to be Mr. Medill. He

greeted me cordially, and in answer to a query as to the upshot of the meeting, answered in a tone of mingled humor and indignation, "Well, I have just seen a solvent bank go into liquidation." "Why did n't Pullman come to its rescue?" I ventured. "That 's just what we all would like to know. My own interest is small, but his is large, and yet he had hardly a word to say," was the reply. Then followed more interesting information, and I was away.

A "SCOOP" THAT WAS A SCOOP

By holding the press to the last possible moment I was enabled to make a considerable feature of the event, especially with the aid of quotations from the very interesting and obliging editor-in-chief of the *Tribune*. I more than suspected I had a "scoop," for, when we emerged from the building, instead of turning down Dearborn Street, towards the *Tribune*, Mr. Medill started down Washington towards State Street, adding to his "Good-night," "I am going straight home and get some sleep."

The fact is, "Uncle Joe," as we all loved to call him, had come into the newspaper business before the "scoop" mania became epidemic, and his age now held him immune. But I would have given a large doughnut to have been by when his brother Sam, then the active manager, read what the editor-in-chief had confided to a reporter for the *Times* — with not a line of the sensation of the day in his own paper!

In a way Mr. Medill was right when he said he had seen a solvent bank go into liquidation — that is to say, it was potentially solvent. But it actually took a couple of decades to demonstrate the fact; and during all that time a portion of the assets remained in the hands of a receiver — a nice job for a certain attorney, lately de-

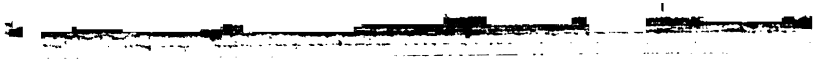
ceased, who, in his younger days at least, was known as the handsomest man in Chicago, and was a good fellow besides.

THE GREAT PULLMAN "SCOOP"

Another "Pullman scoop" was of an extraordinary real-estate and manufacturing interest when "negotiated" — the slang to be accepted for once in its proper meaning. In the later seventies, besides other duties, I had charge of the real-estate department of the *Times*. It became known that the Pullman Company intended to build a manufacturing town somewhere, but whether in the environs of Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City or other Western point, was for the public an open question for many months — and, I dare say, for a time was an unsettled proposition with the company itself, for St. Louis offered large inducements in the way of land grants. What finally turned the scales in favor of Chicago, according to Mr. Pullman's declaration to me, was the more favorable climatic conditions presented by Chicago. It was his contention that during the summer a man could do at least ten per cent more work near Lake Michigan than in the Mississippi Valley in the latitude of St. Louis.

During many disturbing weeks — for the whole real-estate market in at least three cities waited on the decision — frequent announcements were made that the directors of the company, or its committee on site, had inspected this locality, or that, in the vicinity of one city or another, and so the wearisome time went on. Many places were visited about Chicago — some to the north, some on the Desplaines, some in the neighborhood of the Canal, but somehow none near Calumet Lake, a fact which finally aroused my suspicions. In the meantime, unverifiable re-

GEORGE M. PULLMAN



ports of large transactions in that locality floated about in real-estate circles. Finally, I pinned down an actual sale of large dimensions, with Colonel "Jim" Bowen as the ostensible purchaser. That opened my eyes, for the colonel's circumstances at this time put such a transaction on his own account altogether out of the question.

THE TOWN OF PULLMAN LOCATED

Almost daily at this time Mr. Pullman was interviewed on the situation by the real-estate newspaper phalanx—Henry D. Lloyd was then in charge for the *Tribune* — but "Nothing decided," was the stereotyped reply. By and by I discovered that almost invariably if I went at a certain hour, "Colonel Jim" would be largely in evidence about the Pullman headquarters, with an air of doing a "land office business," and, as it turned out, he was actually doing something very much like it. Slowly I picked up clue after clue, pieced this to that, and one day felt in a position to say to Mr. Pullman that I had located the site. He seemed amused, and laughingly replied that he was pleased to hear it, as it would save the committee on site a lot of trouble; and, as some of them were that very day looking at a Desplaines River site near Riverside — a trip most ostentatiously advertised in advance — he thought he would telegraph them to stop looking, and come back to town.

NEGOTIATING A "SCOOP"

It was always a pleasure to interview Mr. Pullman, for he had a way of making you feel at ease, and I entered heartily into the humor of his jocularity. But, as in a bantering way, I let out link after link of my chain of

evidence, he became more and more serious, and finally — without committing himself, however — took the ground that even if true, in view of the importance of their plans, no paper having the good of Chicago at heart ought by premature publication to interfere with them. He pressed this point more and more, and finally made frank confession that I was on the right track, by acknowledging that they had already bought many hundreds of acres, were negotiating for many hundreds more which would be advanced to prohibitive prices by publication, and the whole scheme would thus be wrecked. On the other hand, if I withheld publication, he promised that I should have the matter exclusively — the whole vast improvement scheme, unique plan of administration, etc. As there was the danger in waiting that one of my rivals might get hold of the facts, exploit them, and thus turn the tables on me, I replied that the matter was of too great moment for me to take the responsibility of holding the news, and that I should have to consult Mr. Storey. It happened that Mr. Storey had invested quite extensively in South Side boulevard property; and, as a great improvement southward could not fail to add to the value of his holding, and there was the further prospect of a more complete exclusive account later than was possible with my skeleton information, he gave a ready assent.

LARGEST LAND PURCHASE IN THE HISTORY OF THE CITY

So it happened that about two weeks later I exploited to the extent of nearly a page in the Sunday edition, what was undoubtedly the largest and most important single land purchase and manufacturing enterprise in the history of the city. There was only one condition on which Mr.

Pullman strenuously insisted — and this is of special interest in view of his attitude during the memorable strike of a dozen years ago, that convulsed the whole country — namely, that the enterprise should in no manner be presented as a philanthropic one, but, in all its aspects, as a strictly business proposition.

A PEOPLE'S PARTY REGIME

CHICAGO BECOMES "WIDE OPEN" — THE MAYOR AND OTHERS HAVE A PRIVATE VIEW OF THE "CANCAN" — THEY SEE IT AGAIN "FROM A STRICTLY ARTISTIC POINT OF VIEW" — CHICAGO IS VISITED BY THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS — HIS HONOR ACHIEVES SOME HAPPY DELIVERANCES — HOW A SECRET CONFERENCE WAS REPORTED.

JOSEPH MEDILL, Chicago's "fire-proof" Mayor — elected amidst the *débris* of the great conflagration — had permitted himself to become, under pressure, and quite against natural inclination, what our German fellow-citizens are pleased to call a "*Mucker*" — i. e., a believer in, or enforcer of, anything resembling sumptuary laws. Hence there arose, in room of the Democratic party, a conglomerate that dubbed itself a "People's Party"; and great was the reign thereof. Its chief promoter was A. C. Hesing, a Republican "boss," and owner of the *Staats-Zeitung*. For its standard-bearer the combination chose one Harvey D. Colvin, a puissant chief among *bons vivants*, and a connoisseur *par excellence* in moral *bric-à brac*. Furthermore, what Harvey did n't know about good things, as understood in such company, was readily supplied by him who was elected City Treasurer on the same ticket—namely that hail-fellow-well-met, Dan O'Hara, a rare combination, for a Scotchman, of Yankee shrewdness, German *Gemüthlichkeit*, and Hibernian wit and humor.

It was writ large in the People's Party bond that under its regime the town should be "wide open"—and open it

became, nearly to the splitting point. As if by magic all its "joints" limbered up, ordinances that had been as rigid as the reputed laws of the Medes and Persians became as elastic as the revised consciences of the police magistrates who interpreted them; and the city's reputation for things "free and easy" turned hitherward the steps of all (if they had the fare, or the walking was good) who yearned to lead untrammelled lives.

MAYOR COLVIN AS A MORAL CENSOR

In a way, Mayor Colvin proved himself a fully up-to-date Haroun-al-Raschid. That is to say, he was not satisfied with a mere report on doings within his domain, but felt it his duty, whenever a matter that lay particularly within his specialties came up for decision, to see and judge for himself. Accordingly, when one morning the town awoke to find its virgin walls covered with shocking, if fascinating, verisimilitudes of a live and kicking "cancan" aggregation — imported directly from Paris (to follow the posters), whither had been duly flashed news of Chicago's lately awakened aspirations to see what life is like "with the lid off"— all the town was agog. When the newspaper representatives at the Rookery Court called bluff Harvey's attention to the threatened invasion, and in their capacity as moral censors asked what he intended to do about it, he did not, as many another in his place would have done, vow there should be none of that sort of thing in his dominion; but, with a reassuring air, advised the boys not to lose any sleep over the matter, as he would give it his personal attention. And he did.

Whether the episode hereinafter to be related happened after or before a certain King of Bavaria had those private performances of Wagner's music dramas, this

chronicler does not at this moment recall. Nor does it really matter with whom the idea originated; for it suffices to say that the Munich incident had in a way its counterpart in Chicago — with this difference only, that the music of Offenbach was substituted for that of the Bayreuth master, while Mayor Colvin filled the role of King Ludwig: though, for appearances' sake, supported by a few choice spirits. These included that unmatched trio, known to the town in its accommodating vernacular as "Dan O'Hary, 'Colonel' Clary, and Jim McGary," in their reverse order the veritable originals of Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley, Hinnissy, and Hogan."

A PRIVATE VIEW OF THE CANCAN TOO LOW-TONED

Amusement halls in Chicago were scarce about this time, but of churches a goodly number had been spared; and as there was a feeling that under the reign of Harvey far fewer would satisfy all reasonable demands, one with Presbyterian affiliations, at the intersection of Halsted and Harrison Streets, was hastily provided with a stage, and here the "kicking" that was not already being done by a scandalized public, was advertised to take place by the aforesaid aggregation.

When the troupe arrived, its manager was immediately invited to the City Hall for solemn conference, to which only People's Party connoisseurs were admitted, and whereat, to allay the public alarm, it was decided that His Honor, with a cabinet of experts, should attend a special performance the following afternoon — the said performance to be in all respects an exact replica of the simon-pure article to be offered the public provided the verdict of the Court upon the sample was permissive.

The thing was, of course, too good to keep, especially

by one with Dan O'Hara's sense of humor; and so, under promise not to say anything about it in the papers, he let a few of us into the secret; and in turn we fixed things with the manager to be "let in," if not exactly on the "ground floor," at least to the opportunity of observing from the organ loft all that would be submitted for mayoral judgment.

His Honor and party occupied a box, and while the "champagne" that flowed so freely in the "Jardin Mabille" of the stage was common cider, that which regaled the choice spirits in the jury box had the best local guarantee. Without wasting space on details, it may be said that the performance offered for official inspection would scarcely have raised a blush among the board of deacons who still controlled the property, so low-toned and underdone was it; and while a verdict of unreserved moral approval was freely rendered, it was voiced in accents that made it plain that the show had not come up to expectations, regarded from a poster point of view — as if the art had not been all "for art's sake," but too strictly modified to conventional standards.

THEY SEE IT AGAIN "FROM A STRICTLY ARTISTIC POINT OF VIEW"

"Oh, well, that is another matter," quoth the agreeable manager; and he would not mind letting it be known that his artists, if put to it, could do things in the way of skirt-swishing, which, from a strictly artistic point of view, would leave little to the imagination. The jury thereupon sized itself up, and voted unanimously, that inasmuch as their official status had lapsed with the rendition of the verdict on the regulation article, they could now regard themselves as connoisseurs-in-general, and let art have its

fling. Thereupon it flung; and, as now everything came up easily to the expectations founded on the posters, the committee, which before, for the benefit of the public, had given the show a moral verdict, now privately added for the information of the elect that it had also high artistic potentialities. When, later, there arose much clamor against the unrestraint of the exhibition, His Honor after due notice, attended a public performance. This, while it was hardly as subdued as the official rehearsal, was yet so much below what he knew from personal observation the artists were capable of doing, that he pronounced the modification a happy compromise.

CHICAGO IS VISITED BY THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

During Mr. Colvin's administration the city had many distinguished visitors, and the manner in which they were officially received and entertained supplied the wits with never-ending topics. Once an actual live king turned himself loose under Harvey's mayoral chaperonage, and that beat Barnum's Circus — then, as a fitting coincidence, exhibiting on the lake front — fairly hollow. Having seen the King duly installed at the Grand Pacific, the kind-hearted Mayor, taking cognizance of his guest's appearance, considerately remarked that he would give him an opportunity to retire and " clean up a bit." His Kingship hailed from the Sandwich Islands, now among Uncle Sam's more or less valuable possessions; and what His Honor, a bit shy in his ethnology, apparently took for sundry layers of annexed American soil, was but the color of the integument with which nature had swathed His Royal Nib's august body.

But Harvey could do even better than this. A few

days later there was a reception for His Majesty at the Board of Trade, and His Honor having been asked to make the presentation, opened up in this wise: "Gentlemen of the Board of Trade: I take great pleasure in introducing to you the King of the Cannibal Islands." This gave the "boys" a chance to let themselves go, and seldom has royalty been more vociferously acclaimed—greatly to Harvey's surprise, who for the life of him couldn't imagine why the members should proclaim themselves such enthusiastic monarchists. His Majesty by this time knew his Colvin, and entered heartily into the fun.

However, when on some public occasion Lord Dufferin, then Governor General of Canada, became the city's guest, this official was so delighted with Harvey's hearty and bluff manner, that he proclaimed him "an ideal Mayor of a democratic city."

HOW A SECRET CONFERENCE WAS REPORTED

While the sole issue kept before the people during the electoral campaign had been one of "personal liberty," it was quickly discovered after election that there were sundry loaves and fishes to be distributed, and great was the scramble for them among the various divisions and subdivisions. It was finally decided among the leaders to hold a conference over the matter. A private parlor at the Sherman House was selected for the meeting, and the members were put on honor not to divulge any part of the proceedings. The conference was set for eight o'clock in the evening. During the day the position was carefully reconnoitred by vedettes for the *Times*. It was not only found that the walls were too thick for ears, but that the steamfitters and plumbers had left no smallest chink by which sounds might be conveyed to rooms above or below.

Then, when despair was about to possess the souls of the heroic band, " Little Frank " McClenthen nearly fell over himself with an idea. There was a sideboard at one end of the room. It had doors that opened to right and left, while above these was a drawer, which when removed added sufficient space for a diminutive imp like himself to do business in. The head clerk had, of course, to be made a party to the conspiracy, and when he had good-naturedly given his consent, the success of the scheme was practically assured.

Poor "Little Frank"! Once in, he could hardly wiggle his big toe — and there he was forced to remain from shortly after seven o'clock until past midnight — more than five mortal hours! Lest he suffer from lack of air— for a heavy cloth had been thrown over the whole, to conceal the fact that the drawer had been removed, — holes were bored in the back. A bottle with water, and another with an anti-cough preparation, were introduced; and in addition the prospective captive was fitted out with no end of advice, especially as to the best manner of counteracting the inevitable desire to sneeze.

Well, all things come to an end, and so did this conference, with "Little Frank" in a state of virtual collapse. But with rubbing and douching he was soon restored, and by reference to his notes taken in the dark, and hence nearly indecipherable, he managed to reel off to a trio of shorthand men a two-column story of true inwardness. That it made mighty interesting reading goes without saying, for there had been a deal of plain speaking by one and another; and through publicity no end of feuds were started.

But who had given the precious business away? That was the all-important question. Anathema unto him! Two of the participants felt sure they knew, though

neither could for the life of him imagine why the other had done it. Tom Foley, of billiard fame, had been elected alderman, and at the meeting had held a very confidential confabulation with Sheriff-elect Agnew; and almost every word of it appeared in print. So Tom knew it was Agnew; and Agnew was even more sure it was Tom, for the latter was well known to be on rather intimate footing with most of the newspaper boys. They had accused each other roundly, and Tom came to the office, in sad spirits, for light. As neither had as yet communicated his suspicions to an outsider, it was deemed advisable to let the principals into the secret, while enjoined to silence lest the Sherman House people suffer — for this hostelry had become the "People's Party" headquarters. "By thunder!" was Tom's exclamation, "and we were both leaning on that confounded sideboard when having our talk."

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES"

MEN AND MANNERS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO — THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "HONEST OLD ABE" — POLITICS MORE A GAME OF INTRIGUE THEN THAN NOW — LINCOLN'S NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT — HIS INNATE FORCE OF CHARACTER — DR. RAY'S TRIBUTE TO THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE — THE SELF-SEEKING SPIRIT MORE CONSPICUOUS THAN AT PRESENT — MEN OF HIGH CHARACTER NOW IN DEMAND FOR PUBLIC OFFICES — THE PRESENT AGE MORE DEMOCRATIC THAN THE PAST — THE DOLLAR MORE WORSHIPPED THEN THAN NOW — THE HOLD-FAST LANDOWNER — THE TRUST A BETTER EMPLOYER THAN THE INDIVIDUAL TASKMASTER — JAMES H. BOWEN A TYPE OF THE MAKERS OF CHICAGO — HIS EFFORT TO RECLAIM THE CALUMET SWAMP.

WHATSOEVER the age, there is usually some individual who sums up in his character the ideal possibilities of his time and place; and this exception to what may have been a rule of commonplace sordidness, is in later years apt to be held up for public admiration as a typical product of those "good old times." It would be pleasant to believe, for example, that Abraham Lincoln was in all respects a logical outcome of his environment: yet it is much nearer the truth to say that it was precisely by the characteristics in which he was greatest that he most departed from, and rose above, his surroundings, or they would have held him to a commonplace, self-seeking career. The average lawyer in a new community is seldom a pattern of civic virtues. His studies are largely confined to modes of escape from the law's meshes; and this only too frequently for his individual behoof. Furthermore, in the political field he is apt to be a common trickster.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "HONEST OLD ABE"

The public distrust of the kind of "limbs of the law" that grew up with the country fifty and more years ago, was deeply rooted. It was the same in all the communities I came in touch with, and they were many. There might be one in every half-dozen in whom some trust was placed; but this rule seldom applied to one who succeeded in his profession. The poor widow might go to the exception, to save herself from being over-reached by a neighbor; but as most of the litigation was in connection with some dubious transaction in which the kettle was usually full brother to the pot, it followed that each wanted the smartest, and the demand was for men who knew the law — on the shady side. Why was it that over a wide territory Lincoln became known as "Honest Abe"? Clearly there must have been something the matter with the other fellows that he should be so peculiarly distinguished. To-day, a fair amount of honesty in a member of the bar above the shyster class is generally assumed; and it is only among professional gamblers that an exception is occasionally complimented with an "Honest" prefix.

POLITICS MORE A GAME OF INTRIGUE THEN THAN NOW

In the formative days of Lincoln, politics was far more a game of intrigue and compromise than it is to-day. The great commoner forced the issue against Douglas in opposition to every kind of discouragement among his *entourage,* and thus raised the memorable debate far above any level hitherto attained in similar contests. And when he stood before the nation as a candidate for the presidential nomination, his immediate sponsors at the Wigwam Convention added little to the greatness of their time.

The name of Seward was presented by a William M. Evarts, and the nomination was seconded by a Carl Schurz. The name of Lincoln was presented by an N. B. Judd.

This comparison in personal values is made less for the purpose of calling attention to a conspicuous difference in mental calibre, than to bring into the perspective of an event so epochal as this Convention and its transcendent issues, the absence in the surroundings of the rail-splitter of any bracing force or high vouchment of character. As a matter of fact, Lincoln was in no position to dictate to the forces that were making for his nomination; in other words, he had not the power to determine how or by whom his name should be presented.

LINCOLN'S NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT

Few candidates were ever more completely in the hands of their friends; and had not an invincible destiny taken a hand also, the outcome might well have been very different. There was, to be sure, a strong current direct from the people of the Middle West, that was lifting their choice into a place of vantage; but this tide was by no means irresistible; and as a choice from among Lincoln's managers, N. B. Judd was perhaps as good as another, and even preferable to some. Yet how important the possession of elevated character by the presenters really was will be apparent, when the nominating procedure — so deficient in the forensic display so much relied on in these days to bring support to a candidate — is taken into account. This is all that happened by way of presentation:

MR. EVARTS, of New York: "In the order of business before the Convention, Sir, I take the liberty to name as a candidate to be nominated by this Convention for the office of President of the United States, William H. Seward."

MR. JUDD, of Illinois: "I desire on behalf of the delegation from Illinois, to put in nomination, as a candidate for President, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois."

HIS INNATE FORCE OF CHARACTER

There is something besides human heredity and the influences of environment that goes to the making of the world's exemplars. Some day we may realize that there are also spiritual heredities, however descended, to which human obstacles are but as foundation stones to towering heights. The more our great commoner is studied, — the more light is shed upon his figure and its surroundings, — the grander does he rise above his fellows; and they were by no means small men against whom the village lawyer was finally called upon to match himself in the nation's capital. But even there, few were of any help to him in the great struggle. He alone wears the crown of self-sacrifice.

However low men's standards, or however much alloy in their own mintage of character, they instinctively recognize the true ring in another's, and pay homage to it. The forces that brought about Lincoln's nomination were by no means all inspired by the vision of the moral greatness of the leader. Sordid ambitions and mean revenges played no small part in the consummation; and his managers incurred obligations that proved costly both to his administration and the nation when payment was exacted.

But because of this murky side, not only was the silent force of character exemplified by the candidate brought into greater relief, but an added emphasis was given to the deeply moving current of public appreciation and demand. That the best instincts of the masses at the heart of the continent were deeply enlisted by the qualities of the man who had grown up in their midst, admits of no doubt. Nay,

more. There were those whose eyes were anointed to look into the future; to feel what manner of man was needed, and what manner of man Providence had placed at the nation's service. In proof, I give these inspired words, taken from an editorial by Dr. Charles H. Ray, editor of *The Chicago Press and Tribune,* and published on the morning following the nomination. It bore the caption: "The Man of the People."

DR. RAY'S TRIBUTE TO THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

"Ever and anon there springs from the bosom of the people a man qualified to meet the people's highest wants in great emergencies — a man who by reason of his many virtues, his moral heroism and his commanding qualities, is recognized by all classes as one endowed and anointed for a great work. His credentials bear the impress of a power whose fiat is irresistible, and his progress toward the appointed goal is as sure as the march of destiny. Scorning adventitious aids, trampling under foot every suggestion of mere policy, with heart all athrob with pure and lofty aspirations and generous aims, he moves right onward with the assured tread and the unquailing eye of a born conqueror. . . . No other man in the nation stands so near the popular heart to-day; and in the exigencies to which corrupt rulers have brought our Government, and amid the perils which on every hand threaten our free institutions, the people turn instinctively to him as the man for the occasion — as one who has been led by Providence through all the experiences of lowly life, through labor and privation, through struggles and sacrifices, into self-reliance, into honest simplicity of life, into nobleness and purity of character, into a love of justice, of truth and freedom, that he might be fitted for the work."

To-day, half a century later, a united nation responds to these prophetic words with a heart-felt "Amen!"

THE SELF-SEEKING SPIRIT MORE CONSPICUOUS THAN AT PRESENT

In Lincoln's time the folks in homespun had many sterling qualities allied to the character-stuff with which

the great martyr was so richly endowed; but in behalf of the self-constituted gentry, large allowances had to be made because of the struggle for existence. No, the fittest to survive of that period were no models for the present. Almost all in any manner associated with the founder of Christianity have been provided with a canonical halo. There is danger that all who in any manner "knew Lincoln" will some day be similarly endowed.

None can feel the glamour of those other days more than the writer. As to much, he has now vision only for the good that was in his contemporaries of fifty years ago. But when he looks about to-day, and notes to what high ideals so many of his fellow-men consecrate their lives, and then recalls how limited, how narrow, how self-centred was much of the best in the past, he is filled with profound gratitude that he has lived to see the dawn of a kindlier humanity.

MEN OF HIGH CHARACTER NOW IN DEMAND FOR PUBLIC OFFICES

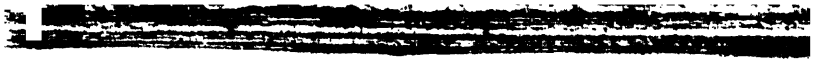
It is a commonplace of history, that when great moral issues of the more obvious kind, like slavery, convulse a people, the things that really make for stability, that underlie social progress and exemplify the more vital and enduring virtues, are easily lost sight of; while the demagogue, under a cloak of patriotism and cheap sentiment, serves his own corrupt ends. In great crises the public vision becomes clouded to everything but the main issue; and when this disappears, there is danger of a lapse into supine indifference. Thereafter, for the public well-being, a very different reforming spirit must be called into action, and altogether different standards of conduct and ideals brought to public attention — and that is now the business

of the twentieth-century reformer. It is true that indifference and the flesh-pots still all too often work together to debasing ends. But that there is progress admits of no doubt. The sort of men who once were readily accepted, regardless of their moral lapses, may no longer call for support in the open. Not only have the drunkard and the debauchee been relegated to private life, but the public's scrutiny becomes more and more intimate and exacting, calls ever more for positive qualities of character in leadership; and the searchlight penetrates ever deeper to discover the things that are most vital for the general welfare. That "public office is a public trust" was practically a new doctrine when first uttered by the Sage of Princeton. Its serious acceptance as a political gospel is of very recent date. Precisely as in religion the old hard-and-fast standards are disappearing, and something besides fear of eternal punishment is to become a motive for right conduct in the sphere of social morals, so the new political faith calls for higher ideals and for a more discriminating use of the franchise, to impersonal ends. In short, a new spirit, self-searching in all its terms, is agitating the surface of the hitherto stagnant waters with increasing persistence.

THE PRESENT AGE MORE DEMOCRATIC THAN THE PAST

I have permitted myself rather a wide field in which to bring the past and present into synthetic relations; first, that as an interested observer I might give testimony bearing on the character of the major determining forces in our national life during the past half-century; and, secondly, that thereby a door might be opened whereby the light shed by one side of human activity might help the

LAKE HOUSE, RUSH STREET BRIDGE, AND RIVER MOUTH



reader to a better understanding of another; that is, that of the individual of a different age in his social and business relations.

What men exemplify in one sphere of life they are apt to express in their activities in another. If democracy in any manner stands for breadth of ideas, for enlarging common interests, for toleration, for deep and wide sympathies and helpful hands, then the present is a far more democratic age than the one in which our fathers lived — much in appearance to the contrary. Under the present race for wealth, and the craving for carnal pleasures, there moves an undercurrent, coming ever nearer the surface, that is vitally informed with the humanities, and sooner or later is sure to rise to the surface and wrest the leadership from degenerate hands to noblest ends.

The "good old times" of half a century ago, because of their greater simplicity of living, are on that account often celebrated as representative of democratic equality and an intimate community of social interests. Yet nothing is intrinsically farther from the truth. They constituted, in fact, a framework of sharply accented lines traversing every sphere of life — of acute angles permitting of little social "snuggling," so to speak, except in most limited folds. To be received on a familiar footing in any social circle, not only had you to be approximately of the same worldly standing, but you needed also to be of the same narrow political faith, and to subscribe to the same particular shade of religious creed as the other members thereof. That this was in the nature of things, when every wire-drawn distinction was magnified into a fundamental principle, cannot fail to be recognized. Hence it was an era of captiousness, of finical fault-finding, of fine-spun

discriminations; in short, an exhibition of traits that are distinctly frowned upon to-day, as savoring of uncharitableness.

THE DOLLAR MORE WORSHIPPED THEN THAN NOW

If it be true that men were not so mad in the rush for wealth in other days, it can in nowise be said that the almighty dollar had less value in their eyes. On the contrary, it was probably because there were fewer dollars, and these harder to get, that the coin or its equivalent was worshipped in a manner not dreamed of to-day. In those days the dollar was only too often valued for its own sake, and so was hoarded, making the genus miser a very common phenomenon; whereas to-day money is valued chiefly for what it will buy in multiple forms of luxury. Indeed, the older generation was not generous even to itself; whereas the present is perhaps in that respect overgenerous.

While it is by no means an invariable rule that the world's most consistent givers are inheritors of wealth, it seems nevertheless to be essential that the maker of a fortune feel the stimulus of culture — which is the child of hereditary wealth — in order to enter to any considerable extent into the joys of giving. And even then his endowments are apt to follow a narrow line of benefactions — a line held to a fixed direction by the limitations of creed, or one that is determined by some particular personal experience in the giver's career. Above all, he insists that his money shall produce visible and if possible immediate results. Preventive philanthropy, which in any wise application of means would come first, invariably comes last. It is a stage we are now slowly entering upon.

THE HOLD-FAST LANDOWNER

The conditions under which the first Chicago millionaires evolved themselves were peculiar. In no other American centre of activities was the struggle quite so intense or so full of hazards, because of the city's rapid growth and the persistent lure of schemes of development far ahead of their time of fruition. Land, not manufactures, was the accepted road to riches. Therefore, whatever was undertaken was usually with an eye to increasing land values. And this effect is to be noted: that the possession of land, as an index of fortune, seldom goes with a large philanthropy. This general statement, while abundantly illustrated by the history of Chicago, is based upon a far wider induction. Let one study conditions in New York, pass from thence to England, to Germany, to France, and everywhere it is the same. The man whose wealth lies in land has no money to spare for anything — except it be more land.

In Chicago there were, however, other causes that led the possessors of land to keep in close touch with it. Indeed, so recurrent were the ups and downs resulting from insensate speculation, undigested improvement schemes, and "wild-cat" currency expedients, that it was only the very prudent, with a dash of "nearness," who by their qualities were fitted to weather the economic gales that periodically swept the Western prairies. And even during the war period, when the very life of the nation was at stake, it was conspicuously the merchant class (though by no means constituting at that time a preponderance of the solid men of the community) who contributed most liberally of their substance to further the cause of the Union. Happily, the descendants of the old "hold-fasts" have in

numerous instances become leaders in many enterprises and benefactions for the people's uplift. Such is the reactive law of progress.

THE TRUST A BETTER TASKMASTER THAN THE INDIVIDUAL EMPLOYER

While the landowner might lead in the game of keeps, the "easy mark" was by no means common in any line. The successful employer, self-made, was pretty sure to be a severe taskmaster. Though he might present a democratic shirt-sleeve appearance, he nevertheless drew sharp distinctions in his intercourse with his employees; and, as a rule, was as hard as nails in his exactions of service. He was generally first at the day's task; and to him, wrapt as he was in the details of his business, long hours brought no tedium; while the pace he set was expected to be followed by all under his lynx-eyed surveillance. Ask any elderly Chicagoan who had his way to make in the world, what manner of employer he had in his youth; and, in eight instances out of ten, his reply will be to the above effect. The grinding trust may rob the consumer; but, as a taskmaster, it is much to be preferred to the regime of strenuous, competitive individualism.

It may be more difficult for ordinary folk to come in contact with the rich to-day than formerly. In a certain sense there is undoubtedly a more exclusive spirit in evidence. But when the inferior does come into close relation with a superior nowadays — especially with the class who have inherited wealth — he usually encounters a far kindlier manner, and receives more courteous consideration, than his kind was wont to enjoy in bygone times. In those days the grasp for money was just as keen as now, but for lack of diversified interests, and in the absence of cultural

distinctions, the dollar mark alone divided the master from those who served him.

MEN OF THE INDIVIDUALISTIC ERA APT TO BE NARROW

The successful man of a generation or more ago, because of the conditions under which he worked and sought to prosper — the individualistic era — was apt to be close and narrow. To-day a very different order of mind succeeds. Details are left to subordinates, and only the larger field is envisaged. Hence it happens that the masterful men of this era are also frequently built on large lines in directions other than those of business. Their expansions often include the spheres of mind and heart, and sometimes even encompass all humanity. The old "liberality" was often an outgrowth of the narrowest kind of sectarian spirit, and as likely as not was nothing more than a bribe to St. Peter. To-day, the liberal mind is far more inclusive. Russell Sage was in quite an intimate sense a product of a time which he outlived without a change of heart. The great masters of to-day may not be as careful of the rights of others as we in this critical age could wish; but while they are in no sense worse in that respect than their predecessors, they are often magnificently generous, and grudge neither their time nor their substance in furthering social betterments.

As contrasted with the old, the present age is notably impersonal. In those other days the ego was an insistent factor in every relation. All rivalries took the form of enmities. In the newspaper world every publication was a party organ, and in that capacity a bludgeon with which to belabor one's opponent, "doubly-dyed in villainy," while he who dared to make a contest for leadership in the political field was branded a "sneak," or "poltroon," or "assassin." All this is happily in the past.

THE PUBLIC SLOW TO MAKE DUE ALLOWANCE WHEN DISASTERS COME

The bark that ventures on the open sea needs both ballast and sail. When top-heavy, and a blast overtakes it, some of the sail may be safely stowed, but a goodly part will probably be torn to tatters. In such case it is often a question of ballast whether either the ship or any part of its cargo shall be saved. When all is fair weather, with favoring winds, it is the bellying sail that serves the adventurer and catches the fancy of the onlooker. Then all is praise for the part that makes for speed. However, if a single mishap overtakes the good ship, her successful voyages under generous canvas are forgotten, and all the praise now is for the inert mass in the hold that averted a total loss.

Of the manner of citizens who served the community as saving ballast, and reaped their full reward, I have spoken. A word should, however, also be said in behalf of the class who stood ever for progress and not infrequently sacrificed their personal good for public ends. Of course, there are degrees in this as in most things. The chronic visionary, to whom every broken-down, unballasted wind-jammer represents an argosy of fortune, leaves only ruin in his wake. Of such Chicago in other days had its full share; and their kind supplied the wits with matter for many a good story. Experience had taught this sort much wisdom — though of doubtful market value, — and believing that they owed something to the public to balance the losses incurred by their reckless ballooning, they were ever ready to hand out their garnered reflections.

One of these improvement aviators, while bent on raising more wind, had occasion to visit another city. After retiring for the night, Mr. H. was annoyed by some one per-

sistently walking the floor overhead. Our friend could not fail to recognize the symptoms, but had long ago discovered the utter uselessness of that sort of exercise. Therefore, when he could bear the annoyance no longer, he arose, and ascended to the floor above, where his knock was answered by an individual, wild-eyed and much dishevelled.

"What's the matter?" queried our philosopher. "Why do you keep up this thunderation racket, so that a body can't sleep?"

"Oh, I am in trouble, trouble! A note is due to-morrow for a large amount, and I have n't a dollar to pay it with."

"Is that all?" was the reassuring word. "You foolish man! go to bed and to sleep, and let the other fellow do the walking."

JAMES H. BOWEN, A TYPE OF THE MAKERS OF CHICAGO

While there are degrees of danger in the matter of sail-spread, the public are rarely to be trusted to make proper allowances in the event of disaster: and all failures of expansion are thrown indiscriminately into the scale on the side of discredit. Such a proceeding has done great injustice to more than one of Chicago's citizens whose memory ought rather to be held in high honor, and in no instance more notably than in that of Colonel James H. Bowen. Up to the time of the fire, the weight of few men in Chicago was greater than the colonel's, and hardly another had his overcoming momentum. In all public affairs, for many years, when anything for any reason refused to budge, the public instinctively turned to this incarnation of "go." It was chiefly through the energy of the colonel that the house of Bowen Brothers grew to be one of the largest general merchandising concerns in the city. Then, when the war broke out, men of his stamp

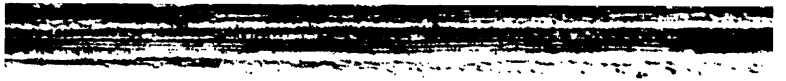
being everywhere in demand, he became a member of Chicago's famous "Union Defence Committee," which organized, equipped, and sent to the front many regiments. He was commissioned a colonel on the staff of the governor to give special effect to his work, and was indefatigable in providing for the entertainment of troops passing through the city. He was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and in that capacity was in Washington, and spent with Lincoln, at the White House, a portion of the President's last day; and the arrangements for the martyr's funeral in Chicago were largely in his charge. In 1867 he was United States Commissioner to the Paris Universal Exposition. He organized the Third National Bank and was its first president; in that capacity he took the first steps towards the organization of the Chicago Clearing House Association. When the Union Pacific Railroad was completed, an event of transcendent importance to Chicago, the colonel organized a great parade to commemorate the event; and the first freight train over the long route brought to the house of Bowen Brothers a carload of tea.

HIS EFFORT TO RECLAIM THE CALUMET SWAMP

In time the colonel retired from active mercantile pursuits with a snug fortune, and then undertook to reclaim the Calumet Swamp, and transform it into the now realized South Chicago. However, through the two-fold disaster of the fire, and the panic of 1873, the scheme proved somewhat premature: and its promoter paid the cost in both loss of fortune and prestige. But Jim Bowen was not the sort of man that can for long be kept down; and he was in a fair way to retrieve his fortunes, when, in 1881, he lost his life in a railway accident. His death was a very real

JAMES H. BOWEN

JOHN V. FARWELL



loss to the entire community, but especially to South Chicago and Hyde Park, of whose board of trustees he was president. Colonel Bowen was one of Chicago's really great "promoters"— using the term in its best sense — and somewhere down on the now teeming Calumet, whose future he foresaw and sought to hasten, his name should be perpetuated by some enduring memorial.

RESULTS OF HIS ENDEAVOR

None who saw the colonel on the occasion of the opening of the first great manufacturing establishment at South Chicago, some time in the later seventies, can ever forget the impressive sweep of the arm with which he moored a whole fleet of Cunarders along the prospective docks of the Calumet. And it was in no wise his fault if they have so far failed to be seen by eyes other than those of the mind, but is wholly due to the shallowness of the water in the Canadian canals, and one or two other places. However, if not Cunarders, ships of the proportions of the Cunarders of those days now dock there daily in numbers.

And this reminds me that the colonel was not the only one who had Cunarder visions about that time. Indeed, the whole Board of Trade had one of its periodical attacks of direct grain shipments *via* the Canadian canals to Europe; and so impressed was Mr. Storey by the much ado, that he directed the writer to go over the route and report on the feasibility of the plan. To-day any first-class paper would send an engineer on such an errand; but in those days the scientific specialist had small standing, while the average reporter was still in full partnership with omniscience. Besides, had I not worked my way from Saginaw to Chicago before the mast on a lumber schooner? And what further water experiences did one really need

in order to know all about levels, locks, draughts, and other mere engineering technicalities?

However, to forestall the chronic caviller, I added to my own stock of observations what the Government engineers at Detroit knew about the shallows in those parts; and then consulted among others the chief engineer of the larger Welland Canal then in process of building; and so fortified, I returned to report to the chief, before preparing the matter for print.

When the situation had been explained to Mr. Storey, his face lit up with grim humor, as he remarked, "But this is not what the Board of Trade people are looking for."

"I am sorry," was my reply, "but it is the only kind of information I was able to bring back."

Then, after a moment's pause, he said, "Well, give them what you 've got."

THE SPOILS OF WAR

A Mighty Charge on the Offices by the Returning "Brigadiers"—Both Political Parties Bait their Tickets with Them — Norman T. Gassette Captures the Richest Prize as a "Private"— The Distinguished Few who Kept Aloof from the Scramble—An "Irish-Republican" Bogey—How it was Materialized for a Stage Show — What it Looked like behind the Scenes.

FOR several decades following the Civil War, the political machinery and administrative life of Chicago were affected in so remarkable a degree by the aftermath of the great struggle, that the phenomenon is well worth recalling. It was a time when the shibboleth, "To the victors belong the spoils," took upon itself a military, as well as a political meaning, for the "victors," in these instances, not content with having sought

"the bubble Reputation even in the cannon's mouth,"

felt strongly moved to add thereto whatever honors — with their financial prizes duly attached — might be "commandeered" in the political field; and no matter which party carried the day, the soldier was invariably on top.

While only a moiety of the number that went forth from Chicago to do battle for their country rose to high distinction or command — though many a one did his duty in a manly fashion, and perchance missed filling a niche in the Pantheon of Fame only for lack of favorable opportunity — titular rewards did not fail to make up in quantity what they may have lacked in the gross in quality;

for, after the war, brigadiers — in full panoply, or by brevet — were as plentiful as blackberries in a bramble.

A few of Chicago's returning heroes retired quietly to the reserves of honorable business, and thereby gained in public esteem what they may have renounced in the way of official "pickings." Any assumption of material loss on that account, however, goes by no means without saying, as nearly all who eschewed politics, and put their energies into business rather than button-holing, advanced in material well-being — to say nothing of self-respect — far beyond most of those who invested their military capital in the lottery of "spoils": only, perchance, to draw a succession of blanks, for in this "tug of office" there was generally a brigadier on both sides, and, in these circumstances, one was bound to get worsted.

DISTINGUISHED EXCEPTIONS

Among those, in the distinguished minority, who chose the better part, there come most readily to mind the names of Generals George W. Smith, A. C. McClurg, A. C. Ducat, and Joseph Stockton. A few were imperatively "called" to office because of conspicuous fitness — the best examples being Generals J. D. Webster, Internal Revenue Collector, M. R. M. Wallace, County Judge, and I. N. Stiles, City Attorney; but as to most of those who somehow "got there," or in the scramble "fell outside of the breastworks," the people's "call" was heard only by the inward ear of the respondent; and it was generally unmitigated cheek and push that landed them in place.

However, let it not be understood that military timber was not in political demand at this period, for both parties catered assiduously to the soldier vote — to say nothing about motives prompted by patriotic gratitude — and,

while not a few of those who struggled for place were accepted under protest by the judicious, all classes rejoiced to honor and support soldierly merit when coupled with any sort of fitness for place; and if opportunity had offered to support soldiers of the class who again and again peremptorily refused to permit their names to be associated with the scramble, their election would have been a foregone conclusion, regardless of party affiliation.

Among the lean and hungry "hustlers" who found themselves kept from the public crib for lack of military handles, there was much gnashing of teeth over the situation; and while, when in convention assembled, they acclaimed the soldier's title to office in burning platform periods, this was as far as possible offset by private depreciation of the "military craze" which so persistently kept them out in the cold. This attitude finally resulted in a tacit defensive combination, with such visible effect at the polls that, whereas the soldier candidates had theretofore invariably run ahead of the civilians on the ticket, they began more and more to lag behind, until some astonishing defeats convinced the "bosses" that the "soldier racket," was nearing its end as a vote-getter.

THOSE WHO WON THE PRIZES

That there was never any thought given to the element of fitness, is well illustrated by the persistency with which soldier succeeded soldier as Postmaster, an office, above all others in our civil affairs, calling for special administrative ability as well as business experience. Yet almost from the day peace was declared, for twenty years and more, both Republican and Democratic administrations used it as a place with which to pay military-political claims, as the following roster of incumbents clearly shows: Gen-

eral Thomas O. Osborne, Colonel R. A. Gilmore, General Frank T. Sherman, General John A. McArthur, Colonel F. A. Eastman, and General John M. Corse.

The Pension Agency was also, for a long period, held successively by either ex-soldiers or their widows or daughters. Amongst such incumbents who recall themselves are General Charles T. Hotchkiss, General J. B. Sweet, Mrs. (General) J. A. Mulligan, and Miss Ada Sweet, daughter of General Sweet.

Others that come to mind are: General John L. Beveridge, Lieutenant-Governor and Sheriff; General O. L. Mann, Collector of Internal Revenue and Sheriff; Captain S. F. Hanchett, Clerk of Probate Court and Sheriff; Captain "Jack" Stephens, Clerk of Criminal Court, Coroner, etc.; Colonel George R. Davis, County Treasurer and Congressman; General J. D. Webster, Collector of Internal Revenue; General C. T. Hotchkiss, City Clerk, (after his retirement from the Pension Agency); General E. S. Solomon, Clerk of the District Court (for which place, on a second nomination, he was badly defeated), and later Governor of Washington Territory; Colonel Augustus Jacobson, Clerk of Superior Court; General M. R. M. Wallace, County Judge; General Thomas O. Osborne, Minister to a South American Republic on retiring from the Postmastership; General I. N. Stiles, City Attorney; Colonel A. N. Waterman, elected to a judgeship; Major Woodbury M. Taylor, Clerk of the Supreme Court; Captain E. F. C. Klokke, Clerk of the County Court.

PRIVATE NORMAN T. GASSETTE

A special paragraph must be devoted to the remarkable campaign of Norman T. Gassette for the Circuit Court clerkship, then regarded as about the best thing in sight.

There was nothing small or retiring about Norman. He was originally a clerk in the Post Office, unless my memory misleads me. At first his aspirations to so fat a place as the clerkship of the Circuit Court were treated as a joke, and the newspapers made exceedingly light of it. But Norman, by making a special point of the fact that theretofore the prizes had all gone to the military swells, with nothing going to any one below a colonel or major, succeeded in making himself the champion of the "office rights" of the common soldier; and, to everybody's surprise, finally succeeded in forcing his "claims" on the Republican Party Nominating Convention. It was understood that he retired, after a term of four years, with a couple of hundred thousand dollars in his pocket, and thereafter was regarded as quite a personality. Before this, he alone had taken himself seriously; but success brought others to take his own view of himself, and on his death he was readily granted a place amongst the city's departed worthies.

ARTHUR DIXON'S "IRISH REPUBLICANS"

The only successful rival to these embattled heroes in the art of political "hold-up," was a famous cohort "in buckram," known to local fame as Arthur Dixon's "Irish Republicans." It is safe to say that the memories of few living Chicagoans go back to a time when the suave and plausible Arthur did not represent the old Second Ward in the Common Council. With a genius for organization, he has probably had few superiors as a strategist; and, as a tactician, in the realm of ward politics, hardly an equal. He was never known to give battle except from an inside position, being thus enabled to deploy, manœuvre, and mass his forces, so that wherever two or

three were foregathered under his banner, they appeared (and generally figured in the newspapers) as a "crowd," while a score was never "estimated" other than in terms of hundreds — so extraordinary was his ability to give concreteness to abstractions, and to multiply spectres *ad infinitum*.

If the brigadiers held the soldier vote as a menace over hesitant bosses to compel recognition, such intimidation shrank to insignificance when compared with the terrors inspired by a threat to reinforce the enemy with Dixon's Pretorian Guard. "Irish Republican," was, indeed, a term to conjure with in those days. It straightway hypnotized all who took the smallest stock in its existence, and compelled them *nolens volens* to do the bidding of a coterie of adroit spell-binders. It was a "spook" that made a prodigious amount of noise in the dark, and had the wit not to materialize under a flashlight for a count of heads. There were hardly enough *in propria persona* to fill the stage for a single show-up; but by means of lightning changes, and swift doublings, and counter-marchings, the display gave to all, except the initiated behind the scenes, the impression of unnumbered hosts.

REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCES

In time, of course, the newspaper boys got "on to the racket." Indeed, they could not well avoid doing so, for, no matter in what part of the city an Irish Republican "rally" was held, there were invariably present not only the self-same orators, but the dozen or two, who, at high tide, constituted the audience. In time these came to have an amazingly familiar aspect to the scribes assigned to report the proceedings; and they were forced to the conclusion that either all Irishmen, like coons, "look alike,"

or that they had seen these particular sons of Erin many times and oft, at other "rallies," to say nothing of their suspicious likeness to a bunch of teamsters in the employ of a certain alderman. But, inasmuch as several of the beneficiaries of this great illusion act were either of the reportorial fraternity, or hung more or less on the verge of it — and so, on occasion, described these "rallies" as only an inspired Hibernian with a free hand is capable of doing — it was allowed to pass as a political pleasantry, differing from most campaign devices only in the superior manner in which it was "staged."

In one respect, however, there was a striking difference between the two "manifestations" I have been considering; for, whereas there were never enough offices to go around to satisfy the hungry brigadiers, it happened more than once that there were not enough eligible Irish Republicans to fill the offices tacitly conceded to them on their "claimed" voting percentage — and it was sometimes necessary to enlarge the inner circle with Scotch-Irish, or other mixed stop-gaps, to save appearances.

THE TRAGEDY OF POPULARITY

PROLOGUE — THE CASANDRAS UNHEEDED — IDOLS OF THE PEOPLE — ENTER, WILLIAM F. COOLBAUGH, BANKER AND STATESMAN — GENIAL MAN OF AFFAIRS — UNDERRATES CHICAGO'S FINANCIAL STRENGTH AND FAILS — SYMPATHY OF THE COMMUNITY — THE PRIMACY PASSES TO HIS RIVAL — TRAGIC DEATH AT FOOT OF DOUGLAS'S MONUMENT — DAVID A. GAGE, HOTEL-KEEPER PAR EXCELLENCE — HIS FARM ON THE DESPLAINES — HE USES THE CITY'S MONEY — HE GOES TO DENVER.

HISTORY is replete with the tragedy of popularity. Seldom, however, do the annals of a community show so many and varied instances as those of nascent Chicago.

PROLOGUE

In proof of this let me cite, among many examples, those of William F. Coolbaugh and David A. Gage. The men who bore these names were contemporaries; and while differently environed, and influenced by diverse predispositions and ambitions, it may be said that, at their zenith, and in their respective spheres — though each touched in a manner the entire community — they stood unrivalled in popularity.

It was not without reason (and events have amply justified their course) that tried and true victors over many an imperious urging to beneficence — men adhering strictly to Jay Gould's trinity of "honesty, frugality, and economy" as stepping-stones to permanent success — shook their wise heads, and sounded frequent warnings against the snares of popularity. They clearly discerned

its dangers, and with heroic self-abnegation and effacement, would have none of it. Hence they died unscathed by misfortune, and full of shekels. But the Coolbaughs and Gages would not heed these Casandras — whose nay was far more familiar to the community than their yea — and listened instead to seductive sirens luring to destruction.

While different in many ways, these men had yet much in common. Each was genial, urbane, obliging to a fault, and a prince in a variety of good-fellowships. While the causes of their downfall were superficially unlike, at bottom they were the same, — inherent weaknesses. Each had unquestioned parts making for success — and a large, if relatively ephemeral success, was each one's portion. They sailed life's stream at flood-tide buoyantly, and caught success as they sailed; but neither possessed the fibre, hardened by discipline, to pilot their barks through perilous rapids, or to escape the merciless undertow of unreckoned tides.

WILLIAM F. COOLBAUGH, BANKER AND STATESMAN

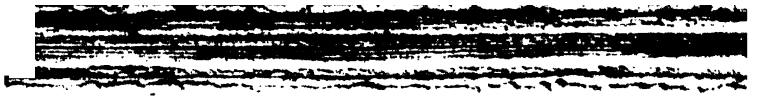
William Findlay Coolbaugh's rise and success was for a time phenomenal. He came to Chicago from Burlington, Iowa, with some reputation as a banker, and, though still in the thirties, so conspicuous was he in politics, that he received the Democratic vote for Senator in the Iowa Legislature. Within a few years of his arrival in Chicago, he became president of the city's then leading bank, the Union National; was elected the first president of the Clearing House Association; held the presidency of the National Bankers' Association of the West and Northwest; in 1869 was a member of the Illinois Constitutional Convention; once again received the votes of his party —

this time in the Illinois Legislature — for United States Senator; was an orator of exceptional eloquence; and, altogether, was alike the most influential as well as the most quoted man in the community. Whatever the subject or the occasion, whenever a reporter for any local paper started on a round of interviewing among citizens of light and leading, the name of Coolbaugh was invariably first on the list.

GENIAL MAN OF AFFAIRS

Mr. Coolbaugh was an exceptionally well informed man. Never ostentatiously seeking it, he yet enjoyed to the full a well-earned popularity, and on occasion of reportorial intrusions made his questioner feel agreeably at home. For one, this writer harks back with unalloyed pleasure to the frequent half-hours spent *tête-à-tête* with this genial, broad-minded personality in an exchange of mental currency; for it was Mr. Coolbaugh's way, when his professional questioner had finished, to turn interlocutor himself, as to matters with which his visitor was presumably conversant, and always with directness to the root of the matter. He had a characteristic of most men of large affairs, that of never seeming in a hurry. Completely master of himself, his presence was pervasive rather than dominant, persuasive rather than commanding. He readily got at the hearts of men, was much admired, much trusted, a leader by common acclaim — and when, by a single misjudgment in a great crisis, his sceptre fell into the hands of men more self-centred, keen to accept the opportunity to wrest the leadership from his faltering hands, the *dénouement* came as an unwelcome surprise to the community.

WILLIAM F. COOLBAUGH



UNDERRATES CHICAGO'S FINANCIAL STRENGTH AND FAILS

Yes, the trusted leader had gravely misjudged the possibilities of the situation — had underrated Chicago's independent reserves of financial strength. Affairs were in desperate straits. Well might men ask, How can Chicago stand when New York gives away? A few with strong wills and cool judgment, determined to make the trial. Coolbaugh was not of these. He believed Chicago could not repel the onslaught alone, and not only said so, but placed his bank in what proved to be an indefensible attitude; and by that act abdicated the primacy that had for so long been his unchallenged distinction — for a few days of suspense settled the question against his position.

A wide and whole-hearted sympathy went out to the man. Friends from far and near rallied around him — sought to convince him that nothing really serious had happened — that he would soon recover his prestige. But the wounded chief knew better — felt in his heart that the blow was mortal. Outwardly he gave no sign of the bleeding within. The world was met with a calm front — a *savoir faire* that to the initiated was most pathetic. But in time the strong frame showed the wear of a ceaseless gnawing at the vitals, and he was reluctantly persuaded to take a protracted vacation.

After an absence of several months in Europe, on his return he seemed to be really much improved; and the belief became general that he would again enter the lists for leadership. But it was not to be. Already the First National, under the guiding hand of Lyman J. Gage, had forged ahead of the Union National, both in the matter of deposits and influence, and he felt that his defeat was irretrievable.

TRAGIC DEATH AT FOOT OF DOUGLAS'S MONUMENT

Then the question arose, Could he follow? The pride of his former exaltation spoke an emphatic No. He had drunk of the wine of success too deeply — and all that remained in the cup of life for him was turned to bitterness. As a Democrat he had in younger days been on intimate terms with, and an ardent supporter of, Stephen A. Douglas. No doubt he now saw in the tragedy of this ambitious leader a beckoning vision of inevitable fatality for himself; and so, on the night of November 14, 1877, in his fifty-sixth year, at the foot of the monument erected to the memory of the "Little Giant," the broken-hearted financier deliberately laid down the burden of his eventful life.

DAVID A. GAGE

David A. Gage was an ideal boniface—notably for men of mark or with long purses. When this sort put up with him they felt themselves in good company, the honored guests of a distinguished host. "Dave," as he was familiarly known, was never obtrusively in evidence. The "Howd'ye," or "We can fix you all right," he left to others. Seldom effusive, never too familiar, he knew infallibly when to make his welcome most effective, with rare *bonhomie* and a telling presence. I am speaking of a time when he was at the height of his career, when he was mine host extraordinary at the Sherman. I say "extraordinary," for there were associated with him at different times his brother George, John A. Rice, C. C. Waite, Horace Walters — all of whom were also mighty hosts in themselves. In earlier days, when the Gage brothers and John B. Drake were joint proprietors of the Tremont, David pulled steadily enough in working harness with the rest, and a wonderful trio they made, per-

chance unmatched in the history of hostelries. Indeed, so obvious was the *embarras* of talent, that the Gages, shortly after its completion, took charge of the Sherman, which was then, after the Fifth Avenue, New York, the finest hotel on the continent.

HOTEL-KEEPER PAR EXCELLENCE

Yes, as mine host extraordinary, Dave was a large It. Not only was he the hotel-keeper *par excellence,* but he figured also in the role of a country gentleman — was, indeed, the only specimen of that ilk in the Chicago of that period. To be sure, "Long John" owned a big tract only half a mile below Twenty-second Street, and a bigger farm at the Summit. Obviously there was in these holdings, country and to spare; but by no stretch could the imagination metamorphose the proprietor of these demesnes into a "gentleman," even in the broad Western sense in which, as a mantle, the term often covers a multitude of shortcomings in manners.

HIS FARM ON THE DESPLAINES

Gage's farm on the Desplaines was quite manorial, and something of a show place. It was always an esteemed favor to be asked as a guest there to inspect the stables, view the prize cattle, and partake of home-raised spring chicken, and the other good things that go to make up a well-ordered board. When this or the other New York railroad magnate came to town, or some distinguished Senator or Governor (Democrat, of course, for the Tremont had a mortgage on everything labelled Republican) they could not well get away until they had driven behind a spanking pair to the farm; and its intimate hospitality was something widely coveted.

If Dave could only have let well enough alone. If only the broad, finely wooded acres on the Desplaines had remained Dave Gage's farm to the end of his days, how differently would the history of its whilom owner now be written! But it was not to be. Like many another, he listened to the voice of the siren whose spell works disaster. Many booms were on immediately after the fire, and the suburban boom outran them all.

"Why wait for the slow development of time?" spake the tempters. "A suburb to order, with parks, walks, drives, a club-house, everything exclusive," that is what the speculative visionaries said was the thing for Chicago. And so a famous Eastern landscape-gardener was sent for, and Dave Gage's farm became the fashionable suburb of Riverside.

HE USES THE CITY'S MONEY

About this time Chicago wanted a city treasurer — and it wanted a gilt-edged one to boot. Who so available as Dave Gage? To be sure, the treasuryship was something of a bore, but it was also worth fifty thousand dollars or more a year in interest pickings, and David was persuaded to accept the responsibility. Everybody felt it an honor to vote for such a prince of good fellows. Clearly it was a case where the man honored the office, and not the office the man. But alas! Riverside proved a bottomless pit. Whatever was put in disappeared, only taking time before exit (like another Oliver Twist) to call for more. Of course, it was "good"; every dollar put in was "safe"; could city money be better invested? Therefore, temporary loans from the city could harm no one! But in time another election was on. Gage was again a candidate, but a People's Party tide swept him out; and then there was found a shortage of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

HE GOES TO DENVER

Well, everybody was willing and anxious to let Dave off easy; the city bore its loss uncomplainingly. Bondsmen were also of the sort nobody wanted to hurt, notably J. H. McVicker; and Dave was for a time lost to sight, but was finally heard of in Denver at his old business of hotel-keeping. Thereafter no Chicagoan returned from the mountains but his first remark would be, "Saw Dave Gage." And because so many liked to see him, it is probable he recouped a bit; but the glamour of a life once so full of all that heart could desire was forever gone. Both Democrats, alike in temperament, Coolbaugh and Gage had been close friends, and the Fates were equally unkind to them.

A COMEDY OF CONTRASTS

DWIGHT L. MOODY, AGGRESSIVE EVANGELIST — HIS CHARACTER MISUNDERSTOOD — HIS PERSONAL APPEALS GENERALLY CONSIDERED OFFENSIVE — NOT TAKEN SERIOUSLY IN NEWSPAPER OFFICES — ONE OF MOODY'S CONVERTS — IMPROVEMENT IN MANNERS RESULTING FROM TRAVEL — HIS WORK IN THE ENLARGEMENT OF CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP — ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, PROTAGONIST OF INFIDELITY — CALL TO CHICAGO CHANGES CURRENT OF LIFE — DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING A HALL — LECTURES PUBLISHED BY THE "TIMES" — A MISTAKE ABOUT "THE MISTAKES OF MOSES" — MARVELLOUS MEMORY OF INGERSOLL — THE CURTAIN LOWERS.

WHILE it may be said of all great centres of human activity that the successes of its personnel are due to indigenous forces, this can be affirmed of Chicago in a superlative degree. In the city's development up to a population of half a million, I am able to recall few instances of men drawn to it who had elsewhere made reputations as controllers of large affairs. On the other hand, one could easily multiply examples going to show that the great, world-extending Chicago organisms or influences have been built up from, and around, some form of determining primordial cell. In this connection it must suffice to bring to the fore a single crucial example in the person of one whom, on the whole, I regard as Chicago's most remarkable product, namely Dwight L. Moody. And had Dowie been more of a home-grown product, his end might well have been different.

DWIGHT L. MOODY AN AGGRESSIVE EVANGELIST

This estimate of Mr. Moody as an achieving personality is in no wise born of the zeal of a disciple. It arises

wholly from a dispassionate balance of high achieving qualities, with a strong predisposition distinctly opposed to lifting either the man or his methods into favorable prominence. To speak frankly: At the outset of Mr. Moody's career, I shared to the full the distrust of the community in him — and in common with most newspaper men, who at that time came frequently in contact with him, this distrust took the form of a positive dislike, the result of his aggressive and unheeding manner. It is only the plain truth to say that, to all except a very few, to whom it was given to discern depths unimagined by others, and to see afar, this evangelical lion, when a cub, was a most unwelcome apparition; and to no class more than the elect in pew or pulpit.

It seemed as if in the beginning only one among men of note believed in him; and that one was John V. Farwell, to whom all in any manner benefited by the evangelist owe a debt of gratitude. Not but that this son of thunder would have forged ahead independently, for the matter was surely in him. Yet it was Mr. Farwell who in the face of much ridicule, not only gave him the support of his abundant faith and influence, but helped him in ways more substantial, and so made the chosen way easier.

HIS CHARACTER MISUNDERSTOOD

Mr. Moody was in early years distinctly a phenomenon apart. We knew well the earnest, impassioned exhorter, of the Peter Cartwright type—a very Lincoln in his way — and none were more respected than the men of his class: home-spun to the last fibre; genial and heart-winning with the lowly; yet notable for a certain reticence and gravity toward the world. But "Brother" Moody

was very different from this type; and his untempered zeal so allied him in manner to a class of instinctively discredited self-advertisers, that while he remained for years an offence to the pulpit, because the disturber of an agreeable *status quo*, he was to the Philistine only a somewhat ostentatious self-seeker.

That this estimate of Mr. Moody's character was essentially a mistaken one calls to-day for no proof; but that it was in a way warranted by early excrescences of manner may still be confidently affirmed. The forces that moved upon or within him, had ordained that he should proclaim himself a prophet and assume the prerogatives of the office long before the world was ready to invest him with the mantle of his calling.

Aye, what a hustler he was in early days! And how brusquely he went about his business — proclaimed by himself as the Lord's business! Always on the go, except when he might halt a stranger anywhere, to interrogate him on the state of his soul; and even while his amazed or abashed victim was gathering his wits to frame an answer suited to the astonishing occasion, off he would be to startle somebody else into "fits of salvation."

AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER

If I permit myself to speak in a vein of seeming irreverence in this characterization, it is only to give the reader a true reflex of the way in which the man reacted on his worldly environment; and this can best be done in the vernacular of the market-place, where, like another Socrates, he was interrogatively so much in evidence. The established pulpit, especially in its higher or formal ranges, contended that he lowered religion, an imputation now common against Salvation Army methods; while the man

REV. DWIGHT L. MOODY

about town judged him from the standpoint of ordinary social intercourse, and resented his intrusions in terms of his own unheeding manner.

That in his beginnings Mr. Moody did more harm than good, is a conclusion that can hardly be questioned. At most he could influence only the sort who in later years accepted Dowie as an apostle; while he supplied the scoffer with a whole arsenal of weapons for effective use against religion in general. In those days he was almost a daily caller at the newspaper offices, for something was ever on foot with him for which he desired publicity. It cannot be said, however, that he was always a welcome apparition; for he would seldom content himself with stating his business (from a newspaper point of view), but must needs inquire into the state of our souls — to him ever the matter of absorbing importance, and to which all else was merely a means to an end. From the viewpoint of his "call," this attitude toward us was undoubtedly a very natural one; for, taken in the lump, we were probably as fit subjects for the pious solicitude of his kind as the city had to show. But, for all that, few mortals relish having the truth brashly thrown in their faces; nor is it always agreeable to be saved *willy-nilly*. So the upshot was that the Young Men's Christian Association, of which he in time became the in-all and the be-all, received rather scant attention sometimes; and if, because of a press of news, any matter had to be "killed," the "Moody grist" was sure to head the sacrificial list.

NOT TAKEN SERIOUSLY IN NEWSPAPER OFFICES

The evangelist's appearance in the city department of any of the papers was invariably a signal for a general "jolly." The sense of humor was, however, so conspicu-

ously absent from his make-up — at any rate in those days — that the most banal sallies left him wholly unscathed; and, had the slang now so common been then in vogue, he might truly have retorted, "Never touched me."

I was not a witness of the following incident. It was, however, so frequently repeated by associates who claimed to dramatize it from personal knowledge, that I am persuaded something of the kind happened. On the Moody side it is certainly wholly true to character, and the alleged retort is so characteristic of the feelings frequently aroused by him, that whether literally true or not, it unmistakably reflects the spirit of the worldly surroundings of his earlier days.

On an occasion when some shorthand men engaged for a special service were busy transcribing their notes in the local room of the *Tribune*, then domiciled on Clark Street, there was an unannounced invasion, with the startling interrogation, "Is Christ among you?" It is needless to say that the onslaught evoked a variety of emotions, and in the case of a middle-aged Scotchman named Guest, a good deal of a character in his way, one kind found ready expression. Taking the stump of a pipe out of his mouth, and turning partly toward the intruder, he retorted with a richest Carlylean burr: "Na, Maister Moody. He was here a bit ago, but he 's just stepped oot to see a friend round the corner. He 'll be sorry to miss ye. Will ye wait?"

Was Mr. Moody taken aback? Not in the least. As if nothing had happened: "I have a notice for a meeting. Please be so good as to publish it." Then, turning to him of the scandalous retort: "Christ will find you yet," and he was off and away.

ONE OF MOODY'S CONVERTS

That this bizarre Moodyism was, however, well adapted to overcome some natures I had abundant opportunity to learn, and the discovery added a large personal grievance to my other counts in those days against the evangelist. There was an exceptionally retiring young man among my fellow-sufferers in "Boarders' Paradise," as Madison Street, west of La Salle, was then celestially known. This hitherto harmless youth occupied a room next to mine; and as the partitions seemed to have been constructed on a sounding-board principle, and my night vigils made a late morning nap very essential to a reasonable well-being, I frequently congratulated myself on my neighbor's quiet ways. But all at once there came a startling change. Thereafter from six o'clock for an hour or more, and just when a body was entering on his much-coveted beauty sleep, there broke forth a most vociferous — and, might one venture to say, ungodly? — carnival of mingled prayer, praise, and song, punctuated with frequent exclamations of "God bless Brother Moody." Of course, there was no mistaking what had happened. The equation between this convert's vociferous orisons and my own vigorously voiced benedictions may never be satisfactorily worked out; but when he got to adding an extra ten minutes to his petitions, that the evil of his neighbor's ways might be borne in on him, the latter felt compelled to desert his Eden, and seek a less sanctified environment.

IMPROVEMENT IN HIS MANNERS RESULTING FROM HIS TRAVELS

Mr. Moody was never what is commonly understood by "magnetic"; nor was he insinuating or persuasive.

CALL TO CHICAGO CHANGES CURRENT OF LIFE

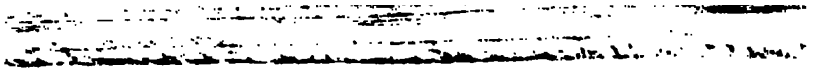
At this period Ingersoll had little more than a local Peorian reputation as an infidel. A few times, on Thomas Paine's or other iconoclast's birthday, he had taken himself to Fairbury, Illinois (where by chance some kindred spirits were settled), to deliver an address; and beyond this had sought few occasions for the exploitation of his peculiar views. But this "call" to Chicago changed the current of his life. With his rare talent it was only natural that he should have had ambitions in political directions, and no office in the gift of the people, or by presidential appointment, seemed out of his reach, provided he held his anti-religious convictions in abeyance. But he decided for freedom of conscience, then and there burnt his bridges, and I am sure never regretted the step.

Halls were scarce in Chicago so soon after the fire. Concerts, lectures, and entertainments of that sort were generally given in churches, and these were not hospitable to Ingersollism. So a hall on West Randolph Street, near Desplaines, was secured. It seated about 500 people, and here the colonel launched his first thunderbolt. It was in many respects a memorable event; for, if to-day American Presbyterians subscribe to a revised creed, and worship a kindlier God, Robert G. Ingersoll in no small degree contributed to that happy consummation.

"THE MISTAKES OF MOSES"

Colonel Ingersoll forced the fighting from then on, and soon the largest halls could furnish standing room only. The *Times* not only published the first lecture, but all others delivered by him in Chicago. As to one of these something happened. It was about 1880 that the colonel made the startling discovery that Moses had made some

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL



mistakes (about his own funeral and kindred matters), and he was eager the world should know about them. His agent had engaged the largest hall, and when Ingersoll came to town, I looked him up as usual, to secure the manuscript. The reader can imagine my astonishment when it was flatly refused.

"See here," was his blunt way of putting it, "I am out of politics, and, for the time being, also out of the law. I am in the lecture business now, and expect to stay in it for a good while, for I imagine that these mistakes of my friend Moses will bear telling in a good many places. But I doubt if they will, if it all comes out in the *Times*."

I not only tried to convince him that he was mistaken as to the effect of publicity, but intimated that inasmuch as the *Times* had been largely instrumental in making a market for his wares, it was, in equity, entitled to reap some of the reward, if any accrued from publication. Ingersoll, however, remained obdurate, and while we parted friends, each was a bit on his mettle.

Of course, the *Times* was not to be beaten in so simple a matter; and, as it happened that my old friend John Ritchie knew how to make pothooks (as he does still), and had those in his employ who could do likewise, he received a commission to furnish a verbatim report.

INGERSOLL CONFESSES TO A MISTAKE OF HIS OWN

The lecture was delivered one Sunday afternoon in the Haverly Opera House, before more than 3,000 people. That night, about ten o'clock, who should come puffing up three flights of stairs (the elevator happened to be out of order) but Robert G., and bursting into the room, exclaimed, "Well, Cook, I guess you 've got me! And so

long as the durned thing is going to be printed, I want Moses to go in straight. So, with your permission, I should like to look over the proofs."

"All right, Colonel, I'll get them for you; though I imagine you 'll find the matter pretty straight, as I have taken special pains in reading the copy. We are probably as concerned to have it correct as you are, for Moses' mistakes are quite enough for one issue without adding any of our own." He laughed heartily, and remarked that he had been thinking matters over, and was now glad he was beaten. He tarried into the small hours, and, on leaving, turned with the remark, "I guess you had better send the shorthand bill to me."

MARVELLOUS MEMORY OF INGERSOLL

To a talent bordering on genius, there was joined in Ingersoll a marvellous memory. On the afternoon before his first lecture in Chicago, I called at the hotel for the manuscript, and spent several hours in interesting conversation—and a more entertaining talker I have never known.

Suddenly he jumped up. Some casual remark had set in motion a train of thought. "Give me that manuscript," he exclaimed; and taking a seat at a table, he rapidly composed three or four pages. When finished, he read them to me, and handed back the manuscript, including the addition. "You 'll want this to memorize," I remarked. "It 's here," was his rejoinder, tapping his head. In the evening I kept tab on him with the manuscript before me, and found him dead letter perfect.

THE CURTAIN LOWERS

The last time I saw Ingersoll was only a few weeks before his death, and he was then in a royal humor. On

parting he remarked, "Has n't the religious world changed since *we* [How generous of him!] started out to shake it up? I feel that my work is done. Why, there are now lots of Presbyterian parsons who say things about parts of the Bible and their old creed that actually make me feel behind the times, and I reckon I am." Then, with a chuckle, "Well, it's too late to catch up."

He grasped my hand, we said good-bye, and I was to see that big-hearted, royally-brained friend in this life no more.

THE LINCOLN FUNERAL

ONE OF THE SADDEST DAYS IN CHICAGO'S HISTORY — THE SHADOW OF DEATH HANGS OVER THE CITY — MUFFLED DRUMS AND TOLLING BELLS — PATIENCE OF THE WAITING THOUSANDS — GENERAL HOOKER IN ADVANCE OF CORTEGE — LINCOLN LYING IN STATE — A DOUBLE LINE FORMED MANY BLOCKS IN LENGTH — AN AWE-INSPIRING SCENE — WOMEN SWOON FROM EMOTION AND WEARINESS — IMPRESSIONS OF THOSE WHO VIEWED THE REMAINS — STILL PASSING AT THREE A. M. — THE WRITER'S IMPRESSIONS AT THE SIDE OF THE CASKET — AGAIN IN LINE — APPEARANCE OF THE BELOVED FACE.

ONE of the saddest days in the history of Chicago was that which saw the body of Abraham Lincoln borne through shrouded streets, lined with tear-stained faces that bespoke the heart-sorrow of a bereaved people. Even the heavens were in accord with the pervading feeling, for a gloomier sky than hung low over the mourning city is seldom seen. Verily, the hue of death was on everything.

There was not a home, however humble, that did not display some emblem significant of the shadow that had fallen on the nation's hearthstone; while the habitations that faced the thoroughfares marked for the solemn cortege, in their sombre draperies seemed to enwrap the great catafalque in its slow, halting passage, as with the symbolic wings of Death.

MUFFLED DRUMS AND TOLLING BELLS

And what the eye could not perceive of this universal manifestation of sorrow, spoke with equal impressiveness

to the ear — in the reverberating monotone of countless tolling bells, each clang of their proclaiming tongues falling upon quivering hearts; in the roll of muffled drums that coursed along overwrought nerves in throbs of pain; in the solemn dirge, now subdued to sobbing cadence and anon rising to heart-moving lamentation.

Hours before the sad procession was due, people by hundreds of thousands — they had come, a mighty host, from all parts of the Northwest — were massed along the route, especially on the lake front, which, from Park Row to Washington Street, presented such an assemblage as few occasions bring together. And this mighty multitude, though laboring under an excess of emotion, and wearied to exhaustion by many hours of waiting, to the last maintained an impressive quietude.

Ordinarily the lake front was noisy enough with its shrieking, clanging locomotives, ever on the move. But for once the many-tracked trestle, then far out in the lake, was as still as the dead in whose honor it had been silenced.

General Joseph Hooker, on horseback, made an impressive figure at the head of the great cortege. Though the day was damp and threatening, he remained uncovered over the entire route.

LINCOLN LYING IN STATE

When at last the remains of the dead President lay in state — that his bereaved children might once again and for the last time look upon the beloved face — those in charge of the arrangements found themselves confronted by an almost superhuman task.

The casket rested on a low catafalque, in the centre of the Court House rotunda. When the eager, surging

multitude that literally packed all the streets about had been brought into something like order, a double line which was admitted to the enclosed square by the southern gate, ascended the high flight of steps by which the rotunda was reached, and passed rapidly, one to the right, the other to the left, of the casket.

AN AWE-INSPIRING SCENE

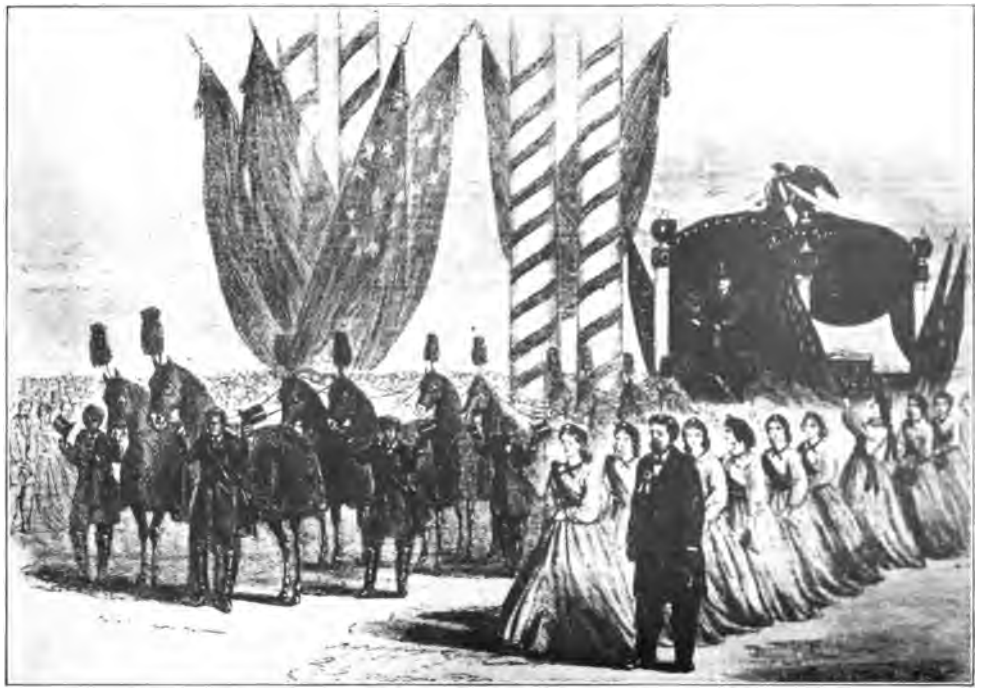
The interior of the rotunda, in its sombre draperies, was an awe-inspiring sight. Dimly lighted by a candelabrum at the head of the casket, it made one feel that death was not a mere negation of life, but a ghostly, pervading, overpowering presence.

Of women not a few, who perhaps had stood for hours to witness the passage of the catafalque with its august burden, and who thereafter had stood other exhausting hours in line, on finding themselves suddenly in the midst of these oppressive insignia of mortality were doomed to miss the opportunity so arduously sought to look upon the face of the beloved dead, by giving way under an excess of emotion, or even dropping unconscious to the floor of the rotunda — thereupon to be hastily removed by members of the military escort everywhere at attention.

This was in all its arrangements a military funeral: for he who was dead had been the commander-in-chief of two millions of armed men.

EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS

Of those who succeeded in passing the trying ordeal, only a few brought away any distinct impressions. Indeed, only one here and there had the presence and alertness to focus his attention so as to catch more than the merest glimpse of the face in the depths of the casket —



ARRIVAL OF LINCOLN'S BODY IN CHICAGO

(The Hearse Preceded by White Robed Girls)

for not a moment beyond the instantaneous glance to fix the image was permitted — and so what the majority carried away was at best only a jumbled composite of an awesome spectacle.

Newspaper work prevented me from falling into line until three o'clock in the morning, and even at that unusual hour so extended was the line that I was nearly an hour and a half in reaching the bier. Once within the rotunda, at every step was heard the whispered "Move on!" from a guard at one's elbow; and before one had time to take bearings, he found himself beside the casket.

So dim was the light, and so indistinct all objects in the strange surroundings, that I was quite even with the face before my eyes were fully fixed upon it, and there was time only for a vague impression. This was naturally a most unsatisfactory experience.

I therefore quickly fell once more into line, this time at the corner of Madison and La Salle Streets, whereas before I had begun two blocks farther east on Madison. While the double file moved at a slow but fairly even pace (first west on Madison, then north on La Salle Street, then east on Randolph, then south on Clark, then west on Washington, and thence once more through the square, up the steps, and into the rotunda), I had ample time to pass my previous experience in review, and arrange my faculties for most effective service.

APPEARANCE OF THE BELOVED FACE

The momentary glance I had been able to give the face left the impression that it was exceedingly small, and I was interested to note if, under possibly more favorable conditions, this impression would be confirmed. My second view, considering the circumstances, was quite satisfactory.

There had been some abatement of pressure, and I knew just when and where to look. Also, there occurred a momentary halt just when I stood in the best position for observation. In these circumstances my original impression was confirmed, the face appearing much smaller than one would expect from the unusual length of body. And upon inquiry I found that others had come away with a similar impression.

A LINCOLN SEANCE

PROLOGUE: CHARLES H. REED, PROSECUTING ATTORNEY—SPECTACULAR CAREER — DISASTROUS END — THE GREAT SEANCE — MURDEROUS ASSAULT UPON YOUTHFUL BRIDE — ENVIOUS WIDOW UNDER ARREST — LEONARD SWETT AND ISAAC N. ARNOLD, "MEJUMS" — TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE SEANCE DIVULGED — A CAREFULLY CHOSEN "CIRCLE" — PRELIMINARY POLITICAL PASSES — WITNESSES EVOKED FROM THIN AIR — MESMERIC SPELL OF THE MATERIALIZING INFLUENCES — HELPLESSNESS OF THE UNHYPNOTIC ATTORNEY — SHADE OF THE IMMORTAL LINCOLN INVOKED — TRIUMPH OF THE TRIUMVIRATE.

CHARLES H. REED, for years prosecuting attorney, sent many a rogue to the penitentiary; and, in the end, barely escaped going behind the bars himself. Reed, at his best, was a creditable prosecutor. On occasion he would buckle to and do a big stunt of effective work. But his performances, on the whole, were provokingly uneven, and dashed with a good deal of gallery play, when the thunder was all of the sheet-iron variety.

SPECTACULAR CAREER

Charley saw his best days in the late sixties, when by a series of spectacular *tours de force* he achieved a large, if somewhat mixed, popularity. He had many admirers, also not a few friends, and one of these, shortly before his death, named him executor of his estate and guardian of his children. This led to Charley's undoing. He was a good-natured fellow, readily beguiled by the plausible into unwarranted speculations, and, by his intimates, into hurtful extravagances. After an extended career as

prosecutor, he returned to general practice and, in time, aspired to a judgeship, for which temperamentally, and for other reasons, he was wholly unfitted. He received the nomination of a boss-controlled convention (which put up about the worst batch of candidates ever corralled under the whip and spur of unreasoning dictation), and although duly warned not to force himself on public attention, as matters looked queer anent his guardianship, he insisted on having his way, got fearfully pounded by a united press, and the whole ticket suffered ignominious defeat.

DISASTROUS END

Thus discredited, matters went from bad to worse with him so that his old haunts knew him no more.

In 1887, I met him at the Hoffman House, New York. He was outwardly cheery and hopeful, for he had just seen Roscoe Conkling, and the ex-senator had promised to put some work in his way. But the memorable blizzard of that winter effectually closed this problematical opening, as the stalwart ex-senator succumbed to the effects of exposure. Thereafter I saw no more of Charley, nor heard of him, until the papers announced that he had forced a change of venue from Taylor's hotel, Jersey City, to what, let us hope, is a more hospitable world for his kind.

THE GREAT "SEANCE"

Charley Reed figured in too many cases of note to permit any detailed mention. But one stands out so conspicuously by reason of the character of the lawyers for the defence, and the manner of their association with the case, that it seems worth while to rehearse it: and this the rather, as its true inwardness as a unique legal episode will be now a first-told tale.

CHARLES H. REED, PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

("Charley" Reed was the Unwilling Victim of the Arnold-Swett "Lincoln Seance," and Later of His Own too Great Popularity)

The year was 1868. A young and prepossessing schoolma'am, a recent bride, had been lured to the woods back of the old Chicago University in Cottage Grove, and there murderously assaulted by a woman, heavily veiled, who rushed upon her from a thicket. As the victim was brought nigh to death's door, the affair created a great stir, and for days absorbed public attention. Almost from the first suspicion pointed to a middle-aged widow residing in the southern part of the city; and so strongly did the evidence converge upon her that she was placed under arrest and held for trial.

The widow and the man who had become the husband of the teacher had been much in each other's company before the better-looking and younger school-mistress crossed his orbit — and the theory of the prosecution was that it was a case of "a woman scorned," wherein, instead of venting her wrath on the faithless swain, she had revengefully turned on her successful rival.

LEONARD SWETT AND ISAAC N. ARNOLD, "MEJUMS"

The accused widow was wealthy, she had influential friends, and elaborate plans for her defence were carefully matured. Some one among her advisers had surely a happy thought — nay, an inspiration. Leonard Swett, although then a comparative newcomer in Chicago, had behind him a reputation won elsewhere, and his selection by the defence was therefore not so very remarkable. But who in his wildest dreams had ever associated the Chesterfieldian Hon. Isaac N. Arnold with a case of this character? Besides, had he not been out of harness for so many years that only the very oldest settlers could be expected to remember that he had ever been a practising lawyer? People rubbed their eyes; the wits had their jokes;

while Emory Storrs, when asked for an opinion, remarked that there was no occasion for wonder, as a "Nancy" (a familar sobriquet for Mr. Arnold) was often associated with women's troubles.

I reported the trial for the *Tribune*, with which paper I was at that time connected. But as no reportorial inferences or deductions — however well founded — were permitted, only a colorless digest of the testimony was published, and the real causes that led to a disagreement remained unexplained. Now, however, as all the chief actors have made their final exit, some matters not of record but essentially germane to the case, in its trial, need no longer be withheld.

A CAREFULLY CHOSEN "CIRCLE"

The first step taken by the defence was a motion for a change of venue to Lake County, based on the ground that a fair trial could not be had in Cook County. This was granted. Now Lake County and, above all, its capital city, Waukegan, was known for its uncompromising republicanism; and in those days partisanship was a far more potent motive to, or excuse for, shady conduct than it is to-day. A jury was selected with great care, at least on the part of the defence. Joined with Messrs. Swett and Arnold was a local practitioner, more politician than lawyer, with whom every name was thoroughly canvassed; yet it was not until the trial was well under way that Charley Reed suspected he had to deal with an exceptionally partisan-patriotic jury; though why that should count against him he could not imagine, as he was a pretty stalwart Republican himself. Nor did he divine what particular trumps his opponents had up their sleeves, or suspect how they would play them, until trick after trick had counted against him.

LEONARD SWETT

PRELIMINARY POLITICAL "PASSES"

While the case was slowly taking its course in the court room, quiet but effective propaganda was making for the defence on the outside. For one thing the local Republican paper was sympathetically enlisted. It alluded to the learned counsel as the most intimate and trusted friends of Abraham Lincoln, and felicitated the townsfolk on the honor of having them in their midst; while at the principal hotel counsel held nightly receptions, at which all the conversation was reminiscent of a single personality known to nearly everybody in middle life in that community; and it even turned out that several members of the jury had been on a quite familiar footing with the martyred President, at a time when he was best known as "Uncle Abe." Thus in most subtle manner the case was enveloped in an atmosphere sympathetically responsive to the defence; and then, when it was brought out that the father of the defendant had been a member of that Spartan band who in older days managed the Underground Railroad, the defence was still further strengthened along the lines so shrewdly laid out for it.

UNCANNY "INFLUENCES"

And truly all this political campaigning was urgently needed, for a case more intrinsically weak, and bolstered up with flagrant — not to say pitiful — perjury, it would be hard to imagine. It is not pleasant to believe that a man so punctilious as Mr. Arnold had the reputation of being, had aught to do with the preparatory steps; nor that Mr. Swett had, though he fell easily in a somewhat different category, being a criminal lawyer by profession. Indeed, it is far more agreeable to surmise that the same fine Italian hand that mapped out the general plan of campaign, and selected counsel with an eye single to

certain effects, also looked after much besides; though there can be no question that, the trial once begun, counsel were fully cognizant of the queer material they had to deal with, and made the best of a bad situation.

WITNESSES EVOKED FROM THIN AIR

The prosecution, by its witnesses, traced the widow to the neighborhood of the scene of assault at the time of its commission and proved that she owned a dress such as the assailant wore (according to the testimony of the victim). The veil was also brought close home to her, so was the instrument of assault, and much beside. Against this an attempt was made to prove an alibi — an alibi that refused to hang together. Next witnesses were brought forward to testify that the assailant seen by them (they lived in a small cottage in the neighborhood) was a woman of smaller stature than the defendant, and not habited as sworn to by the plaintiff. Oddly enough these witnesses had never been heard of before as spectators of the assault, though the police had searched far and wide for their kind. They were a husband, wife, and two children, a girl of about nine, and a boy seven years of age, and a more pitiful sight than these little ones presented under cross-examination has seldom been seen in a court.

HYPNOTIC SPELL OF THE MATERIALIZING "MEJUMS"

Leonard Swett, as counsel-in-chief, piloted them deftly enough through their direct testimony. His tone was adjusted to an insinuating suavity, his manner was most fatherly, while Mr. Arnold smiled a benignant encouragement, turning frequently to the jury to give them the benefit of his inward satisfaction at the conclusive demonstration of the innocence of his client.

In hands more deft, more suited to the occasion, the distressing pity of it all could have been brought home to the jury with startling conclusiveness; but Charley Reed possessed no *finesse,* no talent for a various adaptation, and went at these children in his usual slang-whang manner, his strident voice in no wise subdued, and while he made it evident enough that the tale told by them was one learned by heart, he failed in impressing the importance of the fact on the consciousness of a jury held by the eyes of counsel for the defence — those "nearest and dearest friends of Abraham Lincoln."

But the artistically arranged triumph of counsel for the defence — the melodramatic culmination for which all the preceding manœuvres had been put in train — was yet to come, when the court for the nonce seemed to be turned into a seance, in which the spirit of Abraham Lincoln — given to ghost-walking a good deal anyway, if those who frequent "dark seances" are to be believed — was not only solemnly invoked, but dramatically evoked and materialized in the person of his *Doppelgänger,* Leonard Swett. But how was this august wraith got into the case? the reader may ask. Oh, easy enough, as we shall see.

A LINCOLN "OBSESSION"

Leonard Swett began the diversion almost with the first sentence of his opening speech. The prosecution, he said, had boldly charged perjury, and even hinted at collusion and conspiracy to manufacture evidence. Pray, against whom was this charged? For himself, he might consider the source, and let it go with that; but he could not keep silent when another was involved, and that one so illustrious a person as his colleague, the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold — a man whose name was indissolubly associated with that of Abraham Lincoln, a man who had been

the friend and counsellor of the martyred President, had understood him as had few others, had sympathized with him in his ideals and aspirations, and hence had, at the solicitation of many friends, because of his exceptional fitness, undertaken the congenial though arduous task of writing the great liberator's biography, a work that would go down the ages as the classic of America's heroic age. Leonard Swett was a speaker of eloquence. Tears seemed to impede his utterance, and more than one juryman was observed to whisk away a sympathetic globule.

THE "INFLUENCE" IS TRANSFERRED

But that this was only the fore-play to an artfully prepared and carefully rehearsed drama, was seen the moment that Mr. Arnold had his inning. This gentleman — with his old-school manner — gravely, and with tactful plausibility, followed the lines so adroitly marked out by Swett, but with an obvious intention to cover more ground. Indeed, it was plain he had determined to make his colleague's association with Lincoln the burden of his address, and say as little as possible about the case itself. With a fine simulation of feeling he resented the aspersions of counsel, not for himself, but for his illustrious colleague — the man who had been so near the lamented Lincoln, that he seemed to many to be the martyred President's other self, resembling him in person, alike to him in thought, inspired by the same high motives; and so completely had their personalities become merged in an intellectual and spiritual unity that they came to voice their thoughts with almost identical mannerisms, intonations, and forms of expression.

Indeed, often when with closed eyes he followed the speech of his colleague, he imagined himself once again

HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD

listening to the inspired utterances of the great commoner, and an image of the dead President would involuntarily present itself to his inner vision, and startle him with its striking verisimilitude. To be sure, as Mr. Swett had been kind enough to intimate, he himself had known the great President from early manhood, and this association with the revered martyr was now his most cherished possession; but after all, what was this relation to the intimate companionship for so many years enjoyed by his colleague! — a companionship of heart-searchings, in which there was cemented a friendship that was never disturbed. And then in colloquial phrase, studied to suit the theme and mood of the occasion, the speaker passed from phase to phase, and stage to stage, of Mr. Swett's association with Lincoln, giving to each its appropriate significance.

THE IMMORTAL RAIL-SPLITTER STANDS REVEALED

In the vernacular of the log cabin he rehearsed incidents illustrative of the companionship of the two practitioners on the circuit; drew pictures that moved to laughter, of life at the village tavern when "Honest Old Abe" was the centre of every gathering; spoke interestingly of long horseback rides taken together, when all their legal and other impedimenta was stowed in saddlebags; presented them in the trial of causes; brought them together into the political arena — Mr. Swett always Lincoln's chief adviser and stanchest supporter — until there came the supreme moment, when at the Wigwam, in Chicago, in the memorable Convention of 1860, Leonard Swett, the bosom friend, rallied the forces that placed in nomination for President the Immortal Rail-splitter of Illinois, the nation's ideal of honest manhood!

I had heard Mr. Arnold address audiences on many occasions, especially during the stirring war time, and his facile periods had never evoked more than a ripple of emotion. But for once he lost sight of the formalities that usually hedged him about, and, giving a free rein to his feelings, he so wrought upon his listeners that even one so unsympathetic to Mr. Arnold's personality as myself was a bit moved by his adroitly injected panegyric.

As for Charley Reed, he was mad clear through, as well as deeply chagrined. Arnold's address closed the day's proceedings, carrying Reed's closing speech over to the following morning. "So Swett is another Lincoln, is he?" fumed Charley as we left the court together. "I 'll pay them for that. I 'll just fall in with all they have said about themselves and Old Abe. I 'll tell the jury that the likeness of Swett to Lincoln is perfect in all respects but one, and that is in the matter of brains, where Swett proves a complete alibi, something he has vainly tried to do in this trial."

TRIUMPH OF THE TRIUMVIRATE

The next morning I was on the *qui vive* to hear Charley launch his thunderbolt. However, when it came to the point, his courage failed him, and — but it is not at all likely that the trial would have terminated differently had he fired his overcharged catapult. The triumvirate, constituted of Swett, Arnold, *and* Lincoln, was clearly too strong for him.

The jury "disagreed," and people who had followed the testimony only in print, and knew not what occult "influence" had been set in operation, rubbed their eyes in a vain effort to realize how such an outcome could have been brought about.

WILBUR F. STOREY, EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"

A Great Editor — The "Times" Intended as Organ of Douglas Democracy — Influences Determining "Copperhead" Position — Plans Frustrated by Death of Douglas — The Paper in Financial Straits — Character of Mr. Storey — A Purveyor of News — A Vindictive Portraiture — Insulting Epithets Applied to Storey — Refutation of the Charges of "Imaginary Liaisons," etc. — High Character of the Old Staff — Living Witnesses — Documentary Endorsement.

WILBUR F. STOREY, the great editor of the *Times*, like many another extreme "Copperhead" — or, for that matter, Abolitionist — was a logical product of circumstance and temperament. He began his career in Chicago under a great disappointment. I give it on the authority of one who came with Mr. Storey from Detroit, and was for many years in a responsible position on the paper, that Storey purchased the *Times* with the idea of making it the organ of the Douglas Democracy; and fate decreed that the first number under his control should chronicle the Senator's funeral. Storey, of course, knew where Douglas stood on the war question; and had the "Little Giant" lived, it is more than probable that the course of the *Times* would have been quite different.

INFLUENCES DETERMINING "COPPERHEAD" POSITION

It is unfortunately true that in too many instances the course of a newspaper is determined by circumstances far

more than by plumb-line principles. What Storey found in Chicago on his advent in June, 1861, was a divided Democracy — a Douglas wing, and a Buchanan wing. It was the latter which the *Times*, under its McCormick ownership and McComas editorship, had represented. The Douglas wing had a champion in the *Post*, edited by James W. Sheehan and Andrew Matteson. But this paper had no sustaining life of its own — it was maintained at all hazards that the Union cause might have a local Democratic exponent; and, towards the close of the struggle, died a natural death.

It seems to have been Storey's idea — had Douglas lived — to shape matters so as to make the *Post* a superfluity as an organ, and absorb it. But the death of Douglas, before Storey had opportunity to enter on a plan of campaign, frustrated this.

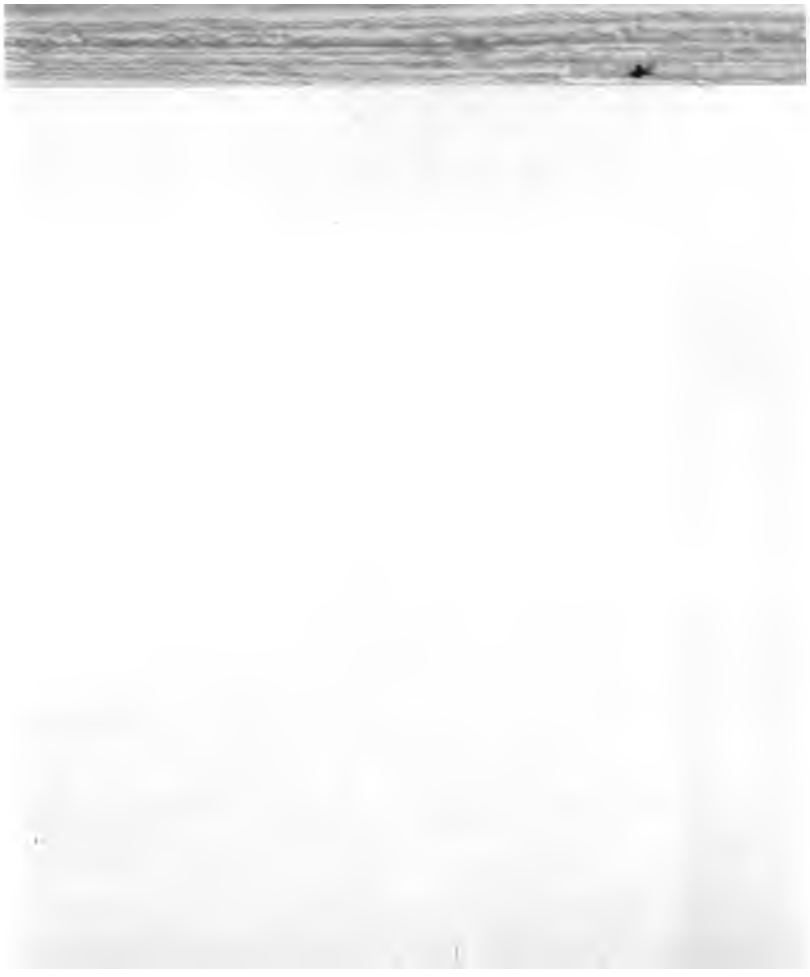
The *Times*, when Storey took it over, was no more a paying institution than the *Post*. Furthermore, Storey had come to Chicago with slender means. Here was a desperate situation. The Douglas wing was represented. Hence the only paying line lay straight before him. It was clearly the one which his predecessor had marked out, for not only did it point to a field for subscribers — and in the circumstances the only unoccupied field — but it also represented those Democratic leaders who by their wealth were best able to give substantial assistance. A course once adopted, temperament, and a grim determination to succeed did the rest.

CHARACTER OF MR. STOREY

Wilbur F. Storey was, however, much besides a "Copperhead." He was a great editor, and in that capacity stands charged with shortcomings having no relation to

WILBUR F. STOREY

(Owner and Editor of *The Chicago Times*)



his war-time record. His single aim was to make the *Times* a great newspaper; and he could do this only by making it *pay*. The grip of the *Tribune* on advertising was too strong to be broken. Hence he must look to circulation for returns — and the price of five cents per copy left a handsome margin above production. Among other marked traits there was unquestionably a vein of vindictiveness in Mr. Storey's make-up — as there was in most strong characters in those days — but it was never shown except against his equals. He was at bottom a just man; and this, above all, in his relation as employer. He was far from over-exacting in his demands for service; while every failure had its day in court, and was judged on its merits. He was an incarnation of frankness himself, and demanded this quality in his subordinates.

Mr. Storey's faults were largely the defects of his qualities. He was through and through a *news*paper man. News for him, however, included the shady side of life; and in exploiting this he gave perhaps too much scope for individual license. I am certain that he never gave an order that a scandal should be salacious or made attractive to the prurient. As to the "fake" — now such a common exploit in "yellow" journalism — both the term and the practice it represents were unknown in Storey's time; while compared with the sensational press of the twentieth century, the *Times* would appear as a fairly model newspaper, though probably now adjudged "a bit slow in its pace."

A VINDICTIVE PORTRAITURE

I am moved to go into this matter at some length for the reason that, after his death and the demise of his paper, a former employee, for reasons best known to himself, — and not unknown to others, — placed on record

an estimate of the man and of his paper that goes beyond all warrant in its vilification. As this estimate is unquestioningly accepted by Major Kirkland, in his "History of Chicago," — and, unless shaken, is likely to become established, — I feel that it is due to the memory of a man whom his employees as a rule held in esteem, that their testimony should go on record.

It so happens that most of the men who came in close touch with Mr. Storey during the last dozen years of his regime are now, like myself, residents of New York. We have often discussed this onslaught among ourselves, and hoped for an opportunity to present to the world a different impression of the man; if for no other reason than that the picture so vindictively drawn is a reflection on the character of every individual who served him with loyal zeal.

The writer referred to, not content with speaking of Mr. Storey as "a Bacchus, a Satyr, a Minotaur, all in one," charges specifically that "*imaginary* liaisons of a filthy character reeked, seethed like a hell's broth, in the *Times* caldron, and made a stench in the nostrils of decent people."

REFUTATION OF THE CHARGE OF "IMAGINARY LIAISONS," ETC.

While a man who held this opinion of the *Times*, and yet could serve the paper for nearly a score of years, is clearly disqualified from offering his mere word as evidence on a question having moral implications, it remains to say that he was so carried away in his zeal to blacken the character of one against whom he felt a bitter personal enmity, that he departed from a safe rule of generalities, and crowned his muck-heap of vituperation with a charge

that can be distinctly refuted by most creditable witnesses; and this with reference to the publishing of "*imaginary* liaisons." For my own part I permit myself to say that for more than a half-score of years most of the local "copy" passed through my hands — for I was assistant to four different city editors, as well as the city editor of its one-time afternoon edition, the *Telegraph* — and that during all that time not one line of "imaginary" or "fake" matter of any sort or description was either published or so much as submitted for publication.

The staff as a whole was one of high quality, both as to character and ability. Of this the best proof is that a majority of those who are still among the living occupy positions of well-earned distinction. Among the honored dead occur such well-remembered names as Charles H. Wright, Charles Northup, and Major "Jack" Hinman, all city editors; Everett Chamberlin, John F. Finerty (Congressman), Leander Stone (later associate editor of *The Northwestern Christian Advocate*), Frank Davidson (who later held a responsible position on the Associated Press), John Finnane, George Pratt, Charles Atwood, James Chisolm, Frank C. McClenthen, Samuel Steele, and others.

LIVING WITNESSES

Among the living are men so well known as Horatio W. Seymour (for more than a decade telegraph and night managing editor of the *Times*, later editor of *The Chicago Herald*, then founder and editor of *The Chicago Chronicle*), now editorial supervisor of *The New York World*. Colonel Charles S. Diehl (law reporter and war correspondent), now assistant general manager and secretary of the Associated Press; Joseph Edgar Cham-

berlin (news editor and later managing editor), now literary editor and art critic on the *Mail;* Fred Perry Powers (reporter, editorial writer, and Washington correspondent), now an editorial writer on *The Philadelphia Record;* T. Z. Cowles (reporter and night editor), now editor of *The American Economist;* Cyrus C. Adams (reporter and correspondent), now editor of the "Bulletin" of the American Geographical Society, and perhaps the highest authority on matters geographical in America; George G. Martin (telegraph editor and later managing editor), now in a responsible position on the Associated Press; Charles E. Harrington (assistant city editor), now exchange editor on *The Wall Street Journal;* Frank H. Brooks (reporter and special topic writer), now connected with the American Press Association. All of the above, — with one exception, — including myself, were for a number of years contemporaries on the *Times.* Hardly a line of "copy" went into print that did not go through one or another's hands; and hence there ought to be no mistake as to what was expected of us, or any serious flaw in our estimate of the man whom we willingly served.

So long as one got the facts — and nothing but the facts — the manner of treatment was left by Mr. Storey largely to the writer's inclinations. This being the case, it may be said, as throwing light on the character of Mr. Storey's traducer, that no member of the staff so persistently drew near the line of *risque* — and this more particularly in ante-fire days. Later, he was for a time the paper's London correspondent, in which capacity he sent a weekly letter, and this frequently concerned itself with some debatable matter. Now others who served in that capacity, either before or after, were such well-known writers as Joseph Hatton, the novelist, and the Rev. Mon-

cure D. Conway; and is it conceivable that either of these well-known writers would have accepted the post if expected to serve up a weekly *mélange* of salacious gossip?

DOCUMENTARY ENDORSEMENT

The following letter speaks for itself:

Office of THE EVENING MAIL,
NEW YORK, September 16, 1909.

MY DEAR COOK:

You are right in what you say about Wilbur F. Storey in the chapter which you have prepared for your book about old days in Chicago. I worked for and with Storey for several years, part of the time as managing editor. He was always absolutely square and honorable in all his relations with his men, so far as I could observe; and so far as his relations with me are concerned, he was "e'en as just a man as ever my imagination coped withal." I never knew him to order or connive at any kind of faking, and his ordinary attitude in news investigations was to get at the exact truth.

It is true that he allowed a great deal of latitude to individual writers. That was a part of his plan. He once said to me, "Whatever success I have had is due to the use of money and men. When I had little money I had to use men. I get the best there is in a man out of him." The connection in which he used this statement showed that he meant that he gave full play to whatever abilities the man had. It was never his idea to make a man do a thing as he, Storey, would have done it, but as the man himself wanted to do it when aroused and encouraged to the point of doing his best work. When he supposed that a man was doing that, he never interfered.

Sincerely yours,
JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN.

The undersigned fully endorse the estimate of Wilbur F. Storey's character and attitude as set forth by our former associates on the *Times*, Frederick Francis Cook and Joseph Edgar Chamberlin. *Signed:* Horatio W. Seymour, Charles S. Diehl, Fred Perry Powers, T. Z. Cowles, Cyrus C. Adams, George G. Martin, Charles E. Harrington, and Frank H. Brooks.

I will conclude with this extract from Fred Perry Powers:

"I was a reporter on the *Times* from 1876 to 1880, and then an editorial writer from 1880 to 1882. I was the Washington correspondent until 1888. I never knew of any faked news, never heard of any, and do not believe there was any. . . . The *Times* was remembered as a Copperhead paper, and as such it was assumed to be capable of anything. Nobody under sixty years of age knows what the word 'Copperhead' meant when we were youngsters."

THE OLD "LAKE FRONT"

EARLY CHICAGO'S ONLY GATHERING PLACE — THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON PARADE — THE ELITE OF BOARDING-HOUSE LIFE — LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM — EDEN INVADED: BASEBALL, THE EXPOSITION BUILDING — THE "MARBLE TERRACE" — CLASS DISTINCTIONS RESENTED — THE OGDENS, NEWBERRYS, AND ARNOLDS IN FRAME DWELLINGS — THE NOUVEAUX-RICHES — WOOD VERSUS MARBLE — "UNPITYING GRANDEUR" — SOME OF THE UNPITYING GRAND.

I CAME by chance upon a shabby old volume which, to my surprise, gave a pictorial glimpse of the "Lake Front" (now Grant Park) of long ago; and while it was but a poor attempt at verisimilitude, it sufficed to recall a time when I first knew it, in 1862 — a strip of green, in places less than a hundred yards in width, with a basin for boating between its bank and the Illinois Central Railroad tracks. Much of the South Side (between Washington and Van Buren Streets, east of Clark, excepting parts of Wabash and Michigan Avenues) now covered by skyscrapers, was then occupied by boarding-houses of all sorts and conditions, and this "Lake Front" was practically the only breathing-place in the city.

THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON PARADE

On every pleasant Sunday afternoon, almost the entire unattached population would be there on parade, or otherwise lending itself to the filling up of a rather gay and festive scene. I am not sure that *un*attached is the appropriate descriptive under which to group these odds and ends of the social medium; for, on reflection, it comes

over me that most of the folk there were generally very much *attached* to somebody, or something or other — and that rather more warmly than the staid people whose fine mansions faced the esplanade thought either necessary or seemly.

It was here the star male boarder came with the landlady's best looking daughter; and those of lesser distinction in the hierarchy of boarding-house life escorted other daughters, or some chance fellow-boarder of the opposite sex, — though this sort were comparatively rare in those days, for neither the mellifluous "Hello girl," nor the demure typist, had as yet been evolved, — and so on down the list to the saucy waitress, the frisky chambermaid, and lastly the seasoned cook; though the kind who fell into the class of "help" (when they did not fall into something more embracing), usually deferred their visits to a later hour, when an indulgent moon lent her benignant countenance to a larger *insouciance* than was permissible under the stricter regime of old Sol, and coquettish stars furthered and abetted the promptings of love's young dream with merry twinklings, which plainly said, "We are not seeing anything."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

There were no reserved seats on this "common" either to invite or detain the haughty and proud. Indeed, if I recall the situation rightly, there were no seats of any kind, except such as these heedless folk naturally brought with them. No, democratic fashion, if sit you must, you sat on the grass; and as there were no signs warning possible trespassers to "keep off," the green places were generally pretty well worn. When possible (and it frequently reduced itself to a question of elbow room) the swain sat on the extreme lakeward verge, his legs dangling

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

Looking North from Park Row

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

Looking Northeast from near Terrace Row

THE LAKE FRONT

in space, while his "best girl," with an effusion of blissful coyness, did the same, though not without gallant support. And had you been intent on a stroll of observation, it would most likely have revealed a well-packed line that reached all the way from Washington Street to Park Row.

Late in the sixties this guileless Eden was ruthlessly invaded; and thereafter practical interests claimed it more and more for their own. First the northern part was set apart for a baseball field; then later the Exposition building of 1873 absorbed another slice; and so because of these encroachments — and again because the old boarding-houses had nearly all disappeared — and finally because parks everywhere presented rival attractions, the old "Lake Front" knew its crowds no more.

THE "MARBLE TERRACE"

But whatever offences may be charged by the captious against this one-time popular rendezvous, there was nevertheless much innocent enjoyment for the young people who in animated groups sauntered up and down the finely shaded walk of the avenue; and amongst these at least — however it might be with their elders — there was little envy of those who, the world apart, dwelt in the stately "Bishop's Palace"; nor of others who farther down — where the Auditorium building now rears its massive front — lived in awesome exclusiveness in the much-talked-of "Marble Terrace."

And mention of this "Marble Terrace" brings up a curious and interesting state of the public mind, very noteworthy in those days, which bitterly resented any separation of class from mass by an outward show — a mode of distinction now accepted as quite a matter of course. This feeling, so strong among the masses, was shared in

no small degree by people of means, with whom its expression took the form of a careful avoidance of anything calculated to bring their more favored estate conspicuously to public attention.

Curiously enough, what is now regarded as above others a mark of ostentatious exclusiveness — i. e., the appropriation of large areas of valuable ground with park-like surroundings to accommodate a single mansion — met with little criticism in those days, or the Ogdens, the Newberrys, the Arnolds, and others of the exclusive "North Side set" would have come in for a large share of public animadversion, which, I am sure, was not the case; for in Chicago, at a time when these large areas were set apart for private use, land was comparatively both cheap and plenty. Besides, the mansions that graced these demesnes were generally of wood, and moreover did not offend by fronting obtrusively on the street.

THE NOUVEAUX-RICHES

The sources of this resentment against ostentation in old — or should one say young?— Chicago, are not far to seek. The mania for display, now so common everywhere, had not then manifested itself to any degree. It arose the country over after the close of the war, with the rise of a new rich class, whose dominating business characteristics found social expression in ostentatious display. Besides, in early Chicago there were special reasons for resentment against any undue parade of fortune, inasmuch as the entire population had once stood on an even footing, not to say bare-footing. While Chicago was still a mere frontier post, both Cincinnati and St. Louis already possessed families with hereditary wealth; and, in spite of our boasted democratic equality, we unconsciously dis-

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

Park Row

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

Terrace Row — "The Marble Terrace"

THE LAKE FRONT

tinguish between differences of birth and differences that in time arise out of what were apparently equal opportunities. In these circumstances it went rather hard with the would-be "aristocrat" of the early sixties who essayed to "put on style," for it grew into a habit with folk to remind him that he once tinkered or cobbled for them. Besides, it went almost without saying, under such conditions as obtained in early Chicago, that those who emerged from the ruck did so frequently by reason of qualities that do not usually commend themselves to a carping public.

WOOD VERSUS MARBLE

And so it came to pass that when a number of well-to-do — and doubtless also well-meaning — folk, made common cause in the erection of residences similar in appearance, and "all in a row" — pretentious or impressive only because of their solid alignment for an entire block — that the public mind was stirred to a great ado; and what was known to its owners as "Terrace Row" was generally referred to as the "Marble Terrace," with an especial emphasis on the "Marble" and an accentuated fling at the "Terrace." In a way, it was the first marked departure, for residential purposes, from wood — one of the chief elements of the city's greatness — as, by this time, Chicago had risen to be the leading lumber market of the world. Therefore, "marble," even though of the Lamont sandstone variety, with at best only a marblesque appearance, savored of pride and put a stamp of disapproval, if not of degradation, on one of Chicago's chief articles of commerce. Moreover, was it not suggestive of kingly palaces, and those "alabaster halls" through which the perfumed air stole on the olfactories of Claude Melnotte, the stage hero *par excellence* of those days, through the

medium of whose exuberant fancy, nascent Chicago looked upon the world of romance? As a stage effect, under such a trustworthy manager as J. H. McVicker, "marble halls" and even "terraces" might be guiltless of offence; but the same thing in real life, on Michigan Avenue, already a synonym for aristocratic exclusiveness, was not to be tolerated without a vigorous protest.

"UNPITYING GRANDEUR"

Lest the reader imagine that time and an exuberant fancy have conspired to over-color this picture, so true to half a century ago, I beg leave to submit an extract from a "Hand Book of Chicago," published in the early sixties, in which, anent this "Marble Terrace," occurs the following:

"These lofty fronts [three stories, with high basement] coming squarely to the sidewalk [they really stood back ten feet or more] have a glittering, *heartless* appearance, that stamps them as apt representations of fashion. They have display, richness, a sort of *stern, unpitying grandeur,* but no warmth, no geniality. There are in buildings a species of human-like attributes, that attract or repel the observer."

Naturally there will be some curiosity to learn who these people were that with so much pomp and pride set themselves apart in "unpitying grandeur." They were J. Y. Scammon, P. F. W. Peck, "Deacon" William Bross, Denton Gurnee, Peter L. Yoe, S. C. Griggs, Tuthill King, Judge Hugh T. Dickey, General Cook, John L. Clarke, and Mrs. Walker. How the future will deal with the reputations of these heartless offenders, may be left to the reader's imagination.

SHARP-CORNER RHAPSODY

IBACH AND GOTTLIEB: A BIT OF BOHEMIA — SATURDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS — PRECURSORS OF THEODORE THOMAS — "BIG BILL" HURLBUT — "COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING" — MELODIOUS "PLUCKING" — LOST CHORDS.

IBACH was a character and Gottlieb was another. A third factor in a notable ante-fire triune was the southwest corner of La Salle and Randolph Streets, where stood a time-worn, two-story frame house, known to the Chicago of the sixties as "The Sharp Corner." So far as the "lay of the land" had anything to do with it, this particular corner was not a whit more pointed than any other thereabout. No, the acuteness was all in Ibach and Gottlieb.

If Ibach could answer to a baptismal prefix it never became public property; and if Gottlieb was blessed with any sort of cognominal suffix, it remained a profound secret. Ibach was proprietor, Gottlieb factotum, and "The Sharp Corner" a *Wirthschaft* dear to many an old-time Bohemian, where the food was ever savory, the beer of the best, while the wine — but that was usually more or less by the way, so far at least as we of Bohemia were concerned. However, what really counted was that Ibach played the zither, and few have touched this bewitching instrument more sympathetically — an estimate appreciatively emphasized when in after years Theodore Thomas presented him as a soloist at some of his summer-night concerts.

Ibach, a Hungarian by birth, had the musical passion of a gypsy; and when the humor of a propitious occasion reached full-tide (best evoked by liberal libations of his most expensive champagnes) he would play as one possessed, with eyes in fine frenzy rolling — and they were eyes to remember — his body swaying this way and that in rhythmic abandonment to some moving cadence, while big, ecstatic tears fell unheeded on his beloved instrument.

Ibach's tongue readily worked overtime; whereas Gottlieb, true to his role of foil, seldom permitted himself to go beyond a laconic "*Ja wohl.*" If the one exhibited himself as an embodiment of irascibility, the other stood at attention as an incarnation of imperturbability. Ibach was short and lean; Gottlieb was short also, but as rotund as a brownie, which goggle-eyed tribe he oddly resembled. The one would fume and storm on the slightest provocation, his face afire, his eyes aflame; the other held ever to a sphinx-like silence — the placidity of his vacuous visage seldom disturbed by so much as the raising of an eyelash. Ibach's explosions, when not touched off to order, were but the necessary escapes of an overstrung temperament; and almost as quickly as an outburst came it would subside — only there was always another waiting its turn. In one respect only did these twin stars shine in unison — both were preposterously bald.

Ibach held his talent as a zitherist at full value. That piercing eye of his sized up a crowd in a flash. His zither was his money-maker; and, as a rule, he would touch it only for big game — "Board of Trade fellers" being a favorite quarry.

An *habitué* once remarked: "Why did n't you play for Jones and his friends the other night? They were much disappointed." "Vat? dose fellers! Pooh! Notting but beer guzzlers."

HIS SATURDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS

Ibach had, however, a sentimental as well as a mercenary side. With a few he was an extravagant *Schwärmer;* and to this kind all Saturday nights were consecrate. Then it did not so much matter if nothing more expensive than beer or wine of the Rhine was ordered; though whenever "Big Bill" Hurlbut — he of later baseball-management fame — was present (and he was seldom absent from these Saturday night assemblies), nothing but champagne would answer; and when, as quite frequently happened, he took advantage of his generous privileges to introduce a Philistine or two, it was understood that they came prepared to pay grand opera box prices for their share of the entertainment.

I had a friend in William Buderbach, whom a few may recall as whilom leader of McVicker's Theatre orchestra. Buderbach's physiognomy ordinarily expressed about as much animation as a wooden cigar-store sign; but beneath this inexpressive, unemotional exterior, there dwelt a soul wedded to a marvellous "Cremona," and the inspirations of the masters. One Saturday night we left the theatre together, and that gave opportunity to invite him to join the Ibach circle. Always shy and diffident, he yielded a reluctant consent; but once there, he must needs introduce his best beloved; and from that time forward, for happily many moons, Ibach and Buderbach became for us daft dreamfolk, dual well-springs of dulcet harmonies.

The elect would ingather shortly after ten, and it was always a sore disappointment to me if some untoward news event compelled me to forego any part of the golden hours. As soon as an instalment of the *Burschen* —Ibach's German alternative for his English "fellers"— put in an appearance, Gottlieb would begin manœuvring

to rid the place of all not duly accredited, by overmuch looking at the clock, and a superadded wiping of tables, thereby starting feelings of discomfort in all not of the elect. And no sooner was there a happy riddance than the door was locked, and so remained for all not provided with the magic sesame.

PRECURSORS OF THEODORE THOMAS

Sometimes, in the interval from the last gathering, Ibach might have made some precious musical find, and would begin to whet our appetites for the coming feast with discourse upon his discovery. "You will hear!" he would exclaim, "it is *himmlich!*" — and thus would he open by anticipation the antechamber of the heaven to be later our possession.

Celestial rhapsody! Ah, the reader must remember the time of which this is written. Theodore Thomas, even as a visitor, was not to rise on Chicago's horizon for yet many a year; while such luminaries as Bloomfield Zeisler and Maud Powell, veritably to the manner born, were still a part of the formless void. In those days artists from elsewhere were rare birds, indeed; and almost the only indigenous music offered the general public was something on Sunday afternoons, called a Sacred Concert, at the North Clark Street Turner Hall (and lo! they still abide) that rang its everlasting changes on overtures to, or *pot-pouris* compounded of, the "Czar and Zimmermann," "Nabucho," "Robert le Diable," "Martha," "The Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," "William Tell," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and a few more of this delectable company — while what fell to our lot in this "Sharp Corner" oasis would bring joy to cultivated lovers of music even to-day.

"BIG BILL" HURLBUT

There were generally about a dozen for audience. A longish table was tacitly yielded to the players and such "champagners" as might be present — i. e., Board of Trade "fellers" under Hurlbut's leading. The rest would be grouped about smaller tables, while Gottlieb, personifying silence, attended to orders. Ibach invariably sat at the head of the table, Buderbach at his left, Hurlbut at his right, and the latter's immediate friends farther down. As a matter of fact, however, the real head of the table was wherever "Big Bill" sat. He completely filled the biggest chair, and had that masterful way to which subordination is readily yielded. Besides, he would often "blow in" (this will not appear as slang to any who recall his mighty chest emissions) twenty dollars or more at a sitting — the more usually depending on the turn the day's market had taken. When there was a violin accompaniment, the selections had as a rule a semi-classical flavor; but in his zither solos, with an eye strictly to business, Ibach would shrewdly fit himself to the part of his audience which divided their attention between the Muse of Music and the Widow Cliquot.

It would scarcely be true to speak of "Big Bill" as a classicist musically — even if a whole class by himself. Nor was he, strictly speaking, a romanticist — though in an old-fashioned way chock-full of sentiment. A tender love-song of Schubert's or Schumann's might now and then evoke a grunt of appreciation; but, on the whole, he was only charitably tolerant toward the masters because others enjoyed them. What he liked better was something that had the lilt of the Tyrol, or thrilled with Magyar abandon. He was, however, never completely in his element until by easy but well calculated approaches Ibach arrived at what

may be called the "Way down upon the Suwanee River" or "Come where my love lies dreaming" stage. Then, and not till then, did "Big Bill" come wholly to the fore. And then, while his eyes blazed a challenge, and his transfigured jowl testified to a complete surrender to the hour, amidst a mighty heaving of chest, there would issue as from subterranean depths the incontrovertible verdict, "There 's music for you!"

At this stage of the fantasia it was never difficult to catch Gottlieb's eye, as, with napkin over shoulder, he stood well within range — and there would invariably follow (accompanied by a sweep of the arm that included the entire company) the Hurlbutian laconic: "More wine!"

Now, from an illumined Ibach: "Gottlieb, did you hear?"

From an imperturbable Gottlieb: "*Ja wohl!*"

From an exasperated Ibach: "*Himmel donnerwetter!* Vy don't you bring it?"

Eruptions at this stage of the champagne flow represented only the veriest stage thunder. Ibach knew only too well what a contrast his electrical discharges formed to Gottlieb's unshakable immobility; and he was not above throwing in a wink and other theatrical "business" to heighten the effect.

Inscrutable Gottlieb — was he ever caught off guard — in mental undress, as it were? I doubt it. And yet, on occasion when some exceptionally moving cadenza flooded all hearts to suffusion of eyes, I sometimes imagined I could detect a facial flutter as of some inmost chord, occultly touched. But it was probably an optical illusion.

MELODIOUS "PLUCKING"

Ibach's Board of Trade "Lambs," though shorn so deftly, and to such lulling accompaniment, did not always undergo the operation without suspicion of ulterior designs. Once a visitor, who had been "played" to a lively tune, turned to the *maestro* with the inquiry: "What do you call it when you work the strings?"

"Dey call it 'plucking' in English."

"Indeed? I was under the impression it was the boys who came in for that."

For a moment Ibach did not seem to see the point. Then, suddenly, with a shout: "By Jimminy, dat is goot — Gottlieb, one more bottle on the shentleman."

From the "shentleman": "Gottlieb, make it two."

"Ja wohl!"

LOST CHORDS

After the fire, Ibach reëstablished himself on Fifth Avenue, in the midst of a continual hurly-burly. And although Gottlieb was there to maintain traditions, and the zither was played occasionally, the old-timers sadly missed the intimate atmosphere to which they had been so long accustomed, and the old reunions somehow refused to be revived. Obviously, too much had happened in the meantime, and we were all living in another Chicago. In contrast with the glaring effrontery of the upstart new — how soft and mellow the old, how instinct with the ineffable charm of a perfect day that is forever gone!

AN EARLY SOCIABLE

MAYOR RICE'S ELDEST DAUGHTER GIVES A PARTY — AN EDITORIAL EDICT — FIRST ATTEMPT AT SOCIETY REPORTING IN CHICAGO — BUDS AND BELLES OF LONG AGO — WHY THE WRITE-UP FAILED — AN IMPRESSIONABLE REPORTER — AN IMPROMPTU SERENADE — "MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA" NOT A WAR-TIME LYRIC — RHAPSODIES — THE APPARITION OF THE DREADED "SCOOP."

I HAVE frequently recalled with amusement, not unmixed with a glamour of youthful sentiment, a solitary experience as a "society" reporter. As it was also the first attempt in Chicago to make a newspaper "story" out of a private "sociable," some account of what happily proved a futile essay urges itself for a place in these recollections. It was, I think, in the Summer of 1866. John B. Rice, the whilom actor and theatrical manager, — than whom no one in the community was more esteemed, — was Mayor at the time; and, no doubt because of her position, his eldest daughter decided to give a "party" to some of her girl friends.

How any inkling of the affair came to the ear of our city editor still puzzles me, for in those days hints of coming events of that nature were never "accidentally" dropped into newspaper offices by caterers, florists, modistes, or "friends of the family," as has been known to happen in these later times. The hour was near midnight. I had just "turned in" what was undoubtedly a graphic and more or less picturesque account of a spectacular police raid on Roger Plant's "Under the Willow," southeast corner of Monroe Street and Fifth Avenue —

at that time one of the most talked about, if not actually one of the wickedest places on the continent — and, in the capacity of "night reporter," was about to return to my duties in the nether world, when the city editor, making ready to leave the office, turned with the query, "Can you spare the time to run down to Mayor Rice's house? I am told his eldest daughter [one of five, all of whom subsequently married prominent Chicagoans] is giving a party. I would n't trouble you, but all the rest of the fellows are gone for the night."

FIRST ATTEMPT AT SOCIETY REPORTING IN CHICAGO

Hardened as I was to "doing" all manner of "functions" then *à la mode* — especially of the sort that were later passed upon by a police magistrate — this request fairly took me off my feet, and I could only gasp, "What kind of a report do you want?"

"Oh, mention the decorations if there are any, describe some of the most picturesque toilettes, but above all get a list of those present."

I laughed outright, for I felt certain that my superior was having a bit of fun with me; but to my dismay discovered that he was in dead earnest, for he added, "Mr. Storey wants things of this sort written up hereafter — wants more attention paid to society matters, as some of the papers do in New York — and as this is the first opportunity we 've had since he spoke to me, I wish you would make all you can of it."

BUDS AND BELLES OF LONG AGO

It was a genial, moonlight night, as, in a dubious state of mind, I sallied forth. As I approached the Wabash Avenue residence (on the northwest corner of Adams,

as I recall it) the wide veranda was fairly alive with the city's budding beauty, while many more, equally ready to burst into radiant womanhood, filled the brilliantly lighted parlors. I trust the gentle reader will credit me with presenting the vision in approved society reportorial style. Besides, it should be remembered that the writer viewed the scene with the eyes of imaginative youth; and, as in these reminiscences he is pledged to reproduce things as he saw them, nothing less rhapsodical would at all answer. But what a contrast this picture to that other beheld by him an hour or two before! Many of those dragged ruthlessly to prison were even as these favored maidens still young, and once perchance gave an equal promise of fair womanhood: yet a few months of "Under the Willow" had sunk them to the lowermost depths.

WHY THE WRITE-UP FAILED

Taking a firm grip on what courage there was in me, I approached the house and rang the bell. Soon an apparition, all in white, stood before me to inquire whom I wished to see. "I desire to see Miss Rice," I faltered. "I am Miss Rice," came pleasantly from smiling lips. "What can I do for you?"

"I represent the *Times*, and have been sent to make a report of your party."

"Oh, no, no," was her cry, full of alarm. "Please don't." Then with a graciousness that placed me completely at her mercy, — and how much better this, than if she had curtly told me to go about my business, as some in similar case are foolish enough to do, with consequences that one can readily imagine, — "Why, it is only a gathering of a few of our friends, just girls, you know, and the affair is n't in the least worth mentioning."

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

"But," I made bold to say, for I must needs save my face somehow, "anything promoted socially by a daughter of the mayor is, in a way, of interest, and a public affair."

"Ah, that 's just it," was her reply, with a manner even more captivating. "If I were not the mayor's daughter it would not matter so much. But you see, I have invited only friends from the neighborhood. It means nothing now, but should anything get into the papers about it, it will make no end of trouble, for then people will think it was really important, and some would surely feel slighted, don't you see? Oh, I am sure you won't say anything about it, will you now?" and there was a suggestion of tears in her voice, if not in her persuading eyes.

Now what was a fellow in my situation to do? Stern Duty on one side, a Pleading Vision on the other. However, between ourselves, this susceptible youth was more than half willing to be out of it all on any reasonable excuse, for even with the gracious lady's coöperation — which was, of course, out of the question — he would have felt as one might who has drawn an elephant, and is at a loss at which end to tackle his prize; for in those days journalism was still so ridiculously in durance to verisimilitude that the reportorial imagination generally demanded at least a few facts to start with. Accordingly, pleading maidenhood easily won the day.

AN IMPROMPTU SERENADE

Then, as with many thanks and a beautiful white rose for his reward, this chronicler regained the open, he was arrested by what in all these more than forty following years has seldom failed to recall itself along with any thought of Wabash Avenue — a vision of a summer's night, wherein tree-bordered vistas lie bathed in softest

moonlight, the air is tremulous with reverberating song, and all the near spaces are haunted of sylphs and houris — or whatever bevies of joy-breathing "buds" stood for in the vernacular of a rather impressionable young man in nascent Chicago.

Wabash Avenue residences, in this ante-fire period, generally stood back of the street line some distance, and I had not yet reached the gate, when a glorious baritone, vibrant with natural fervor, broke in upon the silent night with a startling challenge. It was still blocks away to the north, and as it slowly drew nearer, the rhythmic cadences were frequently punctuated by sounds that betokened that the avenue was awakened with the progress of the singer. Coming nearer, the voice swelled ever more in volume, accompanied by a maiden chorus from the crowded veranda of "Oh, listen, isn't it glorious!" Gradually it was made out that the voice belonged to a strapping troubadour, who sat sidewise on the unsaddled back of a ponderous Percheron, going at a most leisurely pace. Beauty vied with beauty in applause as he passed; and still he sang, on and on, as from an overcharged soul, until fainter and fainter the last notes were lost in the farthest distance.

"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA"

Then there arose on the veranda a chorus of inquiry as to the song, but no one seemed able to make answer. In after years, it is said, "Old Tecumseh," in desperate self-defence, frequently made it a condition in the acceptance of an invitation to do him honor, that "Marching through Georgia" be omitted from the programme. Many people, without giving thought to the fact that this lyric celebrates one of the closing events of the war, imagine

that this aftermath pæan of victory was one of the songs that cheered the men for the Union in the field; whereas it came to general notice in the subsequent piping times of peace through the favor it found at Grand Army "camp fires." However, whatever its loss through too much repetition, when sung as a *première* by so rich and full-throated a singer as our serenader, on a moonlight night, and in such company, it possessed a power to move, which, for this chronicler at least, has since been hardly surpassed by a passion-laden Wagner crescendo.

NOW HONORED GRANDMOTHERS

And that galaxy of maidenhood! An oldish codger cannot help wondering if any of the stately dames of the Chicago of to-day — its honored grandmothers, of a verity — by any chance, and mayhap because of the episode of the song, recall this party of the mayor's eldest daughter?

In place of the "*soirée*" — all sorts of latter-time "functions" were decked out in French finery in those unleavened days — there appeared in the *Times* a rhapsody on the midnight singer, but with all allusion to his fair auditors carefully omitted. And few happenings could throw a more informing side-light on the provincial character of the Chicago of that day, than the fact that such a "disturbance" could go unheeded of the "copper on the beat."

APPARITION OF THE DREADED "SCOOP"

It was well for Miss Rice's peace of mind that her "party" did not happen a few months later, for any exhibition of reportorial gallantry, such as was on that occasion permitted this scribe at small risk to himself,

would then have involved consequences fairly inhibitive. Not only did Mr. Storey's edict to have "things of that sort written up for all they were worth," go into full force, but other papers were quick to follow the lead of the *Times;* and so the reporter would inevitably have had before his distorted vision the baleful spectre of the dreaded "scoop," an apparition before which much reportorial impedimenta of a saving grace has unhappily fallen by the way.

A HARDSCRABBLE ROMANCE

AN HISTORIC EPISODE OF THE "NO BOTTOM!" PERIOD — HARDSCRABBLE SEEN FROM THE COURT HOUSE CUPOLA — LEGENDARY VAGUENESS AS TO LOCALE — HISTORIC PRECEDENT — CHICAGO CHRONICLES COMPLETED — CATACLYSMIC CATASTROPHE OVERWHELMS THE HAPLESS HEROINE — ADVENT OF THE INDOMITABLE HERO — RECKLESS RESCUE FROM A WORSE THAN WATERY GRAVE — A ROMANCE REDOLENT OF THE SOIL, RICH IN LOCAL COLOR — DRAMATIC DENOUEMENT — HAPPY HARDSCRABBLE HONEYMOON.

"HARDSCRABBLE," as a term indicative of human abodes, had a fascination for me from the moment I heard it mentioned, which was almost immediately on my arrival in Chicago, although at the time nothing was further from my thought than to suspect that it once played a part in a most fascinating romance — perhaps the earliest of record, as it is certainly the most characteristic, in the annals of Chicago.

In 1862 this mellifluous appellation was still in common use as indicative of a "locality," though exceedingly hazy and elusive as to boundaries. "Over there is Hardscrabble," quoth a volunteer informant (whom I met by chance on the balcony of the old Court House cupola, on the occasion of my first ascent) as from the vantage of our overlook he included in his gesture most of the uninhabited region between the then Southwestern plank road (now Ogden Avenue) and the Archer Road. However, while his outstretched arm, as if it were a divining rod, halted waveringly at different points in the arc, it seemed to hold most convincingly to the region roundabout West Twentieth Street and the river.

LEGENDARY VAGUENESS AS TO LOCALE

In the interest of geographical exactness — though equally because moved thereto by the glamour of romance — I have consulted many putative authorities, and interviewed no end of "old settlers" (in days when there was still one of some sort in the jacket of every other man you met), but to little purpose. Most of them would repeat the fluent descriptive with an air reminiscent of knowing all about it; but when it came to a question of latitude and longitude, of metes and bounds, they immediately lost themselves in generalities. "It 's like this, you see," they would explain. "There were only a few cabins and an old tavern there; and when the last disappeared as a landmark, there was n't much left but prairie; and so when we say 'out Hardscrabble way' we just mean anywhere for a mile or two around."

Students of history need not be told that most of the famous places of the world have intertwined with their more or less legendary origins some episode of stirring romance, savoring of the time and soil, and rich with local color.

Therefore, because Chicago is now almost second to no city that ever was, it seems not only fitting, but quite essential to a complete *ensemble,* that it be able to show somewhat in the same line; and with such intent, this chronicler, with what he trusts is becoming modesty, would submit for time's unerring verdict an episode which, in his humble opinion, meets every requirement for historic approbation.

CATACLYSMAL CATASTROPHE OVERWHELMS THE HAPLESS HEROINE

Our incident dates back to the earliest days of "no bottom" signs. One of the belles of the period, most fair

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

OLD BUILDING OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
Now Used by Second Baptist Church

By Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

ST. PAUL'S UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

to look upon, was daintily tip-toeing her way over some wobbly planks thrown haphazard across Lake Street, when by mischance she lost her footing. To what fate such a catastrophe might lead only those could realize who shudderingly recalled other like cataclysms thereabout. From all sides rose cries of consternation. Many were rooted where they stood; others vainly sought for courage with which to fly to the rescue; while some even moved to improvise a derrick.

RECKLESS RESCUE FROM A WORSE THAN WATERY GRAVE

However, all this good-intentioned much-ado had no needed help in it, and the hapless maiden would surely have met a fate it appals one to contemplate, had it not been for the bold initiative of a young man only just arrived in town, and who as yet knew not why catastrophes like this paralyzed the brain and leadened the feet of old settlers.

No, happily the caution of the prudent was not yet his; and so, with that utter disregard of consequences to store-clothes that ever marks the true hero in great emergencies, he rushed headlong over the wobbling planks, grasped the maiden by such impedimenta as he could most readily lay hold of, and successfully restored her to *terra firma* and the arms of her friends: but not, it is pleasant to add, before the chivalrous youth had escorted his deeply blushing prize to a near-by pump and assisted in relieving her of some unnecessary portions of communal real estate.

Now, I fearlessly submit, could the imagination conceive a situation more characteristic of nascent Chicago — more redolent of its soil, more rich in depths of local color (the precise shade in the original Lake Street I have unfortunately been unable to ascertain), in short, more typical as a genetic romance, to be bound up for all time with

those other transactions in real estate that so distinguish the early annals of the future "greatest" — than this epoch-marking episode.

HAPPY DENOUEMENT

And when to other grounds that give this romance a warranty to high distinction, there is added a train of subsequent events the outcome of which every fair reader with the intuition of her sex will have already divined — beginning with other chance meetings (happily under less strenuous conditions), soon followed by the regulation number of Sunday night "sittings up," and the whole culminating with the Rev. Jeremiah Porter's blessing, — surely nothing more should be required to line up this episode with those indissolubly associated with the great cities of the past, and immortalized in classic story.

And now, at last, we arrive where "Hardscrabble" hurtles into our romance; for it was to this euphonious locality, according to a veracious chronicler of the period, that the young people repaired to spend their honeymoon.

But why, I have asked myself times out of mind, did these happy folk, of all places, choose "Hardscrabble" in which to exhale their bliss? It could hardly have been because of any special remoteness "from the madding crowd," because almost anywhere about Chicago in those days would have served such a purpose equally well. No, I rather incline to the opinion that the reason for the choice was in some subtle manner associated with the name, as bringing up a vision of their first meeting.

BY FROST, FLOOD, AND FIRE

A Trio of Elemental Incidents — An Unprecedented Blizzard — Yet the Actor Bandmann Begs for an Added "Frost"—Heroic Rescue of a Train—An Extraordinary Deluge—The River a Raging Torrent—A Dare-Devil Horseback Adventure—A Most Veracious Episode of the Great Fire—Its "Warping" Effect on Genial Isaac Spear—The End of the Book.

THE thirtieth of December, 1863, recalls itself vividly. There was a terrific blizzard that piled the snow in almost impassable drifts, while the thermometer registered thirty-four degrees below zero — probably the lowest temperature in the city's record.

One notable incident connected with the storm was the stalling of a Michigan Central passenger train, a few miles south of Hyde Park station — a locality then still a wilderness, though to-day a populous part of the city. The train was literally snowed out of sight, and two brave fellows — apparently facing certain death in what, happily, proved a successful effort to inform the outside world of the train's whereabouts, and the distressing plight of its captive occupants — were the heroes of the hour.

It was known to the railway people that a train was shut in, somewhere between Michigan City and Hyde Park, and they had been fully alive to the necessity of effecting a rescue; but it was not until these men, more dead than alive, made their appearance at the Hyde Park station, twenty-four hours after the train was "lost," that intelligent direction could be given to measures of relief; and even then, another twenty-four hours elapsed

before a rescuing party, duly provisioned, succeeded in literally digging its way to the storm-beleaguered sufferers. The train was crowded with people who had looked forward to spending New Year's Day in Chicago — perchance in the bosom of their families or with friends — and not only was this privilege denied them, but it actually became a question whether they could be reached in time to save their lives, for as long as the blizzard continued at top blast, all means to helpfulness were paralyzed.

TUMULTUOUS APPLAUSE — PLEA FOR A "FROST"

The storm had set in about dusk. At first its increase was gradual, but, with the advance of night, it rose to ever greater heights, and doubled and redoubled its fury. Sometime before eight o'clock, as I made my way to McVicker's Theatre, the state of things was even then decidedly disagreeable. Daniel Bandmann was filling his first Chicago engagement. The play was "Narcisse," in which he had made quite a hit; and, in spite of untoward weather, he faced a goodly-sized audience, which, as the play proceeded, became more and more demonstrative. Under other circumstances, Mr. Bandmann would undoubtedly have bowed his most gracious and grateful acknowledgment, but it was only too obvious that the applause, which became ever more frequent, continuous, and vociferous, arose from other causes than mere admiration for his art — that, in short, it was due to "cold feet," and such numbness of body generally as could be overcome only by frequent and violent exercise. As the performance drew its congealed length along, the tumult increased to such extent that the disturbed actor, with chattering teeth, implored the audience — though to small avail — to permit the play to proceed to the earliest possible conclusion.

It is probably a unique instance in which an actor actually pleaded with his audience for a "frost," and this on top of one already in full blast.

. . . . . .

En passant: After an interval of forty years, my eye caught Bandmann's name on a New York theatre poster, and, moved thereto by memories of the long ago, I dropped in to see him do a "stunt" in a continuous performance, it being the simulated tipsy scene from "David Garrick." Yes, it was the same Daniel, made up to look almost as young as of yore, with accent unchanged; yet I could not escape the reflection that a wide and deep gulf of disappointed hopes lay between that blizzard night of his buoyant young manhood, and the rigors of the unrewarded winter of his life. (His death followed a few months later.)

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BUCKING AGAINST A DAKOTA BLIZZARD

Emerging from the theatre on that eventful night, the Spartan band that had held out to the last — fortunately for them not a few had taken earlier departures — found itself in the clutches of a terrific Dakota blizzard, impossible to face. The streets were deserted of all things living, save the hapless theatre throng so suddenly projected into them. The mighty storm shrieked his pitiless blasts into their ears, struck their faces with a fierce vindictiveness, — and those who lived any considerable distance from the theatre were compelled to seek refuge in near-by hotels. Only here and there was a dim light discernible. My lodgings were on Randolph Street, near Franklin, and I was a full hour making the distance of half a mile. It was a case of "bucking" the storm all the way; and, as it was

impossible to face the icy particles that assailed you like fine shot from a blunderbuss, the entire distance had to be backed over, while nearly every doorway was turned into a temporary hospice. I should have made my way on Dearborn, as far north as Randolph Street, but unfortunately turned west on Washington, and thus laid myself open to the charges that gathered double and treble strength in the open Court House Square, and seemed to shoot directly down from the embattled dome — for once, literally, the city's "storm-centre." Never shall I forget the effort it cost to make that one block to Randolph Street. Of what use were doorways here? Indeed, many were buried out of sight by huge snow-drifts, and all were fully exposed to the blast. No, the entire distance had to be fought without a break, and when, finally, I reached the Sherman House corner, it was as one beaten to a complete standstill. The scene within was one of extraordinary animation. Scores were clamoring for rooms that could not be provided. "Ladies first," was the order; wives were unceremoniously separated from their lords, and the latter were lucky if they secured a "shakedown" anywhere. There was the same state of things when I got to the Briggs House on my westward struggle; also at the Metropolitan Hotel opposite, and at the New York House beyond. Everywhere people were clamoring for refuge. All cars had stopped running hours before; and, besides the theatre crowd, scores of business men who had lingered downtown until they found all means for getting home suddenly cut off, helped to swell the hapless throng.

When finally arrived at my goal, I found the entire Bohemian tribe that made up the boarding-house contingent huddled about the great stove in the sitting-room,

afraid to invade the polar temperature of their bedrooms, with their northern or western exposures — and the rattle of windows, and the fierce swish of ice-shot against the panes was indeed well calculated to dismay the stoutest heart. And so we turned the night into an "experience meeting."

A MIGHTY DELUGE

Speaking of storms — it is not easy to imagine the stagnant Chicago River of the later sixties a raging torrent, yet such, for several days, it was, when parts of the city barely escaped the fate of a whelming flood, only to be, a few years later, overtaken by fire. A heavy, late snowfall was followed by a week of almost ceaseless rain, until the situation suggested experiences possibly in line with those of Father Noah. The Desplaines River broke wildly over its banks, and much of the territory between that stream and the Chicago River — once known as Mud Lake, and "reclaimed" by the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal — was for the nonce returned to its pristine estate. Indeed, all the region south of Twenty-second Street of both the south and west divisions — except the ridge marked by Cottage Grove Avenue — presented an almost unbroken expanse of water, wherein the Stock Yards had the appearance of a group of islands; while Bridgeport suggested a Happy Hooligan Venice, with improvised rafts for gondolas. Every packing and slaughter house in that section — most of them fortunately deserted because of the recently established Stock Yards — was well up to its second story in water, and business of every sort was completely suspended.

For a time the entire local staffs of the papers were converted into "marine" reporters, and a wet, disagreeable time we had of it, "poling" about on improvised rafts

among the carcasses of animals — for practically every Paddy's squealer in Bridgeport had been transformed into a vagrant corpse.

It was during this crisis that the lowering southern sky, of an early evening, was lighted up to a degree that indicated a large fire. It was difficult to locate a blaze, in those ante-electric-fire-alarm days, especially on a murky night. However, as the experienced watchman in the Court House dome sounded no alarm, it was evident that the conflagration was outside the city limits, and could, therefore, be only at the Stock Yards, the city's pride and joy. As, in view of the state of the roads — or rather their entire disappearance — no fire engines could be got out there to reinforce the local equipment (entirely inadequate to cope with a general conflagration), there was danger that the entire "improvement," aggregating many millions in value, might be destroyed; for no fire burns more fiercely than one fed on fat hogs.

A DARE-DEVIL FEAT

The Yards were accessible at this time by a single line of steam cars only, and by a dirt road running south from the Archer Road, by way of what is now Halsted Street. From the Transit House no information could be had, except that "everything seemed to be burning at the western end of the Yards." As the evening drew on, the reflection grew apace, and it became plain that somehow, somebody for the paper must get out to the Stock Yards. As there was no train until near midnight, only one way seemed at all feasible. It was decreed that I mount a horse — a dare-devil feat, attempted but a few times in my life, and then in broad daylight, on a safe road. Besides, let it be recorded as a matter of history, that a man

on horseback was an unwonted apparition in the Chicago of that period; for the saddle-bag days were in the past, and riding for exercise or pleasure was still in the future. So, in a dubious state of mind, I hied me to Price's livery stable, near the site of the later ill-fated Iroquois Theatre, where my request for a firey but tamed steed was met with a shake of the head — and the gratuity, that, if they had one, they would n't let it go on such a trip. But I finally did get a raw-boned affair — a sort of "left-over" from a past era — and rode gallantly into the sky-flamed night.

The streets were in a terrible plight, and the only safe footing was on the State Street horse-car tracks. On the Archer Road the boating conditions were only middling; but on what was later Halsted Street it would have been "clear sailing" for any properly equipped navigator. Except the distant conflagration, there was not a flicker of light between the Archer Road and the Stock Yards. Somewhere there was supposed to be a dirt road, but it was more than a foot under water, and, on either side, were ditches from six to eight feet deep. My Rosinante exhibited a decided aversion to making trial of this unknown sea. However, by dint of much digging of heels on my part, it went rather gingerly forward. There was a fence on either side beyond the ditch, and that, by the reflection of the fire, served as a passable guide. When, however, we had made about half a mile of this water-way, the fences suddenly disappeared; and as, about the same time, the fire had died down to a mere flicker, my steed came to the conclusion it would stop the foolishness, and turned squarely about.

Because my whilom profession — through a flood of "best sellers" — has, in these days, become a very synonym

for invincible courage (with a princess attachment as reward), I devoutly pray that no gentle reader will take stock in the "nature fakir" theory that a horse knows "intuitively" the state of mind of its rider. Perish the inference! However, as I had neither whip nor spur, mere valor stood no chance, opposed to unimpeachable horse sense; and furthermore, as all threatenings of a general porcine holocaust had disappeared, I reluctantly gave the craven beast his "head" — where his tail should have been. Appearances aside, this was well, for the "conflagration" turned out to have been confined to a lot of tumble-down sheds of an earlier settlement, that were probably set on fire to get them out of the way.

A ROARING RIVER

Any sort of current in the river was in those days a startling phenomenon. Therefore, to see it scooting along, at ever so many miles an hour, had something uncanny about it — as if the dead had come to life. It actually "roared," so that in the silence of the night one could hear it a block away; and as it was everywhere bank-high, South Water Street, after the flood, had a line of cellars to pump out. The surface of the river presented a hurtling, swirling mass of oddly mixed flotsam and jetsam. All manner of slaughtering paraphernalia made a part of the crush. An entire "incline" — along which hogs had been driven to an upper floor — came bulging along, tearing small craft from their moorings, and seriously endangering the bridge piers; while a rakish procession of Bridgeport outhouses made their way exuberantly to the lake. The chief source of apprehension was that the foundations of grain elevators would be undermined; and, in one instance, a catastrophe was narrowly averted.

In these days, whenever I am asked what I find in the Chicago of the present most in contrast with the past, I invariably point to the phenomenon presented by its river. Not only does the stream that once wriggled its oozy length towards the lake, now by grace of a $30,000,000 drainage canal, seemingly defy the law of gravitation by flowing in swirling eddies "upstream," but among all the rivers, on the banks of which historic cities have had their rise — the Tiber or Arno, the Thames or Seine, the Danube or Neva — none equals in perennial clearness the freighted course that draws its heaven-blue tide directly from the ample bosom of Lake Michigan: a perpetual miracle, and Chicago's first great step towards the inevitable "City Beautiful."

WARPED BY THE GREAT FIRE

Thousands will recall genial Isaac Spear, Chicago's pioneer watchmaker, for he outlived most of his contemporaries. Now Isaac was quite diminutive, and withal so abnormally bandy-legged as to attract ready attention. He was in the midst of the great conflagration, of course, and, at one time — according to the story — became so absorbed in the catastrophe that he stood at a point of imminent danger as one transfixed. A kindly newsboy, alarmed at the situation, rushed gallantly forward, and tapping Isaac on the shoulder, shouted above the din and roar of the on-rushing elements, "Say, Mister, if you don't come away you'll burn." The caution not having had the desired effect, the youngster dashed to the rescue a second time, again gave anxious warning, and still Isaac remained rooted. On returning to a safe position, the would-be rescuer noticed to his horror the little man's peculiar deformity. Screening his face from the scorching blast,

he once more charged the consuming heat, and, while literally dragging his quarry to a place of safety, shrieked in his ear, "For God's sake, come away, you're warping!"

Mr. Spear was so fond of a good story as to be even willing that it should be at his own expense; and when, by chance, in after years, the talk turned on the warping effect of the great conflagration, — and there happened to be guileless strangers about, — he was wont to cite himself as a startling example, solemnly contending that before the fire he was as straight as an Oregon pine.

. . . . . .

These three "Gesta Chicagorum" bring our annals to a close. The Arctic narrative, so suggestive of North Pole experiences, has an obvious timeliness; and, in view of what gay Paris has so recently undergone, has the valorous flood incident; while the closing episode, so instinct with Spartan fortitude and an invincible veracity, may well serve to spur the present generation to stoutly resolve that their own hazards shall in nowise suffer in comparison with those that shed such lustre on "Bygone Days in Chicago."

THE END

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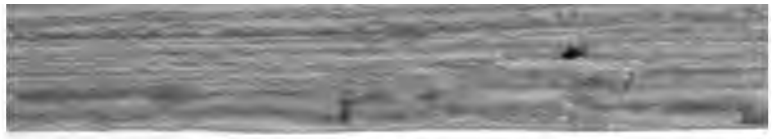

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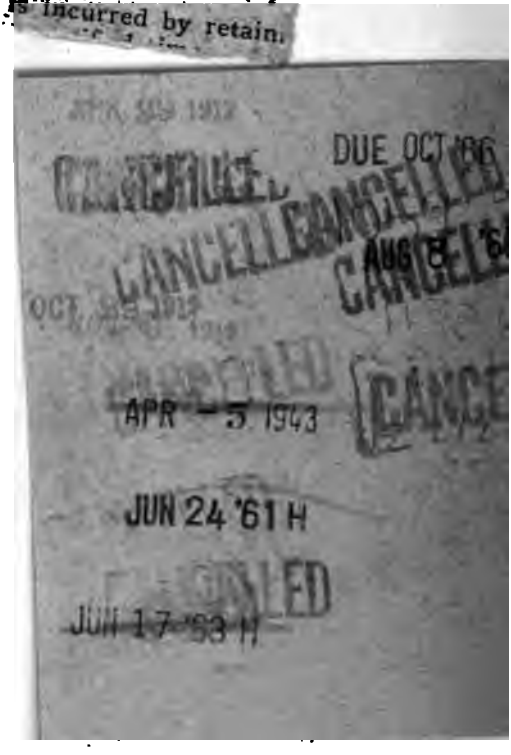

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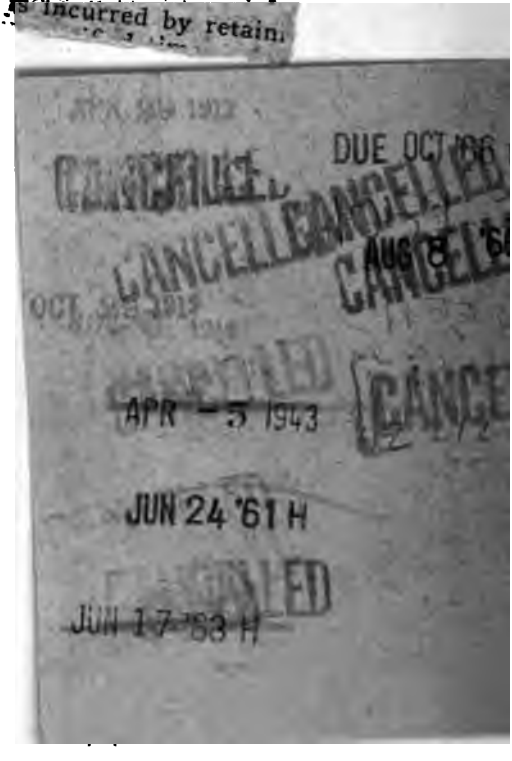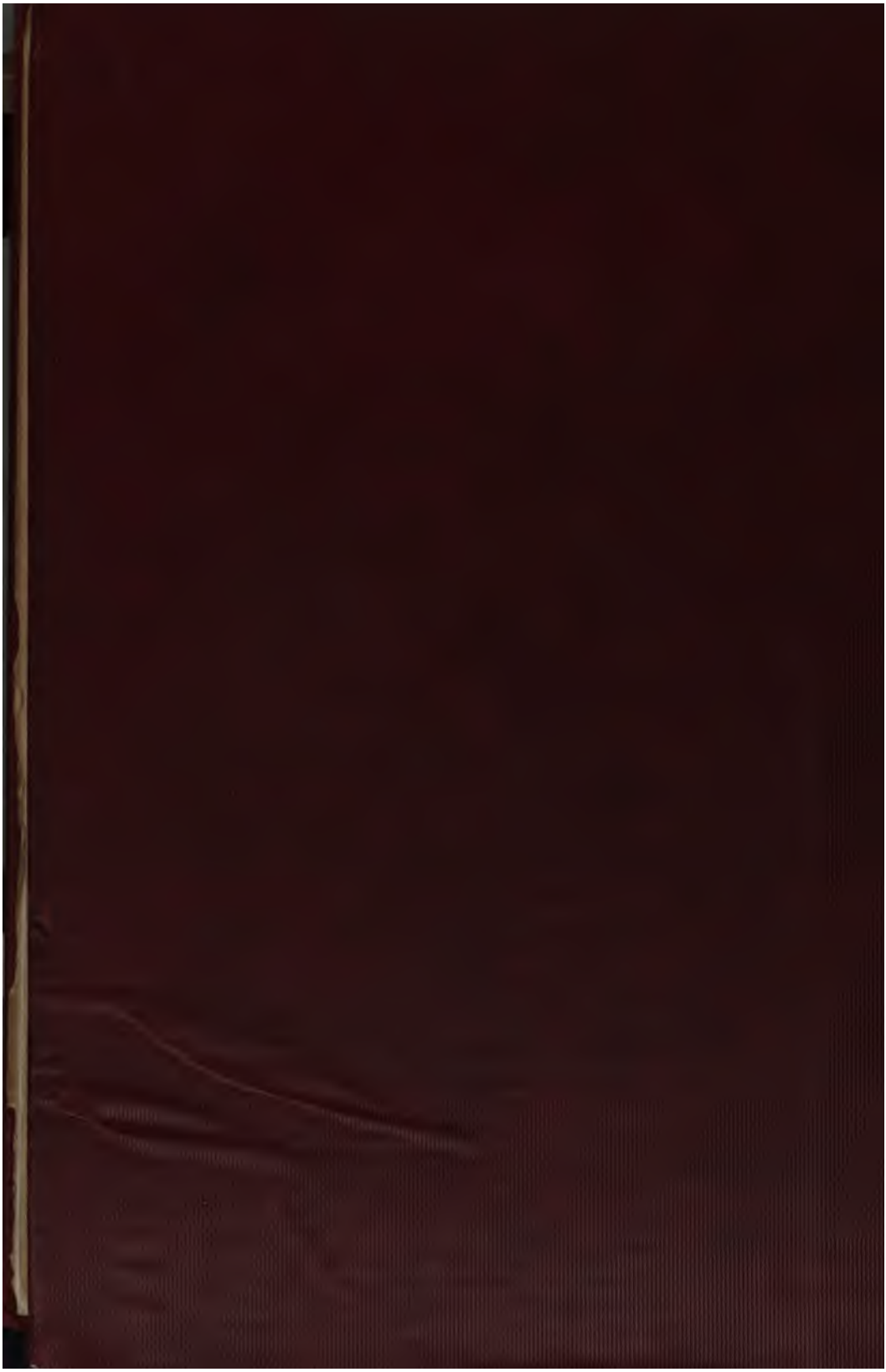
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